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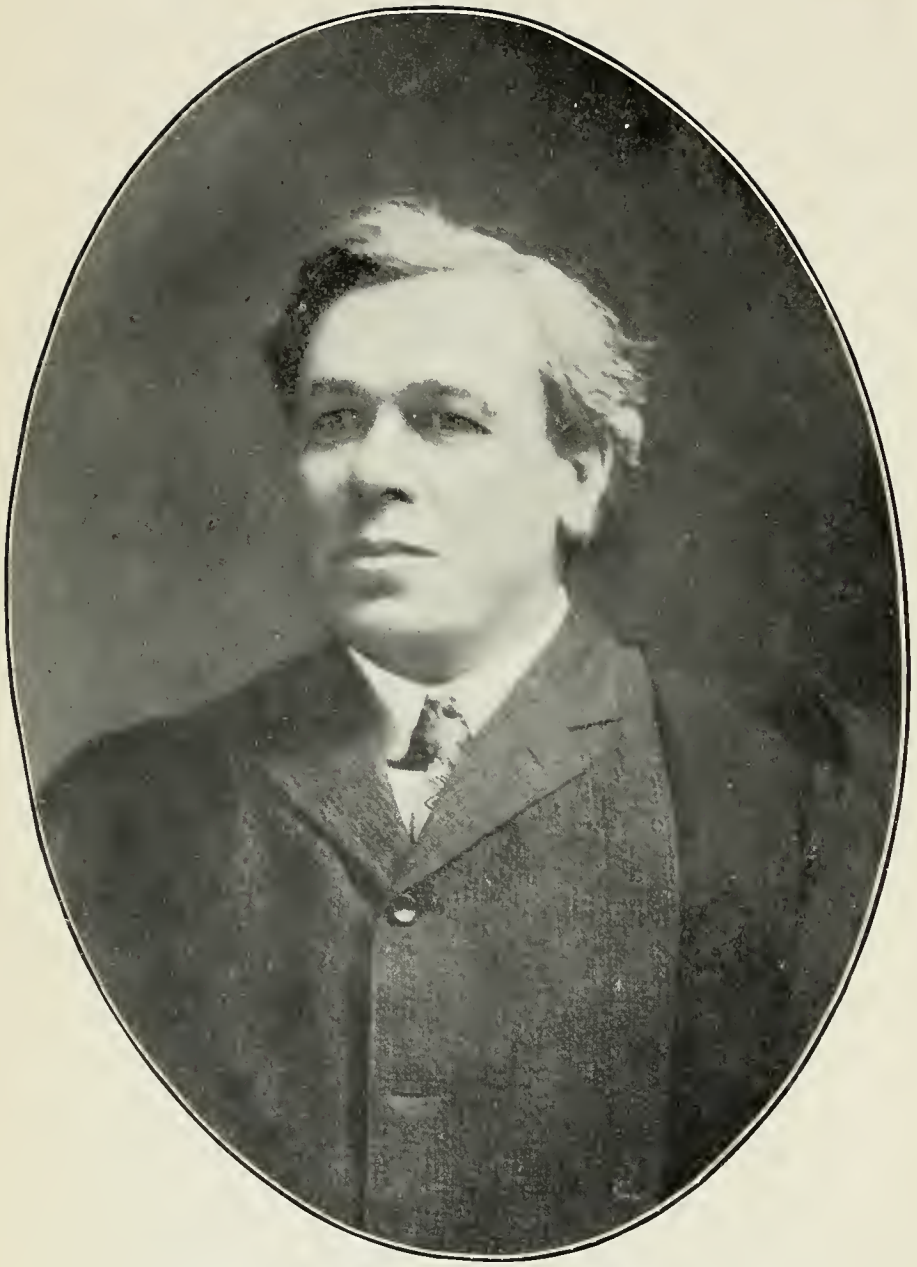

ALEXANDER CHARLES McKAY, B.A., LL.D.

Chancellor, McMaster University

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

Vol. XV.

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CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

		PAGE
Class '06, Arts		359-372
Class '06, Theology		373-374
Faculty of McMaster University		351-357
McKay, Alexander Charles	opposite	1
McMaster University	"	343
Publication Board, 1905-6	"	241
Women Debaters, Our	"	289

POETRY.

		PAGE
Brown Fellow	George Herbert Clarke, '95	65
Commencement	Angus Stewart Woodburne, '06	358
Echo's Lament	W. Sherwood Fox, '00	61
Ideals	W. J. Grigg, '05	253
Immortality	B. W. N. Grigg, '94	100
Lines ("The Sea rose up")	Bertha Jean Thompson, '08	19
Music	T. Wearing, '09	163
Spring Song	Bertha Jean Thompson, '08	300
Whisper, A.	Harry R. Nobles, '06	215

PROSE.

		PAGE
Allus Vance, Gentleman	W. J. Grigg, '05	301
Biographical Sketches, Class '06, Arts		359
" " " Theology		373
Cæsar's Footsteps, In	Claribel Platt	21
Campbell, Wilfred, The Poetry of	B. W. N. Grigg, '94	164
Century Reunion	Jessie E. Dryden, '00	16
Chancellor, Our New	The Editor	1
Chancellor's Address, The		11
Christmas: Its Origin and Customs	A. S. Woodburne, '06	97
Class 06, Arts, Chronicles of	C. S. Edwards, '06	343
Commencement Exercises, The		375
Crawford, Isabella Valancy, Poems of	Ethel Botterill Patterson	193
Dick	Bertha Jean Thompson, '08	62
Doolan, Axeman	G. R. M. Wells, '06	254
"Eb"	F. S. Beddow, '06	210
German Wedding, A	Harry R. Nobles, '06	263
Goodspeed, Calvin	W. E. Norton, Theol. '91	145
"Greater Love Hath No Man"	Ethel Botterill Patterson	152
Gunn, Daniel Wesley	A. C. Newcombe, '00	169
Harper, William Rainey	Douglas C. Macintosh, '03	241
His Wedding Morn	Ethel Botterill Patterson	101

PROSE.—*Continued.*

		PAGE
Immutable Deity, An	Duncan A. MacGibbon, '08	301
In Dreams	Gertrude C. MacGregor, '05	260
Involution of a Halfbreed, The	Bertha Jean Thompson, '08	157
Irony of Fate, The	B. W. N. Grigg, '94	204
Key-Log, The	W. Sherwood Fox, '00	112
L'Allegro and Il Penseroso	Robert H. Roberts, '07	108
Mammoth Cave, A Visit to the	Anita M. Waters, '07	309
Nashville Convention, The	H. B. Moyle, '06	305
New Professors, The:		
Dr. Keirstead	J. D. Freeman, M.A., Theol. '90.	7
Rev. I. G. Matthews, M.A.	G. H. C.	9
Dr. Oliver	G. H. C.	10
Dr. Findlay	G. H. C.	10
Poet and the Preacher, The	Llewellyn Brown, '98	249
Prize Story Competition, Results		151
Prize Story Competition, Third		20
Scattered Sketches from the East	J. Dixon Craig, '07	105
September Meadow, A	M. Blanche Edy, '08	66
Trossachs, Through the	Lillie M. Senior, '05	55
Wallace, O. C. S.	M. S. Clark	49
What McMaster Means to the Student for the Ministry	W. E. Matthews, '05	289

EDITORIAL NOTES 32, 68, 119, 171, 266, 312

BOOK REVIEWS 120, 164, 173, 193, 216, 267, 311

CORRESPONDENCE 33, 121

COLLEGE NEWS:

Around the Hall 34, 70, 122, 175, 217, 268, 315, 346

Athletics 45, 81, 133, 182, 231, 277, 326

Woman's Department 228, 275, 323

Moulton College 87, 138, 184, 235, 282, 333

Woodstock College 89, 185, 236, 334

HERE AND THERE 93, 140, 188, 238, 283, 339

OUR GRADUATES 44, 80, 132, 183, 234, 280, 329

THE

McMaster University Monthly

OCTOBER, 1905

OUR NEW CHANCELLOR.

THE vacancy in the Chancellorship of McMaster University has been filled by the appointment of Alexander Charles McKay, B.A., LL.D., professor of Mathematics and Physics since the opening of the Arts department. Chancellor McKay enters upon his duties enjoying in the fullest measure the confidence of the University. The Board and Senate were unanimous in their choice of him; his colleagues on the Faculty are a unit in warmest commendation of his appointment, and in unbounded loyalty to him as their leader; the graduates express the greatest satisfaction upon his elevation to the headship of their Alma Mater; and the undergraduates have expressed in unmistakeable terms their delight at the honor done their favorite professor. The denomination as a whole, through the Convention, has set its seal of approval upon the action of the University authorities in selecting him to fill the highest position in its work of Christian education.

Chancellor McKay fully deserves the confidence reposed in him. His character, scholarship, and experience mark him out as a worthy successor of Dr. McVicar, Dr. Rand, and Dr. Wallace. Dr. McVicar was a trained educationist, facile in drafting and correlating courses. Dr. Rand was a man of broad outlook, far-seeing vision, and high ideals. Dr. Wallace possessed large executive powers, which he gladly gave to the service of McMaster. Chancellor McKay is not without a generous equipment of the same qualities as distinguished his predecessors. He is an experienced educator, learned in the history, science and

practice of pedagogy. His knowledge in this regard, and his wide and intimate acquaintance with our Ontario educational system, from the public school to the university, have made him invaluable to the Chancellors under whom he has served. As Registrar and Dean in Arts he has had opportunity to display his efficient administrative capacities. Like all who have served or still serve McMaster, his loyalty is sincere and intense. He believes in her principles and ideals. He has lofty thought of her evolution into future greatness. In his heart he bears an image of our Universlty growing to fulness of stature, gathering power unto herself and using it to the glory of God in the intellectual, moral, and spiritual culture of the young manhood and womanhood of Canada, and in the production of a trained, devoted, spiritual ministry to serve the cause of Christ in our Canadian Baptist churches.

The new Chancellor's distinguishing gift is his power of leadership. He is a born leader of men. In this power McMaster has an asset of inestimable value, for the Baptists of Ontario, like the world generally, will respond to the call of one who knows how to lead. Perhaps the most important element in this power is Dr. McKay's personal magnetism. Without effort he wins his way into the hearts of men and draws them to him by the spell of a gracious personality. He has a capacity for friendship ; he not only freely gives, but, what is equally essential, freely receives, friendship. Once a friend, he is always a friend. Those who know him best treasure his friendship most : in virtue of its wealth and constancy, they grapple its giver to their souls with "hoops of steel." Surely his power of binding men to him will be used of God in the service to which he has put his hand.

A leader in educational work must have ideas, not fantastic or sensational, but founded on reason, and therefore possessing attractive power. Chancellor McKay has such ideas, and in addition has the resolution to translate them gradually into concrete facts. So to translate them requires time, and especially the help of other men. This assistance he will secure. His ideas are such as commend themselves to the minds and hearts of men. They are large ideas, broad ideas. Dr. McKay's vision is not limited to the Arts department : he is concerned for the successful development of Theology, and has intelligent convictions concern-

ing the courses that should be given and the way in which the subjects should be presented by the teacher. Within the Arts department he has never attempted to promote his own branch of knowledge at the expense of others. While he believes in the value of science in giving culture, he fully realizes the immense power of literature and philosophy and history to minister to the needs of the human spirit. Chancellor McKay does not conceive of the University as a mere technical school. Under his direction, as in the past, McMaster will strive to do more than prepare its students to make a living; it will endeavor to condition men to grapple with the problems of life, and discharge its duties, by giving them that culture that consists in a generous knowledge of "the best that has been thought and said in the world." In a word, he has the instincts of the scholar, not of the utilitarian.

Chancellor McKay has boundless energy and enthusiasm. Obstacles that daunt smaller men yield to him. His enthusiasm is contagious; students and colleagues come easily under his sway. A faithful worker himself, he communicates his spirit to others, and is thereby successful in drawing out the best efforts they are capable of making. In the coming days this power will mean much for McMaster.

Personal magnetism, genial good nature, ideas, enthusiasm—all these are rooted in sterling worth of character. Strength, gentleness, faithfulness are three strands in this character. The strong find in Chancellor McKay a kindred spirit; the weak find sympathy, understanding, strength on which to lean; all discover sooner or later that he is a man on whom one may safely "build an absolute trust." The centre from which all radiates is a simple, genuine piety. As Rev. Mr. Cline so well said at the Autumn Convocation, Chancellor McKay does not pose as a theologian, but in him is to be seen a living example of the Christian principles on which McMaster University is founded.

So far we have said nothing about Dr. McKay's greatness as a teacher. Touching this we prefer to let his students speak. We have, therefore, asked several graduates to send us their view as to the sources of his power. Among these, only one is a specialist in Mathematics; one is a graduate in Theology alone; one is a graduate in both Arts and Theology; the other two, of whom one is a woman, are graduates in Arts alone. In date of

graduation they range from 1897 to 1905. They may be taken as fairly representative of our graduate body. For various reasons we deem it wise to omit the names of writers, but append in each case the year of graduation. We print the letters in order of graduate seniority.

"To interview a Chancellor of a University is usually a very trying ordeal, but it is not so with Chancellor McKay. He is a most approachable man. One goes into his office, and sits down and talks with him with the freedom and ease that one finds in the company of a big brother. And he is indeed a "big brother" to all the students, for his heart is large enough to receive every one of them into his affections. This brotherliness is not a lip sympathy, but is the outcome of a simple, warm human nature that interests itself in the lives of others.

"In addition to this, Chancellor McKay is always genial. He seems to know no cares. Everything sits light on him; no burdens bend his back—if they do, he never brings them to the class-room. He invariably greets his class with a smile which provokes everyone to good humor. It is his prerogative to keep them so. He actually has a twinkle in his eyes, but lurking in the corners there is a fire which keeps the presumptuous at a proper distance; and so, in combination with this geniality, is a dignity which makes a well proportioned man.

"In conversation one day, he said to me, 'You know a professor is not supposed to *teach*." Then must it be said to his disgrace as a professor that he CAN TEACH. Not only can he teach the teachable, but he brings with him such enthusiasm and brightness to his work, that even the hopeless and despairing are awakened to new life and to renewed effort. He is in love with his work, and unconsciously his students are drawn to love it too.

"So we wish success and God-speed to the new Chancellor, a thorough Christian gentleman." "'97."

"I do not hold it as an open question whether Chancellor McKay will be popular and influential among the students of McMaster. He has strongly impressed those of us who have come under his shadow in the past with his scholarly attainments,

his communicative and administrative abilities. But we esteemed him not only because of those things, but also for his manly, large-hearted and genial disposition, and for that tremendous enthusiasm, magnetic, contagious, that appealed to, attracted and stimulated all that was highest and best in us. The loved and efficient professor is now our Chancellor. In the larger sphere he will have a larger place in the affection of the students, and will exercise a greater influence than in former years."

"Theol. '98."

"Chancellor McKay is reverenced because men bow to strength. He is loved because his heart, like a fireplace, makes the atmosphere about him cosy, homelike. These two things—his strength and heart—stand out before me now. We felt as though he could do anything, and looked pityingly upon a text-book that did not agree with him. When he laughed at difficulties, they did seem like trifles. He was strong, and we all knew it. Then his heart and smile cheered us into loving him. One could not tell him so—he seemed too big, too self-sufficient to care—and yet, quietly and deeply, we loved and still love.

"Arts '01, Theol. '03."

"Professor McKay combined a thorough knowledge of his subject with great skill in presentation. His treatment of a subject was spontaneous and without apparent effort. He displayed the rare faculty of understanding and sympathising with the difficulties of a student, and also of anticipating what those difficulties might be. He lowered himself to the level of the student, and then led the way upward. Above all, vision and enthusiasm marked all his teaching." "'00."

"In the coming of Professor McKay to the Chancellor's chair every student or ex-student of McMaster University will certainly feel a deep satisfaction. For it is a question if any man, since the founding of the University, has come so close to the heart of the students as he. No one who possesses the slightest knowledge of the affairs of McMaster can deny that the new Chancellor has always been extraordinarily popular with the

students. But he has not alone been popular. No one who knows anything of the inner life of McMaster but will affirm that Professor McKay has always wielded a mighty influence in the University, an influence that has been all the greater because he himself has been so unconscious of it. He must have known of his own popularity with the students; indeed, there have been times when he has seemed embarrassed by it; but Chancellor McKay does not know to-day, nor would he admit it to himself if told, the greatness of the influence he has had in moulding the characters of the students who have been under him.

"Popularity and the power of influence are not the same thing; either one may be possessed without the other. But Chancellor McKay seems to have been blessed with both gifts. The sources of his popularity are not difficult to discover. He has earned the respect of every student by his scholarship, for all have recognized in him a master in his chosen department, and by his genius as a teacher, a genius that was able to evoke interest even in mathematics. And yet, although filling the position of professor so perfectly, he has always entered into the student-life as thoroughly as if he were a student himself. A keen interest in sports, a rich fund of humor, and a cheerful temper, have kept him still a young man at heart and made him able to enter into the feelings of young men. And the students have recognized these qualities and have loved him for them.

"And as for the sources of his influence in the University, they lie not in his attainments nor in his temperament, but deeper, in the bed-rock of character. Chancellor McKay is not given to preaching, seldom even taking the lead in chapel service, but no man has done more than he to hold up before the students the ideal of the true Christian man. He has shown himself a man of strong, sturdy character, of deep sympathy, a man who has been willing to spend himself unsparingly for those among whom he lived, a teacher who has been interested in his students for their own sakes rather than for the sake of the subject he taught. And because he has been willing so to give himself for his students, he has been given the power of leading them, of helping them, of moulding their lives.

"And so, as McMaster University begins another stage in

her history, we who have left her sheltering care cry God-speed, for we believe that guiding her is a hand that will be steady, an eye that will be clear, a heart that will be true." "'05."

These tributes from former students have the accent of sincerity, for they are founded on truth. Chancellor McKay is what they declare him to be; he continues to wield the influence they describe. Under such a leader our educational work must go forward.

THE EDITOR.

THE NEW PROFESSORS.

ELIAS MILES KEIRSTEAD.

WHEN the Board of Governors of McMaster appointed the Rev. Elias M. Keirstead, D.D., LL.D., to the chair of Systematic Theology and Apologetics, they were confident of doing a good thing for the University, but in the conviction of the writer they builded even better than they knew. Dr. Keirstead represents in his personality a rare blend of the qualities most to be desired in one who is to fill that important position. Endowed by nature with a sweet and lovable disposition, his character has been ennobled and refined by a profound and prolonged Christian experience. An apt and devoted student all his days, he comes to us with a scholarship that is broad and ripe. He has not only information, but education. Through every word he speaks there rings the note of a true, deep culture. He looks out upon the world with a spirit that is clear visioned, sane and sympathetic. In his attitude toward theology he would class as a conservative, but while eminently "safe," he is open minded and progressive, with a ready welcome for any ray of light, from whatever part of the horizon it may come. In his classes students will be encouraged to the freest enquiry. His handling of all questions will be found forceful, fearless and fair.

Readers of THE MONTHLY will welcome a brief account of his career up to the present.

Professor Keirstead is a "son of the manse," being the offspring of Rev. Elias Keirstead, an honored Baptist minister of

New Brunswick, and his wife, Margaret Ganong. He was prepared for college in the public schools of New Brunswick. At nineteen years of age he attended the Provincial Normal School, and achieved the then unusual distinction of winning a first class certificate on first examination. After a year of successful teaching in the superior school of his native parish, he entered upon what proved to be a brilliant career in the University of New Brunswick. Young Keir-tead was *facile princeps* among the students of his day. Leading his class at matriculation, he held the same place on his graduation in 1873. During his course he won several prizes and scholarships, obtaining first class honors in French, English, and Philosophy. At that time the University was served by an eminent teaching staff, among whom were a graduate of Edinburgh, a graduate of Cambridge, and two graduates of Trinity College, Dublin. Converted during his college days, he became a member of the Fredericton Baptist Church, where his memory is still fondly cherished. Feeling called to the ministry, he pursued a theological course at Newton Seminary, from which institution he graduated in 1876 with distinctions in Hebrew. In December of the same year he was ordained at Yarmouth, N.S., as pastor of the Milton Baptist Church. Called to the pastorate of the church at Windsor, N.S., in the following year, he labored in the ministry there with much acceptance and success until 1882, when he was appointed on the staff of Acadia College as successor to Dr. J. G. Schurman, now President of Cornell University. While at Acadia, during the period when theology was taught, he was Professor of New Testament Greek and of Systematic Theology. For a time, also, he taught Apologetics in the Arts course. It will thus be seen that he is no stranger to the work of his present position. Upon the abolition of the theological department at Acadia, Professor Keirstead was appointed to the chair of English Literature and Moral Philosophy, which subjects he has taught with eminent success for many years.

For several years Professor Keirstead has acted as Dean of the University, and in the absence of the President has served as chairman of the Faculty.

Some idea of his broader relations to educational work may be gained from the statement that he has served for years as

associate examiner at the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, at King's College, Windsor, and at Newton Theological Seminary. His services have also been frequently in requisition as public lecturer and preacher at Dalhousie, King's College, Mount Allison, the U. N. B., Colgate, and Newton.

Dr. Keirstead has taken two terms of postgraduate work in Philosophy and the Philosophy of Religion at Chicago University. He has also taken lectures from the ablest professors in the universities of Oxford, Edinburgh and Glasgow. From this record of study and teaching work it will at once appear that McMaster has called to her staff one of the ripest and ablest minds in the land.

In 1895 our Professor received the degree of D.D. from Acadia University. At its recent jubilee, St. Francis Xavier's College at Antigonish conferred the degree of LL.D. "in recognition of his work in public education in the Maritime Provinces."

From intimate first hand knowledge, the writer is able to state that Dr. Keirstead enjoys in an unusual degree the confidence and love of Maritime Baptists and college men. In the East his is a name to conjure with. That it will soon be the same in Ontario I have no shadow of doubt.

In all the work of our denomination, Dr. Keirstead will be felt as a powerful and vital force. He is a prime preacher and a platform orator of the very first rank. As a moulder of men here at McMaster, and in his impact upon Canadian life from Toronto as a centre, our new professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics bids fair to render the crowning service of his life.

J. D. Freeman.

Rev. I. G. Matthews, M.A.

Rev. I. G. Matthews, lecturer in Hebrew and Old Testament in the Theological Department, is a native of Carleton county, where he was born in 1871. After attending the public schools, he entered the Carleton Place high school, where he studied during 1887-8. In 1891 he spent a few months at Woodstock College, but owing to ill health was compelled to give up academic work till 1893, when he entered McMaster with the class of '97. Graduating in '97, he received his M.A. degree in

'98, and hastened to the West, where he spent five years in the pastorate in British Columbia. In 1904 Mr. Matthews, who had returned to McMaster to finish his theology, received his degree of B.Th. From June, 1904, to September, 1905, Mr. Matthews studied in the Divinity School of Chicago, on special work in Semitics and Old Testament Languages. G. H. C.

Dr. Oliver.

Edmund Henry Oliver, recently appointed lecturer in History, where he replaces Professor Cross, now of the Theological Department, was born at Eberts, Ontario, in 1881. He distinguished himself at the Chatham Collegiate Institute, where he matriculated in '98, winning the Mary Mulock and Edward Blake scholarships in Classics. At the University of Toronto, from 1898 to 1902, Dr. Oliver followed the Honor Classical Course, where he won the McCaul gold medal upon graduation. In 1902 he was appointed Alexander McKenzie Fellow in Political Science at Toronto University, and received his M.A. degree in 1903. In 1904 and 1905, as President's Scholar in Economics, he worked in the Graduate School of Columbia, where he received his doctor's degree in the summer of 1905. Dr. Oliver's thesis on "The Economical Development of Rome" is now in press.

G. H. C.

Dr. Findlay.

When, in the spring of 1905, the chair of Mathematics became vacant, owing to Professor McKay's appointment as Chancellor and Professor of Physics, William Findlay, Ph.D., was nominated as his successor. Our new Professor of Mathematics was born in Wentworth county thirty-one years ago, and after the usual course in the public and high schools, he entered McMaster University in 1892. Here he once more met Professor McKay, who had been one of his instructors in the Jamieson Avenue Collegiate Institute. After graduation, Dr. Findlay spent two years teaching in McMaster as Fellow in Mathematics, and, in 1898, received the degree of M.A. for work done in mathematics under Professor McKay's direction. From 1898 to 1901, Dr. Findlay was a graduate student in the University of Chicago, where, during the last two years of his work, he held a fellowship in Mathematics. In 1901 he received his doctor's degree—*magna cum laude.* Since then, and up to the time of his appointment at McMaster, Dr. Findlay was Mathematical Tutor at Columbia University and Secretary of the American Mathematical Society.

G. H. C.

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

I WISH my first public words as Chancellor of McMaster University to be an expression of the sense of loss—loss to the University, and loss to me personally—in the withdrawal of Dr. O. C. S. Wallace. When the Chancellorship was offered to him ten years ago, I was one of the first to urge him to accept, to assure him of my hearty support in all of the work of the College.

He was ever faithful in the discharge of the many duties, public and private, that devolved upon him—how many duties I am learning only now as I take up the work myself. He has left behind in McMaster University an enviable record as an administrator; a monument to his devotion to our material progress in the erection of this Memorial Hall; and a host of friends and admirers who follow him in his new field of labor with loving, sympathetic interest.

Your presence, sir, as chairman, and your words, recall vividly to my mind a scene similar to this which occurred, fifteen years ago, in an adjoining class-room, then our chapel—when McMaster University first opened her class-rooms to students in Arts. The small room was crowded—not with students, for only thirteen had enrolled in Arts, but with hopeful, sympathetic friends, who recognized that a new era in Christian education had begun. The chief speaker of the occasion, the late Dr. T. H. Rand, recounted the history of the educational efforts of our denomination for the previous half-century; stated, and with universal acceptance, I believe, the aims and hopes of the new university; and outlined the methods and courses of instruction which had been adopted by our Senate for the guidance of Faculty and students. There was great enthusiasm for the new enterprise on the part of a few, a consecration of every power on the part of every member of the Faculty, then less than one half its present number, and a determination on the part of all that the young University should have at least an opportunity to show her right to exist. For fifteen years—a day only in the life of a university—the aims and methods held so firmly and set forth so clearly by Dr. Rand, have actuated our life, and we believe have brought to us the sympathy and support, not only of our own Baptist denomination, but also of the public at large interested in educational affairs.

The aim of McMaster University is not unique. To provide educational facilities in a positive Christian atmosphere is happily the ideal of many colleges of this and other countries. But some characteristics of our curriculum and methods have not always

been emphasized, and are less widely prevalent. Some of these have always appealed to me in such a way that I have found in them the strongest tie binding me to this college, and I take the opportunity afforded to me here to refer to them.

When specialization, both early and late, seemed likely to dominate the curricula of all Canadian colleges, when this specialization had laid its hands on our secondary schools, and forced young people to choose their educational courses and to some extent their life's work, before they had ever seen the walls of a college, McMaster University decided that a better plan would be to demand from every student a broad, liberal course of training, on which afterwards specialization might more safely rest. Some of our friends hesitated at first; many of them felt that we must adopt and emphasize the current methods; but the pendulum has swung back, or rather is moving back, to the old position. In undergraduate courses the tendency at the present time, if there is any movement at all, is toward the broader course with less of early specialization. Our work for specialists, given to a very limited extent in our Second Year, properly begins in the Third Year. It is mainly in the Third and Fourth Years that this work gives the undergraduate relief from any subjects of the General course, and even then the student's work remains decidedly of a general character. We have found that men trained on such a course are quite able to meet on common ground in post-graduate work, those who specialized earlier. We still hold to this original plan, confirmed by the results, as seen in the lives of our three hundred graduates in Arts.

Not only has our course been a general one, including the humanities and the sciences, but, as required by our charter, the Bible has been a text book in the hands of every student. Two major courses, one in the Old Testament and one in the New, have been required of all students, and have proved most efficient, I might safely say, the most efficient courses in leading to that culture which distinguishes the truly educated Christian gentleman. That the Bible may be made a text book, in courses demanded of every student, where no religious tests are imposed concerning attendance, has been clearly demonstrated in our fifteen years' experience. We have often debated in Faculty and Senate the desirability of removing one required subject from our course, or of adding another, but never has there been a hint from any source that the study of the English Bible was not worthy of the prominent position given to it in our curriculum.

Another unique feature is found in the courses in the History and Science of Education. It was felt by our Senate that those who receive so liberally of the gifts of education in these days, should learn to give in return. And so we have placed among our general subjects the history and science of educational effort.

The inspiration of this work has been felt by all—by both students and professors,—and we are quite sure that the other Universities of Ontario may wisely adopt our plans in this regard, as to some extent they seem likely to do.

One feature of our methods, common to all undergraduate colleges to a greater or less degree, has been our constant care to adapt our teaching to the needs of the individual student. Our classes, although large enough to tax to the utmost our accommodation in these buildings, have not been too large to enable us to know at any time the rate of growth of every individual in them. There is a tacit understanding among the members of the Faculty that each will hold the other responsible for the failure to make progress on the part of each and every student. This attempt to deal individually with each member of a class is surely in accord with sound pedagogy, and, where conditions make it possible, will surely produce the best results. It is this that has made and still maintains the unrivalled undergraduate colleges of England in Oxford and Cambridge. Princeton University is following a safe precedent in adopting the tutorial system, which henceforth is to distinguish her among the large American colleges. The method magnifies the importance of the individual student, and yet was ever teacher or his teaching degraded in doing the best for his pupil?

Another feature—one probably that is found generally, but which has been especially effective in McMaster University and which has received every encouragement on the part of our governing bodies—is the freedom given the professor, not only in the method of presenting his subject to his classes, but also to a very great extent in the choice of the subject itself. In the department of Mathematics I have always had the fullest freedom in arranging the content of my courses, and it has been a continual delight to me to work in my own way on the ground selected by myself. The only restriction that I have felt, and that, too, a reasonable one, is in the limiting of the amount of time in the class room to be demanded of any pupil. This same freedom which I have felt is the common property of all members of our staff, and has had much to do, I think, in lifting up and keeping up the standard of our work.

The growth of McMaster University in these fifteen years has been satisfactory, I believe, to her constituency. A more rapid growth would have entailed a more rapidly growing endowment of funds and equipment. Yet we may surely expect that the future has larger things in store for us, if we remain true to the ideals and hopes of the denomination whose servants we are.

Three hundred alumni in Arts, and almost an equal number in Theology, all imbued with the McMaster spirit—active in the affairs of life—mean, that where we, ten years ago, had only a

passive critical constituency, we have now an active, sympathetic body, alert to further our interests and extend our field of influence. We have now a body of alumni—true, not great in numbers, but we believe great in efficiency—teaching in our high schools and collegiate institutes; these we count a most valuable asset. When we speak of McMaster University now, we think not only of her Senate and Board of Governors, not only of her Faculty and present students, but we include these five hundred sons and daughters who gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Alma Mater, who seek to increase her power and widen her field of operation. Further, our position is strengthened by the achievements of her graduates—I speak particularly of those who have attended the great post-graduate institutions of this continent, and who have won distinction in the field common to graduates of all Canadian universities. To-night we have with us on the platform two graduates of McMaster University, who have returned to us after several years of study and service elsewhere, to strengthen our forces and to give to us the best of their young, active powers. I refer to Dr. Findlay and Mr. Matthews, who graduated in 1896 and '97 respectively, and who to-night for the first time appear in a public way as members of our Faculty.

This term we enter upon our work with renewed vitality. Not only have we new students and new professors, but in the departments of Theology and Science we have practically new curricula. In Theology, after long and intense consideration of the question, our Senate decided to remodel our courses to such an extent that the emphasis would be laid on purely Biblical study. Surely such a change demands no apology. Our new courses in Biblical study stand thus:

First, a course in Bible History, covering the period and events of both Old and New Testament, including the Apochrypha. Second, a course on the Life and Times of Jesus—an extension of the course formerly given—involving a more careful study of the events connected with the founding of the Christian Church. Third, two courses of Biblical Introduction, dealing respectively with the Old and New Testament. Fourth, two courses dealing with religious conceptions of certain selected books of the Bible. Fifth, a course dealing with the historical development of the religious ideas of the Bible as a whole. In addition to these courses, two courses of exegesis in the English Bible are provided for. The greater part of this work is entirely new to our curriculum. It is anticipated that with these clearly defined courses in Biblical Theology, in addition to the courses in Hebrew and Greek Exegesis, Systematic Theology, the crown of all theological study, will be enhanced in importance, and be readily related to the other subjects of study. It is the opinion of many competent to judge in these matters, that this increased

emphasis of the study of the English Bible results in a course in Theology which is the equal of any given in an undergraduate school.

In our Department of Science, too, we have been making radical changes and planning for larger things. Almost from the beginning of our Arts work we have been carrying on vigorous courses in Chemistry, Mineralogy and Biology, but we have been doing comparatively little in Geology and Physics. This year the Senate called for reports concerning our work in Science—and accepted recommendations involving the creation of new departments of Physics and Geology, and the extension of our work in the other branches. These changes necessitated the appointment of a Professor of Physics, and I have the honor to appear before you to-night in that capacity.

This increase of work in Science goes altogether beyond the accommodation provided in McMaster Hall, and the Senate has recommended to the Board of Governors the erection of an additional building in which all our Science work may be conducted. We confidently expect this new building to be ready for occupation next year when our new curriculum will make such demands as cannot be met in our present laboratories. With such equipment, and with our present Faculty, I feel confident that we shall be prepared to furnish such well-balanced undergraduate courses as not only to draw to our class-rooms greater numbers than are enrolled now, but to make it certain that our next call for extension will be to provide larger dormitories for our young men, and a suitable residence building for our young ladies. Curricula, class-rooms, and students do not alone make a college. To the Professors must be assigned an important place—the first place. We enter upon the new year with a full professorate,—to Dr. Farmer, who has returned to us after a year of study and travel in Europe and other lands; to Dr. Keirstead, Dr. Findlay, Mr. Matthews, Dr. Oliver, who come to us as permanent members of our staff; and to Dr. Perry, Dr. Tracy, Dr. Harris, and Mr. Cline, whom we should be glad to have with us as permanent members, we extend a most cordial welcome to our work and fellowship. The new Chancellor feels the newness of his position keenly, and, while not at all assenting to the judgment of those who are responsible for placing him in this exalted position, he hopes to be able to so conduct the affairs of the Colleges committed to his charge, that he shall win the confidence of the people interested, and gain and retain the esteem and love of the colleagues and students with whom his daily life shall now be lived.

CENTURY REUNION.

WHEN Century Class held its last meeting, in the University session of 1899-1900, the spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty ran high. The day of separation was at hand, and though each member was eager to go forward to the work which lay beyond, there was a sense in which each felt regret that the four years of study and happy social intercourse were passed. Plans for the future filled the mind of every Century member that morning. Many hoped to continue their courses of study in post-graduate work; a larger number were looking forward to the ministry; one or two toward professional or business life; while three were to become missionaries.

On the eve of parting it seemed good to place on the minute-book a resolution to hold a reunion in May, 1905, in order that the members of the class might come from far and near, to talk over college days and, perhaps, to hold an experience meeting, that each might give some account of the five years since graduation.

On the day of that meeting there was in the heart of every true member of Century a firm resolve to be present at the reunion in 1905. As the days passed these resolutions grew fainter and fainter, until they entirely faded out of the important place they were to hold in the plans of all but eleven of this, the largest class that McMaster has ever graduated. The names of those who were present on May 4th, 1905, may be recorded. The list should be commenced with the name of Frank Goble, who came all the way from New York to be present in Toronto for this one day of reunion. Glenn H. Campbell came from Ottawa, where he was teaching in the Collegiate Institute after McMaster closed. The others of the eleven present were:—Bertha McLay Overholt, from Woodstock; J. M. Cornwall, Hamilton; Perren Baker, Grimsby; G. R. Welsh, of Lindsay; G. L. Powell, Woodbridge; and F. J. Snelgrove, W. E. Robertson, A. C. Newcombe, Jessie E. Dryden, from Toronto.

Though the executive was disappointed in the small number

who were able to be present, there was no sense of regret for anything when the day was over, because all who did come agreed heartily in the opinion that it was a good reunion. In the afternoon a small reception was held at Moulton College, where members of the Faculty and of the latest class to graduate, Naughty-nought, and a few friends, had an opportunity for informal meeting. Everyone seemed to have a good time, if a constant flow of conversation and merriment bear any testimony. At 7.30 a small company of twenty sat down to banquet together around a square table that had been arranged for them in Castle Memorial Hall. The table decorations were very pretty. The color was the good old red, though the shade was somewhat richer than that of the banner which occasioned the first field-day fight at McMaster. Our second vice-president, Glenn Campbell, supplied attractive menu cards, done in red covers, with an artistic little design on each. Those present at the banquet were the eleven members mentioned before, five associate members, our honorary president, Professor McKay, and Mrs. McKay, and two friends, who supplied music for the programme.

The dinner hour was a jolly one. The table was not too large for each one to speak to all the others if the inspiration came. The feeling of being by ourselves seemed to possess everyone, and there was a consequent freedom and sociability, which made one feel that the good old student days were not so far distant after all. "The King" was the first toast proposed by the chairman, Glenn Campbell. "Alma Mater," proposed in a spirit of affection and loyalty by G. R. Welsh, was responded to by Professor McKay. The class felt very grateful to our honorary president, who though weary with the closing exercises and work of the college term, took pains to give us a stirring address, which roused enthusiasm for McMaster, and dispelled any doubt which might have been lurking in the minds of some regarding the advisability of McMaster's retaining her independence. As Professor McKay ceased speaking some one started up "Thy Praises, McMaster." Elsie Dryden sang two short songs which made a pleasant change in the programme of toasts. A toast to Century was proposed by the Secretary, who knew all about the numerous engagements which had prevented so many of the class from being present,

and could speak with feeling on the subject. Glenn Campbell, on behalf of the committee, responded. He also spoke with the inspiration which comes from the effort to make a class reunion a numerical success.

One of the most attractive numbers on the programme was a class history given by Bertha McLay Overholt. This paper was full of reminiscences of college days, and stirred all who heard it. After the class history, the roll was called when each name was to be responded to by a two-minute speech from those present, and a letter or telegram from absent ones. Of our thirty-five, thirty sent some message, and in the next few days letters came from three others, T. H. Cornish, of Pamona, California; E. N. Armstrong, Rangoon, Burmah, and G. Harold Grant, British Columbia, leaving only two who sent no word at all, Octavia Gaylord Curry, of Winnipeg, and Charles Trygerson, of Minneapolis.

The class historian did not provide THE MONTHLY with an article on Century at graduation, and so perhaps our editor will grant us space to tell of the occupations of the members of this class in this number. Two, H. E. Jordan and G. L. Powell, have completed courses of study for the degree of Ph.D.; three, L. C. Lauchland, J. H. Faulkner and F. J. Snelgrove, are now full-fledged doctors of medicine, and two more, G. H. Campbell and W. S. Fox, having spent two years in post-graduate work, are now teaching, the former at McMaster, and the latter in Brandon; J. J. Nicole is practising law in Sherbrooke, Quebec; A. C. Newcombe is registrar at McMaster; W. E. Robertson is business manager of *The Westminster;* three others, D. W. Gunn, E. E. Wood and E. S. Roy, are in the teaching profession; eleven men are preaching; two are in business, one in the far West and one in New York; another in the civil service in Ottawa; two are missionaries, and one is farming. Of the five ladies, four are married; and it might be added just here that twenty-five of this famous class are already in this same state of matrimony. The fifth lady member of the class has been teaching at Moulton for four years.

After the roll had been called and a message had been received from all of these, "Our Associate Members" were toasted by Perren E. Baker, and their cause was upheld in

response by W. E. Robertson. Mr. Blackadar played a violin solo, and the programme closed with a reunion song, sung by A. C. Newcombe, the class joining in the chorus. A short business meeting followed, when all the officers were re-elected, and the wish to hold another reunion in some five or eight years was expressed. About twelve o'clock the gathering broke up. There were hearty hand shakings and good-byes on all sides, and each one went back to his or her work feeling fully repaid for the effort made to be there. The renewal of college friendships gave a cheer and stimulus which will help all who were privileged to enjoy the reunion.

JESSIE E. DRYDEN,
Class Secretary.

LINES.

The sea rose up, and its angry breast
  Poised o'er a straining fisher's boat;
Then it crashed and fell, and a broken spar
  Was the only thing that remained afloat.
Again the great thing went to sleep
  Under the sun and the steady mast—
I would take of your travail, O deep, deep sea,
  If your calm could come at last!

BERTHA JEAN THOMSON, '07.

THIRD PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

THE Publication Board of THE MONTHLY has found the prize story competition of the past two years so successful that it has decided to again offer money prizes. The sums will be larger than in previous years. It is the aim of the Board in this competition to foster the writing of stories, as well as to enrich the pages of its magazine · consequently it hopes that the list of competitors will continue encouraging, and will grow. There will be two contests, as before.

The first is open to undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts who are now registered in Theology), and to undergraduates and graduates of Moulton and Woodstock Colleges. For this contest three prizes are offered :— First prize, $10.00 ; second prize, $5.00 ; third prize, $3.00.

The second contest is open to graduates in Arts and Theology, and any others who have been in attendance at McMaster University. For this contest two prizes are offered :—First prize, $10.00 ; second prize, $5.00.

RULES GOVERNING THE CONTESTS.

1. In both contests, stories must be in the hands of the Managing Editor not later than December 1st, 1905.

2. The writing must be legible, and on one side of the paper only.

3. Stories must be not more than 2,500 words in length. In submitting their stories, competitors must certify that they satisfy this condition.

4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

IN CÆSAR'S FOOTSTEPS.

MY TITLE suggests a military expedition, with drums beating and colors flying, but I must confess that nothing could have been less imposing than our start, one bright spring morning, on a six days' missionary tour, far into the interior of Asia Minor, to the city which has been made famous because it was the scene of that victory of which Cæsar wrote, "Veni, vidi, vici." And yet, though the missionary's errand is one of peace and not war, we may point with pride to the results of missionary labor which will still stand as a testimony to the power of the Gospel when the last trace of Roman occupation shall have disappeared.

Our equipment was in striking contrast to that required for a journey of the same length in a country possessing railroads. Our wagon, or "araba," had no seat, so we filled in the corners with our suit-cases, and then arranged mattresses, yorghans (thick quilts), and pillows in such a way as to afford a comfortable seat. A large tin box, containing food for the journey, alcohol lamp, etc., was placed on the seat beside the driver, and when the last of our belongings was stowed away, we were ready to start. As we drove out of the mission compound, Mr. White saluted our Turkish driver with one of the salutations in which that language is so rich, expressing a wish that the journey might be prosperous, and the suitable response was immediately given. We drove through the narrow, rough-paved streets of the city, jolting so violently that it was a wonder the wheels were not wrenched off or the springs broken, to say nothing of our bones. We were glad when we reached the city limits and entered the smooth paved road which leads to the city of Amasia, six hours distant, our destination for that day.

The first part of the way was monotonous enough, leading across a barren moor, without a sign of a tree, after we left Marsovan and its vineyards behind, but when we were within an hour and a half of Amasia, we entered the narrow gorge through which the Yeshil Ermak—or Iris river—flows, past the city of

Amasia, and on to the sea. On either side are bold bluffs, while to the left we could still see beautiful Ak-dagh, with its crown of snow, over 7,000 feet above the sea. Within the gorge we found more evident signs of spring—green meadows, and many blossoming trees, principally almond trees. But for the most part the gorge is too narrow to furnish much ground for cultivation. As we drove past some of the low, mud-colored houses, Mr. White pointed out to me an animal's skull erected on a pole near the house, evidently intended to keep off the "evil eye," and we saw many such before we finished our journey. Long before we reached Amasia we saw its grand old castle, on the top of a very steep hill above the city, commanding the whole situation, in a way common to the citadels of ancient times. This is called "Mithradates' Castle," though there are many others in this region which bear the same name.

Instead of driving at once to the khan where we planned to spend the night, we turned aside from the main road and took the road leading to the famous "Mirror Tomb," described by Strabo before the Christian era. It is in the form of an enormous cube, separated from the wall of rock by narrow passages on three sides and at the top. It measures about fifty feet across, and is so highly polished to a height of nine or ten feet, that we could easily understand how it obtained its name. In the front, about twelve or fifteen feet from the base, is a small, square opening, the entrance to the "loculus," where the bodies were intended to be placed. As we had no ladder we could not enter this opening, and so were unable to see the rude wall paintings which decorate the tomb; but later in the afternoon we visited other rock-hewn tombs, in the steep hill-side below the castle, and there found the openings more accessible, and in one case found the same dim outlines resembling angelic figures.

Our khan provided shelter, and little more. When I saw the mattress which was the only furnishing of the bed in my room, I was thankful that I had followed the advice of my more experienced friends and had brought my travelling-bed. The very thought of sleeping on such a bed would "murder sleep" forever. The other furnishings of the room were a long sedir or divan with a bilious yellow cover, and a dilapidated chest of drawers, on which stood a lamp and a carafe of muddy water. We asked for

a table, and after some delay one was brought, which had to be subjected to a vigorous scraping before we could think of putting a cloth on it. At last, however, with the aid of our lunch basket and spirit lamp, we succeeded in preparing a tolerably appetizing supper, and in spite of our very unappetizing surroundings. But I should advise those who cannot enjoy a meal unless it is served on fine china and cut glass, never to make a tour in the interior of Turkey. I fear our travelling outfit of agate-ware would strike them as inadequate. And as for the khans, as Dr. R. says, "Each one is worse than all the rest put together."

After a rather wakeful night, caused rather by the roaring of the river just outside our windows, than by the usual "disturbers of the peace" in such a place, we rose early to prepare for our long ride to Zillé. Hastily drinking a cup of coffee, we packed our belongings into the wagon again and were off, and after a short drive along a broad, paved street, past a fine old mosque and a gateway of beautiful Seljuk work, we came to the open country, with beautiful stretches of green grass and many blossoming trees on either side of the road. Mr. White drew my attention to a beggar whom we passed, sitting by the roadside, and told me his story. Years ago, his brother went away to the war, and left this man in charge of his property; returning, months after, and finding that he had been unfaithful to his trust, the brother in his anger took an axe and cut off hands, ears and nose, and the poor creature still lives in that mutilated condition, earning his living by begging.

A short distance from the city we came upon the traces of an aqueduct cut in the great wall of rock which skirts the road on the left, and I was told the romantic story attached to it. A prince of that region loved the daughter of a king, and asked for her hand in marriage. Her father consented, on one condition—that he should construct an aqueduct to bring the fine, pure water of his city to Amasia. The lover cheerfully agreed, and set to work. But the rock was very hard, and the way was long, so many weary years were required to complete the work. One day when they were working within sight of the city of Amasia, the prince saw a funeral procession passing, and on enquiring whose it was he was told it was the funeral of an old woman. He enquired further, and found it was his promised bride, grown old with waiting.

The road from Amasia to Zillé is a very picturesque one. It climbs to the top of a high ridge, 4,600 feet above the sea, and 3,000 feet above Amasia, and for a good part of the ascent the road is cut in the face of the rock, so that one can look down on the left, hundreds of feet, to the bottom of the gorge. When we reached the top, we found before us a broad stretch of barren woodland, covered with low bushes, but without a single tree. Indeed, one of the most striking features of the landscape all the way along had been the absence of trees. Early in the afternoon we came to a village where we had hoped to find a fire beside which we might warm ourselves as we ate our lunch, but the first sight of the low stone piles which serve as dwelling for man and beast, decided us to eat our lunch in the wagon, in spite of the bitter wind that was blowing. I peeped into the one room that was said to be at the disposal of travellers, and found it so dark and cold, with earth floor, and no light except that from the low door, that it seemed more fit for a cellar than a dwelling, and I could not wonder at the miserable appearance of the villagers who stood around, watching us. Among them was a tiny girl, clad in a single thin garment which had once been white, with face unwashed and hair hanging over her eyes. Mr. White offered her a "cookie," and after looking at us very solemnly for a few seconds she came forward and held out her little brown hand. As soon as she got the cookie she tucked it under her arm and walked away, probably to show it to her mother, and tell her about the strange people she had seen, for being Mohammedans, the women did not show themselves, nor were we invited into the house.

I have called these people Mohammedans, but they belong to a division of the Turkish race who do not acknowledge Mahommed to be the greatest of the prophets, nor obey the rules he laid down (to pray five times a day, to fast at certain periods, etc.) So wide is the breach between them and the followers of the Prophet, that some believe they will be the first to accept Christianity, and will serve, as it were, as an entering wedge, which shall in time break down the wall of prejudice, till now so nearly impenetrable, separating the Mohammedan from the Christian.

Soon after leaving the village, we began the rapid descent towards the plain in which Zillé lies. As we passed through the

narrow gorge, said to be the very scene of Cæsar's great victory, before referred to, we were met by two horsemen who had come out to welcome us on the part of the Protestant (Armenian) community, and to escort us to our destination, and very soon we had our first glimpse of the city, which is built around the castle hill, much as Athens surrounds the Acropolis. Coming nearer, we lost sight of the castle, and entered the narrow, crooked streets, barely wide enough for our wagon to pass. Every doorway was filled with women and children, the women with sheets drawn closely over their faces, but all staring as if a foreign woman were a rare sight, and indeed I suppose there have not been more than half a dozen foreign women in the city within the memory of the oldest inhabitant ; so to many of the children I was, no doubt, a novel sight. A few stones were thrown at the wagon as we passed, by way of salutation, but they did us no harm, and probably relieved the overwrought feelings of some of the youngsters.

The houses are all of the color of unbaked brick, being plastered with mud, and are all two stories high. The ground floor is usually occupied by cattle and fowls, stores of wood and charcoal ; the living rooms are all on the second floor. In the house where we were entertained, two buffaloes occupied the space directly under the "best room," where we ate and entertained those who called on us, and where Mr. White's bed was spread on the floor when the last callers had taken their leave. The family sleeping room adjoined this, and across the hall, which was stone-paved and quite open at the end towards the court, having only a balustrade to separate it from "out-doors," were two other rooms—one the kitchen and living room, and the other a guest room, furnished with a tempting bed—also on the floor, a long sedir and a wooden chest. This room was given to me ; and thanks to the spotless cleanness of every corner of it, I slept as soundly as I could have done in the most elegant brass bedstead. In the open hall there was a tin can of water, with a faucet, placed on a shelf above a sink, and here the family washed. As our rooms contained no toilet conveniences we were obliged to follow suit, though we were not asked to use the family towel!

The idea of washing in a basin is very distasteful to people of this country, they must have running water, and so the dormitories of the schools here are not provided with the usual conveniences for

washing. In the girls' school there is a stone-paved basement room with a sink running around three sides of it, and a number of faucets above the sink, and here the girls came to wash even on the coldest winter mornings. The college students may be seen, in groups, clustered around a fountain in the campus, each with his towel on his arm, waiting for his turn to bathe his face in the cold, running water. There are no facilities for bathing in any of these houses ; everyone is expected to patronize the public bath at more or less frequent intervals. And, indeed, apart from their instincts of cleanliness, they would very much miss this privilege, for the bath is the only dissipation of these secluded women, and takes the place in their lives which the ball, the matinee or the club has in the lives of their more favored sisters. They frequently spend the whole day at the bath, taking their lunch and chatting by the hour in the "cooling room," with that utter disregard of time which marks the Oriental, and which affords the Westerner so fine an opportunity for the cultivation of patience. In time of mourning, women give up the bath for months, as we would forego a gay social gathering. In the trousseau of the bride there are always some handsomely decorated towels for use in the bath, and perhaps a few gay silk "peshtimals" (the Oriental bathing suit, which is nothing but a long towel), all of which are calculated to rouse the envy of all beholders.

In the house where we were entertained, the eldest son had spent two years at the college in Marsovan, while his bride is a graduate of this school (the Girls' Boarding School), so they were more or less familiar with our Western ways. Our meals were served on a round table, which was probably never so used except at such a time. Our host and his married son ate with us, while the bride served us, as is the universal custom in this country, and the rest of the family—the mother, three sons, and a little daughter—remained in the kitchen, and doubtless ate their meals after their own fashion, sitting on the floor about a low table, each helping himself from a central dish as his appetite dictated. The bride eats when her husband and his parents have been served.

In such a household every member of the family speaks of "our bride," as if all had an equal share in her, and she remains the bride for years, till the mother-in-law dies, or a younger

son marries, and even then she is the "big bride." The custom of binding the mouth of the bride, so that she may not forget her place, or venture to argue with her mother-in-law, is happily dying out; but I noticed that the bride rarely spoke in the presence of her mother-in-law, or indeed in the presence of any older person, unless addressed, and it was only when we were alone that she told me of her happy school-days—"the happiest days of her life."

In the evening, many friends called to welcome the missionary and the "Varjouhie" (teacher), as I was called, and it interested me to see how rigid is the rule which prescribes the place of each guest. The most honorable were invited to sit near us on the long sedir at the upper end of the room, and only those who felt it to be their due would accept this place; others would modestly take a lower place, and the younger members of the family always sat at the lower end of the room near the door. Once the hostess brought a chair for herself, and found a place just beside her husband's chair, but above his; she motioned him to exchange with her, and he did so, feeling no doubt that it was unseemly for his wife to have a seat above his own. When a man and his wife entered the room, the man would always go first and make his salutations, before the wife would venture to draw attention to herself. When a guest entered, he would usually take a seat with a slight bow as a general salutation, which would be returned by all in the room. A few moments later, he would look up and greet each person in the room separately in the dignified Mohammedan fashion, touching the hand to the forehead, lips and breast. The wife rarely spoke loudly enough to be heard by any except the one sitting next. The preacher's wife and the "Varjouhie" were the only ones permitted to join in general conversation, but as this was in Turkish, I usually remained discreetly silent, and hope that I am credited with a quiet, retiring disposition—"an excellent thing in woman."

The morning after our arrival, we started out to make some visits at the homes of the more prominent members of the Protestant community. The program was the same in each case; we were shown into the best room, where we took our seats in dignified silence with only a bow to our hostess as we entered—at least that was what the rest did, but I was constantly forgetting,

and would shake hands on entering as one would do at home, only to find that I must repeat the same performance a few minutes later when the proper time came. After we had been in the room a short time, Turkish coffee would be served, and I was amused to see that it was always offered first to the men, and there was often a perplexed look when Mr. White would point to me, and refuse to help himself till I had been served.

In the preacher's house I was shown a loose board in the floor of one room, under which a former preacher had hidden himself at the time of the massacres, having first provided it with a fastening so that when it was once lowered from beneath, it could not be lifted from above, nor could it be detected that the board was loose. In the end, he and his family were rescued by a Turkish woman—a second Rahab—who took them to her house near by, hiding them till the danger was over. Others were not so fortunate, many were killed and many others lost all that they possessed.

We had one novel experience which is worth relating. The Governor of Zillé a progressive man, had recently imported an American windmill to pump water to the top of Castle Hill from a point some fifty feet below. This windmill, bearing aloft the device "Aermotor, Chicago," had been put up a few days before, but seemed unequal to the work which it was guaranteed to do. In his perplexity the Governor sent for a German machinist who lives a few hours' distant, but when he arrived, a new difficulty presented itself. His knowledge of Turkish was so limited that they could get no satisfactory answers to their questions, and were in despair until one of the men, a prominent member of the Protestant community, recalled having heard me speak German to this man the evening before, at the house of our host. So we were asked whether we could help them, and the result was that I was escorted through the market, where even my long cloak and veil did not protect me from the curious eyes of the boys and young men who followed us in crowds to the enclosure where the windmill stands. Fortunately for me, a fence prevented them from following us into the enclosure, but they stood "ten deep" at every opening, wondering no doubt, at the business that could bring a woman to such a place. Mr. White's knowledge of Turkish, and mine of German soon overcame the difficulty, and in

a few minutes we were free to go to the castle, escorted by a soldier whom the Governor detailed to keep off the curious crowd.

The view from the top of the hill, upon which the castle stands, is one of the loveliest that can be imagined—stretching across the plain for miles in every direction, until hemmed in by the mountains, some of which were still snow-capped. One of the towers is still called Caesar's tower, and there are broken bits of pottery lying about everywhere which are quite evidently of ancient date. If only one were permitted to dig, what treasures one would find! On leaving the castle, we went to see the ruins of an amphitheatre built in the slope of the hill to the southeast; it is the finest in the region, but does not compare with those at Laodicea or Hierapolis.

Sunday was a very full day, because the preacher not being ordained, Mr. White was expected to conduct communion and baptism services, besides admitting several new members into the church. The pleasant little room was well filled, both at the morning and the afternoon service, though the members are not more than thirty-five in all. I sat with the women on the raised platform at the back of the church. There was just one bench, reserved evidently for guests, for all the women, except those with me, sat on the floor, their babies playing around them. I found it very hard to give my individual attention to the service, so great was the confusion around me. I'm afraid I distracted the attention of some from the preacher—especially of the little girls sitting demurely beside their mothers; they were evidently tingling with curiosity at every movement of the strange "Varjouhie."

The organ is played by the son of our host, Muggerditch, who had a few lessons while at college here, but who had learned most that he knows by himself. He has had influence enough with the community to reconcile them to the idea of a mixed choir, something that would not be tolerated even here, in this enlightened (?) college town. But the manner of giving the anthem was so novel that I must describe it. The two young women that sang in the choir—our organist's "bride" and the young American teacher—sat on the floor at the front of the women's platform, just behind the railing, which completely

shielded them from the gaze of those in the main part of the church. The young men stood around the organ, just in front of the railing, and in this way the anthem was sung. Partly in our honor, and partly because of the difficulty of finding suitable music with Armenian words, the anthem was in English, although several of the young men were not familiar with our language.

After the morning service, a young people's meeting was held, led by a man with face shining with Christian love, but whose hands were black with dye, for most of the men of that little Protestant community are engaged in the manufacture of a kind of gingham called "doulook," the staple article of clothing throughout this region.

On Sunday evening, our last in Zillé, the friends gathered at our host's house for a song service. Muggerditch played the little organ, and his two brothers accompanied us on the violin and the flute, both self-taught. An unusual feature was the singing of a number of English hymns by a small group of young women who had been at this school, and who seemed greatly to enjoy joining with me in the singing of some of the hymns they had learned to love here. Three of these young women are brides, two with little children to care for, and it was beautiful to me to see the quiet dignity with which they fill their places in that community.

One glimpse of the life of one of these interior towns, and of the contrast between the women who have come under the influence of our schools, and those who have grown up without these advantages, would convince the most luke warm friend of missions of the great need of such work, and the wonderful results it yields. In almost every town and village of this great region there are women, educated in this school during the forty years of its usefulness, and at work, either as teachers or Bible women, or in the more private way as mistresses of their own home, but all spreading the light among their less favored sisters. One young mother, who had a year's training in the hospital here after graduation from this school, is giving an object lesson to all the women in her village in the way she feeds and cares for her baby. They were utterly scandalized to find that she washed it every day, and expected soon to hear that it had died as the result of such treatment, while the idea of feeding her

baby at regular intervals and occasionally allowing herself the luxury of going out without it was one which they could not understand. The popular idea is that a child must be fed whenever it cries, and must be given whatever it wants, and so, when it happens to set its fancy on something unattainable, there is the most terrible outburst of passion, which the mother is helpless to control.

Still more sad than the lack of self-control in the children is the lack of truthfulness which one meets everywhere, until one almost ceases to expect straightforwardness. The training in lying begins so early that when a girl has reached the school age she can tell a lie with such engaging frankness that one feels inclined rather to doubt the evidence of one's senses than the girl. I asked one of my associates one day how many of the girls in this school she could trust to tell her the truth under all circumstances; after a little reflection she said : "Well, I should be terribly disappointed if———should tell me a lie"—one girl out of a total of 160 !

Do you not think we are needed here? As the result of my first missionary tour I feel that I am better prepared to understand the girls who come to us, and to help them become the kind of women that are needed throughout this great country. Pray for us that we may set before ourselves and them a lofty ideal, even the "stature of the perfect man in Jesus Christ."

CLARIBEL PLATT.

Marsovan, Asia Minor.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

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Editorial Notes.

The demands on our space this month are such as make it necessary to limit our comment on University affairs. We can only mention the withdrawal of Dr. O. C. S. Wallace and Professor Calvin Goodspeed, the accession of Drs. Keirstead and Findlay as professors, of Dr. Oliver and Mr. Matthews as lecturers, of Dr. Perry and Mr. Cline as temporary lecturers, the continuance of Drs. Harris and Tracy as special lecturers, and the return of Dr. Farmer from a year's leave of absence spent in study and travel in the Old World. In the November and December numbers we hope to print befitting tributes to the character, work, and influence of Dr. Wallace and Dr. Goodspeed. We shall also have some things to say about the changes in the courses of Arts and Theology and their significance as to the future of the University. For the present we can only say that the University has opened under happy auspices, and that the outlook for a prosperous year is bright. Our feelings concerning Chancellor McKay are expressed in another part of The Monthly.

Correspondence.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinion of correspondents. In all cases correspondents must send their names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Graduates and undergraduates are invited to express their mature opinions on matters of general interest to the members of the University.

THE RE-ARRANGEMENT OF THE YEAR.

To the Editor of McMaster Monthly.

Sir,—An examination of the calendar for the year reveals certain changes. That these will be improvements is the belief of the writer, who undertook, during the last University session, to criticise "the McMaster year." That the lengthening of the year was a necessity none deny and few question, and that the increase of two weeks has been made in the spring rather than in the fall, will meet with similar approval. McMaster students will return to Toronto slightly earlier than the students of other universities, and will leave it slightly earlier in the spring. Surely no one will object to this much of "conformity" in length of term. The early date for "Founder's Day" will make possible the presence of many students who, chiefly to build up their finances, are absent during the last days of the term. Beginning lectures on Tuesday instead of Thursday will ensure full headway by the end of the first week. And the real hardship of the year has been removed: the absence of a Christmas vacation. The week between Christmas and New Year's can be a holiday, and from January 2nd to January 9th the "plug time." The latter will be of sufficient length for those who have ordered their work aright.

Thanking you for space, Agora.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

"All our knowledge is, ourselves to know."

ON MAKING A BOW.—Herewith the staff of "Around the Hall" step forward with a degree of hesitancy to make their bow. Each member, although armed with quill and ink-horn, feels that peculiar sense of inability which accompanies the dipping of the pen into ink made famous by those who have had the work of this department in charge during past years. As we think of "ye good olde dayes," the names of Bellamy, Ray, Lailey, and Cranston come before us, and we tremble. They took long steps and we must follow. So now, thou Muse of the editorial and reportorial art, lengthen our stride!

In our opening remarks we would like to state briefly our conception of the purpose of this department. Surely it is not other than to narrate the life of the Hall. This means a great deal. Perhaps some think that the column should be a series of senseless jokes, a chapter of accidents, an array of scandals, a dissertation upon theology, or a mere catalogue of names and happenings, placed in stereotyped language, just because things do happen. We purpose to endeavor, at least, to portray the actual life of the Hall, whether it is the breaking of a neck in the First Year, a wise remark from the Second Year, a wicked plan in the Third Year, a dignified collision in the Fourth Year, or a marriage in Theology. The life of old McMaster, dear to her every son and daughter, is our theme. Truly it is a theme to make the heart glad. And in conclusion let us invite every member of the University to unite in this life, until it is a real portion of our being. We have made our bow.

A PROBLEM.—Deep-thinking student, at meeting of the Student Body:—"We should appoint a censor of Freshmen." Wise man—"We have no sense or we would." And the problem is, what will be the ultimate end of the wise man?

THIS IS SERIOUS.—One of the statements made from the platform, at the opening chapel service, came as a thunderbolt from a clear sky to the hearts of theologs. It was, "We are pleased to open our session this year with a 'full' Faculty." No one would have ever known it, to look at the Faculty.

First Registration.—The following is a copy of a registration slip found on the table of the Ladies' Room. Doubtless it was dropped by some member of the First Year in Arts :—

"Name in full—Jemimah Sophia Jerusha Duzenday.

"Date of birth—Dec. 11th, 1899.

"Place of birth—Hamilton.

"Father's occupation—Shaving, eating, sleeping, jacketing my brother.

"How admitted to McMaster—Through the back door.

"(a) Matriculate—Yes.

Where did you write?—On a desk in a chair.

"(b) Partial—I'm partial to chocolates.

"(c) Ad Eundem Statum—I'm not very good in Latin.

From what University—Mimico.

To what year at McMaster—To as long as they let me stay.

"(d) Graduate in Arts—Yes, twice.

Of what University—Muskagee.

"Preparatory schools attended :

"(a) The little red schoolhouse on the hill.

"(b) Sunday-school.

"(c) Sewing-school.

"Purpose in view—Get married.

"Name of parent or (guardian)—Solomon Hezekiah Methuselah Jinks.

"Home P.O. address—Punkeydoodle's Corners.

"Address during University session—Right here.

"(Signed)—Jemimah Sophia Jerusha Duzenday.

"(Date)—No thanks, I prefer figs."

The First Chapel Service.—The opening chapel service of the year, 1905-06, was held on Monday afternoon, September 25th. It was unique in many features. A large number of students welcomed the sound of the gong, and hastened into Castle Memorial Hall to greet the new Chancellor and his colleagues. The devotional exercises were conducted by Dr. Perry, pastor of the Jarvis street Baptist church. Dr. Farmer, who was received enthusiastically after his year's absence, welcomed Chancellor McKay. When the Chancellor arose, the enthusiasm of the students was unbounded. He spoke feelingly of his love for McMaster and her methods and ideals. Chancellor McKay then introduced the new professors and lecturers, each of whom responded to the welcome given them in a few choice words of appreciation. The old students missed the familiar faces of Dr. Wallace and Dr. Goodspeed. Those who were called upon by Chancellor McKay were : Dr. Farmer ; Dr. Keirstead, Pro-

fessor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics; Rev. I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th., Lecturer in Hebrew; Dr. Findlay, Professor of Mathematics; Dr. Oliver, Lecturer in History; Dr. Harris, Special Lecturer in English Bible; Dr. Tracy, Lecturer in Education; Rev. W. H. Cline, B.A., B.D., Lecturer in Homiletics and Church Polity, and Dr. McCrimmon, Lecturer in Political Economy.

FRESHMEN FRATERNIZE.—Behind barred doors and closed windows, with sentinels guarding the entrances, the Freshman year assembled on Thursday, September 28th, for the purpose of appointing officers for the ensuing year. After the natural timidity of the young men,—in the presence of some ten or twelve young women,—had vanished and they had sufficiently regained their composure, the year known as Naughty-nine managed to place the reins of government in the following hands: Hon.-president, I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.; president, D. R. Vansickle; vice-president, Miss E. R. McLaurin; secretary-treasurer, A. F. Smith; musician, Miss G. W. Murray; historian, Miss M. E. Farmer; bard, E. C. Davis; representatives to Literary society, E. P. Lewis; representative to student body, J. L. Sloat; representative to Athletic Association, W. A. Scott; captain association football, W. M. Anderson; captain rugby, G. S. Jury; hockey captain, J. O. Robinson; representative to Debating Club, W. L. Robinson; representative to Political Science Club, J. R. McLaurin. At the conclusion of this trying ordeal the year retired for refreshments.

FIRST Crow, sitting on a branch of the tall pine, behind the hall—"Where is that impostor?" Second Crow, who has been there before—"Caw, 'tis a chap in Naughty-nine trying to learn the college yell in the Hall." All the other Crows—"Caw! caw!! caw!!!—Let's fly south."

FRESHMAN being initiated, dripping with H_2O—"Home was never like this." Solemn Senior, applying the gad—"Spare the rod and spoil the child, my son, your home-training was neglected.

THE BLOODTHIRSTY SOPHOMORES.—Freshmen beware! Millie Oika, alias '08, organized on Oct. 4, and are now prepared to live on a diet of Freshmen until after Field Day. The following officers were elected: Honorary-president, Prof. W. S. W. McLay; president, N. St. Clair McKechnie; vice-president, Miss E. Kennedy; secretary-treasurer, W. F. Edwards; bard, A. L. Tedford; musician, Miss Lillian Murray; orator, M. W. Long; association football captain, Gordon Vichert; rugby football captain, F. W. Weston; hockey captain, N. F. Ware.

A Successful Convocation.—The Autumn Convocation of McMaster University which was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, October 6th, was notable in several respects. Hon. John Dryden, the chairman, referring to the fact that he had the privilege of welcoming a new Chancellor for the first time in ten years, spoke of the advances made by McMaster during that time. Introducing Chancellor McKay, Mr. Dryden mentioned as qualifications peculiarly fitting him for the position, his knowledge of McMaster's needs, his ability in the management of affairs, and his burning enthusiasm for the work.

Chancellor McKay, after a most hearty tribute to Dr. Wallace and the work done by him, summed up the distinctive points in the policy of the University. He placed emphasis upon a broad general course, the adaptation of methods to the need of the individual student, and the freedom allowed in the presentation and content of courses. After speaking of the growth in the past, he dwelt on the new curricula in science and theology, the additions to the staff and changes in it, and the very welcome prospect of a new building for the science department next year. Pointing to the fact that for the first time we opened with a "full" faculty, the Chancellor, in a few felicitous words, introduced the new professors and lecturers: Dr. Keirstead, Dr. Findlay, Dr. Oliver, Rev. I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th., Rev. Dr. Perry and Rev. W. H. Cline, B.A., B.D., each of these making a brief response. The prizes and scholarships won last year were presented by the Chancellor. After the distribution of prizes, Dr. Farmer, who has just returned from a year of travel and study abroad, gave a brief but most interesting glimpse of Protestant education in the East. The singing of the National Anthem closed one of the most memorable Convocations in our history.

A Minister Needed.—During the distribution of prizes at the Convocation, two young ladies and a young gentleman went forward to receive their rewards. That was quite proper. They mounted the steps and stood in a row. Well, that did look suggestive. Then said the Chancellor, "As someone stated earlier in the evening, I am not a minister." Whereupon several suggestions came from the gallery, in which the name of a prominent pastor was mentioned. Thus are roses nipped in the bud.

Freshman—"Where is room 36?" Obliging Sophomore—"Just come this way," and having led him to the old hoist, the Sophomore remarked: "Pull on the rope and step off at the fourth door."

The Evangelistic Bands.—The McMaster Evangelistic Band which labored in our own province, under the leadership of W. A. Cameron, '06, enjoyed another summer of successful work. They commenced their tour by a series of meetings in this city under the auspices of the West End Y.M.C.A., after which they went in turn to Lindsay, Midland, Orillia, Barrie, Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, Parry Sound, again to Bracebridge, Niagara Falls, St. Thomas and Paris. Those who composed the Band were: W. A. Cameron, '06, leader; D. Buchanan, '06, secretary; D. H. Williamson, '07; R. G. Hartley, '05; V. A. Ray, M.A.; N. S. McKechnie, '08; C. E. Burke, '07, and W. F. L. Edwards, '08. During a part of the campaign they were assisted by Rev. H. McDiarmid, B.A., and at intervals by other McMaster men. The music was under the direction of D. H. Williamson. Associated with him were Messrs. Buchanan, Edwards and McKechnie. These four formed the Band quartette, whose singing was of a high order.

The services were similar in character to those of last year. In a number of the places visited all the churches joined in rousing union campaigns. Meetings were held upon the streets, in factories of all kinds, in foundries and shops; also among the sawmills of Northern Ontario, as well as in halls, opera houses and churches of all evangelical denominations. Everywhere the young men were enthusiastically received. Their manly addresses appealed to all classes.

The Western Evangelistic Band was composed largely, though not altogether, of McMaster men. The personnel of the included men entering various vocations, such as law, the Band teaching and medical professions, the ministry and business life. Mr. J. R. Coutts, B.A., as leader of the Band, directed the work with tact and efficiency. Messrs. Bryant, Bensen, Vail and St. James composed the quartette whose soul-stirring selections were favorably received by the large audiences that greeted them in the various centres. Mr. Bryant and Mr. St. James were no less effective as soloists. The other members of the Band were: Prof. Campbell, D. J. McPhail, C. S. Eaton, B.A., N. A. Harkness, B.A., and C. Mitchell. The Band began their campaign in Ontario, visiting in turn Fort William, Port Arthur and Rat Portage. From the latter point they moved west, across the prairies and into "Sunny Alberta." Here they labored in Strathcona, Edmonton, Le Duc, Ponoka, Wetaskiwin, Red Deer and Calgary. Returning east, they visited Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw, Regina, Indian Head, Wolseley, Grenfel and Portage la Prairie.

The members of the Band delivered a simple gospel message, and by no means did they condone sin. Men heard of their sins repeatedly, but they heard also of an atonement on the cross and

a complete salvation from all sin. The Band was assisted during a part of their tour by Prof. John M. White, the well known musical composer and singer.

Dr. Wallace's Departure.—When the fact of Dr. Wallace's resignation became known among the students last spring, keen regret was expressed on all hands that he had severed his connection with McMaster University. The old students miss his kind'y presence and dignified bearing. That he has helped many a college man during moments of perplexity is a fact well known to many by experience. He endeared himself to his students in many ways. By his active interest in every department of the life of the University, he easily made his way into the hearts of the sons and daughters of Alma Mater. All McMaster men and women will follow Dr. and Mrs. Wallace in their new sphere of labor, and trust that their days may be filled with usefulness and happiness.

A Modern Inquisition—An event of great importance is the initiation of Freshmen into the mysterious rites of college life. Thursday evening, September 28th, and Monday evening, October 9th, were the times set aside for this most enjoyable function. Near the quiet hour of eleven, those, in whom the thirst for blood was keen, armed themselves with all the regalia which is essential upon a solemn occasion. The innocents were led to the reading room and tortured for a season upon the rack, and with thumb-screw. "Let's fly," whispered one trembling youth to another. A junior heard him. "Yes, fly to the top of yonder stool, upon the top of yonder table and accept of this assistance." Whack! (a groan). Splash! (a moan). Bang! Thunder and lightning! Stars above! After all the prisoners had expressed their pleasure at being present, they were allowed to do a little penance upon hands and knees, while the audience took some physical culture. The final act perhaps was a trifle cold, yet the warmth of the previous part of the programme made full compensation for any coolness displayed at this point. The victims were marched upstairs, through the darkness, and when near the top flat were welcomed with showers of cold water. Thus were the rites concluded, and Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors united in three hearty cheers for the year known as Naughty-nine. On Monday evening, October 9th, those who had not been initiated previously were allowed the privilege of the process. On this occasion, a plank was elevated upon two stools, and each man in turn had the pleasure of singing a huge doll to sleep. After this gentle treatment, the young gentlemen were requested to run the gauntlet, which they did with much

grace and deep feeling. These men have now become a part of the student body, and it is hoped they will enter enthusiastically and cheerfully into the life of McMaster.

MEMBER OF FACULTY in the Dining Hall—"Please pass up the sweetness." Senior at end of table addressing one of the maids—"Professor So and So would like to speak to you."

THE LADIES.—The Ladies' Literary League is looking forward to a very successful year, for it has more members than ever before, and much is expected of them. The officers for the year are: Honorary president, Mrs. A. C. McKay; president, Miss Stone, '06; vice-president, Miss Shields, '07; secretary, Miss Kennedy, '08; treasurer, Miss Farmer, '09; pianist, Miss Murray, '08. Miss Wilkins, '07, and Miss Waters, '07, were appointed as the programme committee for the first month's meetings, and Miss Kennedy, '08, was appointed to look after the Girls' Tennis Club.

The first regular meeting of the Literary League was held on October 13th. The programme consisted of instrumental solos by Miss Murray, '08, and Miss Macintosh, '08; a reading from Lampman by Miss McLaurin, '09; a reading from Drummond, by Miss Moule, '07, and a paper on Archibald Lampman by Miss Edy, '08. The freshettes were then initiated, each having to make an impromptu speech. The meeting closed with "Thy Praises McMaster."

The assembling of the college girls is always an interesting and happy event, for there are so many old friendships to be renewed and new students to meet. This year there was great excitement in Room 4 when it was discovered that there were as many new girls as old ones; but coming as they did, eager to learn and enter into all the ways of college life, they were enthusiastically welcomed. Already they have ceased to be "new," for the discussion of time-tables, bulletin notices and professors has a great levelling effect. Our number does not seem complete without the girls of Naughty-five and the two or three others who have dropped out.

On Monday afternoon, October 9th, the ladies of McMaster were very kindly entertained by Mrs. M. S. Clark at her home on Albany Avenue. A most enjoyable hour was spent in reviving the half-forgotten pastime of dressing dolls, and when the girls left new friendships had been formed, and all were better acquainted than they had been before.

Y.W.C A.—The newly-elected officers of this society are:—President, Miss Burke, '06; vice-president, Miss Waters, '07; secretary, Miss Macintosh, '08; treasurer, Miss Gray, '09. The Y.W.C.A. anticipates a very profitable season.

The Jolly Juniors.—About four o'clock on Friday, the 29th of September, a jolly bunch of Juniors gathered in Room 1. When the roll was called it was seen that eight had not returned. They welcome one recruit into their year, and expect that John Cohoe will take an active part in class meeting scraps, for which '07 has become so justly famous. Owing to the fact that George Irons was not present, Miss Wilkins took the chair. Dr. Farmer was the unanimous choice for the position of honorary president. Charlie Burke was elected president, and Miss Eva Wilkins was re-elected vice-president. The remaining offices were filled as follows: Secretary, N. McNaughton; treasurer, J. M. Telford; historian, Miss B. Shields; musician, D. Williamson; bard, J. D. Craig; orator, J. G. Ferguson; Rugby captain, S. R. McEwen; association captain, G. C. McEwen; hockey captain, R. W. Young.

Seniors Synthesize.—With all of the solemn dignity which is characteristic of Seniors, year '06 organized for their run down the home stretch on Friday, October 13th. The following is the list of officers: Honorary president, Chancellor McKay; president, H. R. Nobles; vice-president, Miss C. A. Burke; secretary-treasurer, E. A. St. James; bard, C. D. Jones; historian, C. S. Edwards; orator, D. Buchanan; Rugby captain, R. C. Bensen; association captain, H. B. Moyle; hockey captain, E. A. Miller.

The Chancellor.—When Prof. A. C. McKay was appointed to the chancellorship of McMaster University, the students were not consulted. They felt this very much. However, they have agreed to forgive the Senate in the light of the fact that Prof. McKay was the choice. No more popular appointment could have been made from the viewpoint of the student. In this column we are speaking for the students only, and we feel that we are expressing the sentiment of everyone in attendance when we say that Chancellor McKay is the right man in the right place. Here's to sunny days for the man at the wheel of the McMaster ship.

An Irishism.—Professor lecturing on Chemistry—"If you put five dollars in your pocket it is there when you take it out again, if there is not a hole in your pocket." Everyone believed it.

The Faculty.—McMaster men and women are now fairly well acquainted with the new professors and lecturers. We must say that the authorities have done well in placing a chancellor and faculty such as we have before the educational world. Everyone

is pleased to see Dr. Farmer in his place again after a year of delightful touring across the seas. Dr. Keirstead brings all the freshness of an Atlantic breeze from Acadia, and his lectures are thoroughly enjoyed. Dr. Findlay, who takes his meals in the dining hall, has already come into active touch with the life of the hall. Dr. Oliver is a popular lecturer, and Mr. Matthews has entered upon his work with an enthusiasm which will give him a warm place in the hearts of all students. Dr. Perry and Mr. Cline are highly appreciated in their work in theology, if one can judge from the remarks made by those who attend their lectures.

Congratulations.—Dr. Goodspeed, our late professor of Systematic Theology, has been appointed to the chair of Systematic Theology in Baylor University, Waco, Texas. Baylor is to be congratulated upon securing the services of one so well fitted to fill this important chair.

The Debating Club.—The first meeting of the Debating Club was held Saturday, October 7th. The subject, "Resolved that the acceptance of the recent peace treaty was in the best interests of Japan," was maintained on the affirmative side by Mr. Harry Moyle, '06, and on the negative by Mr. G. Wells, '06. Mr. C New, B.A., who acted as judge, decided that the affirmative had not made their case, and gave the decision in favor of the negative. Dr. Oliver acted very acceptably as critic.

Literary Lights.—The first meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday evening, October 13th. President Pengelly, in opening, outlined the work and aims of the society, and announced the formation of a Glee Club in connection with its other interests. The programme included a recitation by Miss Shields, '07, and songs from Miss Kennedy, '08, Mr. Vansickle, '09, and a quartette consisting of Messrs. Brouillet, '06, Buchanan, '06, McKechnie, '08, and Edwards, '08. Mr. St. James, '06, gave an admirable rendition of two of Drummond's Habitant selections. In the last half of the programme came a debate upon the following resolution: "That Leap Year propositions are more beneficial to mankind than the propositions of Euclid." Messrs. Woodburne, '06, and Nobles, '06, supported the resolution, and Messrs. Edwards, '06, and Wells, '06, opposed. After an exciting debate Mr. Pengelly announced that the affirmative were superior in eloquence and the negative in reasoning, whereby both sides won. During the evening an enjoyable intermission took place, when the new students were introduced to members of the different years and several members of the faculty and their wives who favored the meeting with their presence.

JOURNALISTIC ASSOCIATION.—A Journalistic Association has been formed, composed of the editors and business managers of the various college publications in the city. Our own Professor McLay has been appointed honorary president of the organization.

PROFESSOR—"The Teutons, gentlemen, were just big, grown-up children. They were like good strong ——— shall we say—Freshmen."

THEOLOGICAL TIDINGS.—The Theological Society met for organization Friday, September 29th, when the following officers were elected: Honorary president, Dr. Keirstead; president, Chester W. New, B.A.; vice-president, A. S. Parnall, B.A.; secretary-treasurer, W. E. Matthews, B.A.; representative to student body, J. M. Warner, B.A.; representative to Literary Society, J. G. Whiten, B.A.; representative to Athletic Association, O. C. Gray, B.A.; councillors, W. C. Pearce, B.A., E. Viens, B.A.

On October 4th another meeting was held to receive suggestions for the coming winter. A lively interest was shown, and many were the eloquent pleas for theological "esprit de corps." It was decided to hold meetings fortnightly, and special emphasis will be placed on the discussion of topics of vital interest to theological study and pastoral work.

INITIATION.

(As viewed by a Freshman.)

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I slumber'd weak and weary
From my first wild game of Rugby—that sport so rough and queer;—
Suddenly a sound came swelling, as of demons loudly yelling,
And methought I heard the knelling of a death-bell loud and clear.
"'Tis the judgment trump!" I stutter'd, "that I hear so loud and clear"—
And I paled and shook with fear.

In, my door now burst with rattle, and with fearful din of battle
Surged a mob of shrieking fiends, all thirsting for my gore!
No word or explanation made they, not a moment stopp'd or stay'd they,
But fierce blows upon me laid they, as they flung me on the floor—
Flung me in my scant attire, out upon the freezing floor,
Where I cowered, fearing more.

Now, taken to the room of torture, an infant pale I had to nurture,
Standing on a plank, which seemed a mile above the floor;
Then these fiends with rough hands seized me, and with taunts and jeers they teazed me;
'Neath falling floods of water freezed me; soaked me to the very core,
Then left me shivering in the darkness to seek alone my native door—
A frightened freshman—sad and sore.

J. D. C., '07.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR : T. M. DADSON, '06.

DURING the first few weeks of the college year we naturally miss the familiar faces of the latest graduates, and the many enquiries for last year's seniors lead us to believe that our readers will be interested in the whereabouts of '05. A goodly number have returned for Theology, and the others we find scattered over the land, for the most part filling places of usefulness and bringing credit to their Alma Mater.

E. R. Fitch, O. C. Gray, W. J. Grigg, W. E. Matthews, G. E. Tomkinson and E. Viens have returned to McMaster for theological work.

W. G. Carpenter is now principal of the Bowmanville High School.

Earl Clarke is teaching at his home in Victoria, B.C.

J. H. Cranston is one of the editorial staff of the Toronto *Star*.

Cyrus Eaton is rusticating at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan.

C. H. Fountain is studying Theology across the border.

George Gorman is at home in Petrolia.

Miss Edith D. Hartley is teaching at Yonkers, N.Y.

Euclid Helie has secured a scholarship at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., and is taking Ph.D. work in Philosophy.

J. A. Janes is one of the staff of Woodstock College.

Geo. S. Johnson is with the Gutta Percha Rubber Co., Toronto.

H. H. Johnston is in Toronto.

E. C. Jordan is teaching in the Industrial School, Regina.

Stanley and J. B. McArthur are in Toronto.

D. A. McGregor will spend the winter at his home in Ottawa.

Don McLaurin is teaching in British Columbia.

J. B. McLaurin announces that he will occupy the pulpit of Minesing for the winter.

Garfield Munro is at the School of Science this year.

Harry Parker is principal of the High School, Coaticook.

Teddy Peine is at his home in New Hamburg.

Miss Senior is teaching at Grande Ligne.

Bert Vining is in London, Ont.

Miss Windsor is at the Normal College, Hamilton.

Huson Wright has taken unto himself a wife, been ordained and is now a "settled pastor" in Goderich. He has our congratulations.

George Young is the pastor of the New Liskeard Baptist church.

J. A. Weir is with the Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Toronto.

In the early part of May, 1901, the graduating class of McMaster University came together in class meeting. It was decided to continue their organization and to meet again in 1905. In accordance with this decision, on April 28th the reunion meeting of class '01 was held at Toronto. Many of the members were absent for various reasons. Those present, however, tried to compensate for the numerical deficiency by unusual enthusiasm, and the occasion was one of which they will retain very pleasant memory. They renewed their class organization and hope to have a larger attendance at their next reunion, two years hence.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: A. S. WOODBURNE, '06.

OUR DEBUT—The Autumn season of 1905 has opened with rugby even more popular than ever in McMaster. The Athletic Association by a practically unanimous vote decided to support a second team this year. As formerly, we have our first team in the Intermediate C.I.R.F.U., playing the scrimmage game. But in addition we have a team in the Junior O.R.F.U., playing the snap-back game. It was the thought of those who proposed the innovation that playing the game under the two systems would not interfere with the efficiency of either team. Captain Pengelly is practising the men hard, and prospects are bright for a successful season. Keep both eyes on that silverware.

O.R.F.U. McMaster II., 5; Trinity, 19—The opening rugby match for the season was played on our own campus between the Trinity city team and McMaster II. on October 7th. Both teams played well, but the visitors showed a better knowledge of the Burnside rules than our men. As a result they were able to score in the first half when the sun was bothering the boys in green and black; and in the second half they succeeded in preventing further scoring. Trinity scored in the first half a touch-in-goal and three trys, two of which were converted. For McMaster, Wells went over for a try, which was not converted. In the second half Trinity secured another point on a rouge, whereas McMaster failed to add to their score. For the visitors Hay, Baillie and Bardgett were the stars, whereas Tedford, Whan, Young and White were always in the game for McMaster. The teams:

McMaster (5)—Back, Weston; halves, White, Young (captain), Jordan; quarter, McGregor; snap, Constable; wings, Viens, Whan, Wells, McKechnie, Jury, Tedford (A. L.)

Trinity (19)—Back, Hurst; halves, Baillie, Hay (captain), Gibson; quarter, Fleming; snap, Lane; wings, Sharpe, Harper, Meghan, Bardgett, Webster, Levack.

Referee—Kels Hall. Umpire—G. L. Ramsay.

McMaster, 19; St. Andrew's, 1—The McMaster first team played an exhibition game with St. Andrew's on our campus on the 9th of October. It was an interesting match, and both teams played well. St. Andrew's played good combination, but they were rather light for our fellows. Their only point was scored on a touch-in-goal shortly after the kick off. For McMaster, Bensen, McKechnie and Tedford went over for trys, whereas three points were scored on rouges and one on a touch-in-goal. Referee, Mr. McDonald; umpire, J. B. McArthur.

Woodstock College sent five men to compete in the Interscholastic meet on 'Varsity athletic field on October 6th. They were unable to carry the cup back with them, but they hope for better results next year. R. B. Kinnear won first place in the hurdles, and third place in the broad jump.

Still in the Game—Several of the men who used to wear the green and black have donned other uniforms, and are playing well this year. W. V. Poapst, '04, is playing inside wing for the Ottawa Rough Riders. A. G. Vining, '05, is on the wing for London seniors. W. W. Lailey, '04, is playing on the wing line for 'Varsity I. Geo. Stephens, who was two years a member of '05 class, is on the McGill I. line. C. K. Gibson, formerly of

'06, is on the half line for the Trinitys. "Chuck" acquitted himself well in the game against his former pals on the 7th of October.

McMaster, 24 ; Upper Canada College, 7—In an exhibition match on the Upper Canada College campus on October 12th, the College fourteen went down before their visitors to the tune of 24 to 7. Neither team gave their supporters any reason to be ashamed of them, but McMaster proved themselves more than a match for their opponents. White went over twice for trys, and Wells and Young also succeeded in crossing the line with the ball. Two of these were converted by Young. One point was secured by the ball going over the dead line, and another on a touch-in-goal. For the College, scores were made on two touches-in-goal and a try. Referee, Dr. McKenzie ; umpire, R. C. Bensen.

Lawn Tennis—Tennis has more than its usual number of devotees this year. The Athletic Association have again secured the rent of the courts to the east of the University building. A tournament has been arranged, and already some of the sets have been played off.

McMaster, 11 ; Trinity, 7—The first of the Intermediate series of Intercollegiate rugby was played between McMaster and Trinity on Trinity campus, Saturday morning, October 14th, when victory rested with McMaster by a score of 11 to 7. The game was fairly evenly contested, but McMaster wings followed and bucked better than their opponents. For Trinity, Ingles played a strong game at centre half, catching and punting well. Bensen and Pengelly played great rugby for our own team.

Trinity won the toss in the first half and elected to kick with the sun. They were the first to score—securing a rouge, which gave them one point. Shortly afterwards Bensen made a phenomenal run, escaping several Trinity men and going over for a try. Ingles kicked the ball over the dead line, which gave Trinity another point. Score at half time : McMaster, 5 ; Trinity, 2.

In the second half, shortly after time, Spencer succeeded in getting across the McMaster line, giving Trinity a try. Bensen kicked over the dead line, giving an additional point to McMaster. The scoring ceased there at Trinity 7, McMaster 6, until one minute before time. Then Bensen punted over the line, Keefer fumbled the ball, Gray was on it for a try, and the game was won. The line up :

McMaster (11)—Back, McEwen ; halves, Young, Bensen, Gray ; quarter, White ; scrimmage, Fitch, Constable, Campbell ; wings, Whan, McKechnie, Wells, Holman, Tedford, Pengelly (captain).

Trinity (7)—Back, Keefer; halves, Johnson, Ingles, Mitchell; quarter, Spencer ; scrimmage, G. Wright, Archer, Errikila ; wings, Arnott, Davis, Kelly, W. A. Wright, Stansbury, Rossiter.

Referee—Frank Woodworth. Umpire, Kels Hall.

O.R.F.U., McMaster, II.,6; Toronto-Argonauts, III., 10—On the afternoon of October 14th our junior team met the representatives of the Toronto-Argonaut Club in the O.R.F.U. series on our campus. Owing to some misunderstanding, a full line-up could not be mustered for McMaster, but with the assistance of a man from the opposing team our boys entered the game, although each side was now playing with one man short. The contest was a very even one from start to finish. Young and Tedford were conspicuous among the wearers of the green and black, while the centre-half of the visitors showed up well for them. It seemed to be the general opinion that with a full team on the victory would easily have been ours.

During the first half the Argos. were successful in securing a safety-touch and two rouges, while McMaster scored three points from a drop-kick by Young. In the second half, as the result of good punting, the University score was increased to six, while the Argos. succeeded in getting over for a try, bringing their total up to ten. The teams :

McMaster (6)—Back, Weston; halves, Scott, Young, Jordan; snap, McGregor ; wings, Wells, Nobles, Jury, Jackson, Tedford, Lewis.

Tor.-Argos. (10)—Back, Harvey ; halves, Quigley, Stuart, Meredith ; snap, Harvey ; wings, Miller, Ferry, Ingles, Beard, Kingston, Spence.

Referee—Percy Biggs. Umpire—R. Reade.

THE

McMaster University Monthly

NOVEMBER, 1905

O. C. S. WALLACE.

WHEN Chancellor McKay, in the opening sentence of his address at our autumn convocation, gave expression to a sense of loss to the University in the withdrawal from its administration and from the teaching staff of Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, he spoke not merely for himself and for his colleagues seated on either hand, in paying this kindly tribute to the work and influence of his predecessor, but, we doubt not, gave utterance to the general feeling of the large audience before him, most of whom are wont to assemble with the students on all such occasions. For the first time in ten years the tall and commanding form that had always conducted these college proceedings, was conspicuously absent. During these years Dr. Wallace had been identified in the closest manner with all the interests and functions of the University, his inspiring words and genial presence on public occasions will not soon be forgotten, nor are people likely to overlook the fact that the well considered plans which he advocated, and the untiring energy and devotion with which he sought to carry out these plans, have met with most gratifying success and brought our educational work well to the front. Well timed, therefore, and abundantly merited are the following words from the address referred to above :—

"He was ever faithful in the discharge of the many duties, public and private, that devolved upon him—how many duties I am learning only now, as I take up the work myself. He has left behind him in McMaster University an enviable record as an administrator, a monument to his devotion to our material

progress in the erection of this Memorial Hall, and a host of friends and admirers who follow him in his new field of labor with loving, sympathetic interest."

Oates Charles Symonds Wallace was born in Canaan, N.S., in 1856. His three *prenomina* he held in high esteem as memorials of distinguished and beloved family friends. His father, William J. Wallace, of Canaan, is a descendant of the Scottish Covenanters, while his mother belongs to the sturdy Baptist stock who suffered persecution in the early days of the Massachusetts colony. What young Wallace was at school may be inferred from the fact that he began teaching when but a lad of fifteen years, having obtained a first class certificate a year previously. He presided at the teacher's desk with success for two years and a half, when his aspirations led him into other lines of action. He began preaching the summer following his seventeenth birthday. About fifty conversions resulted from his work at this time, which must have been to him a source of great joy. At first he experienced difficulties which awakened grave doubts in his mind as to whether it were wise for him to attempt such work at all, but as people flocked to hear him, and numerous conversions resulted, he felt justified in pushing on and fitting himself for the Christian ministry as his life-work. Coming to Massachusetts in 1874, he was appointed in the following spring as stated supply to the church in Chelmsford Centre, a village about four miles from his present charge at Lowell, where he remained until he entered Worcester Academy. During the two years he spent at this famous school, he supported himself by preaching on Sundays, principally at Spencer, whither he went at the request of the Secretary of the State Convention, to start a new interest, and where he continued to labor for about a year and a quarter. He now returned to his native province and entered Acadia University, where he took a full course in Arts, graduating at the head of his class in 1883, with honors in Classics, Philosophy and History. From the same institution he received the degree of M.A. in 1889, and of D.D. in 1897.

Those who have heard him speak of his college life and are well acquainted with his habits of study and his ardent devotion to literary work in later life, will readily believe that Wallace was a hard-working, systematic student, who set out to master every

subject he undertook to study, and who would not rest satisfied short of the highest attainments and honors that were going. It is well known, too, that he was mighty on the athletic field, that he was passionately fond of football and recognized as a strong and skilful player. He often referred with enthusiasm to the hard-fought battles in which he had participated at Acadia and elsewhere. We have heard him say that one who had played Rugby as long and as often as he had, who had had his experiences of life in Dakota, and had come through all unscathed, could take all the hard knocks of ordinary life and be happy. There was no more ardent advocate of athletic sports on the staff of McMaster University than Chancellor Wallace, and it was largely through his efforts that the fine campus on Dupont Street was secured and put into suitable shape, so that our students could always have an ample sporting ground of their own.

After leaving Acadia College, Mr. Wallace supplied for six months the church in Roslindale, Mass., and in the meantime began his theological course at Newton Centre. On completing this course he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Lawrence, Mass., where he was ordained in 1885, and remained acceptable as a preacher and beloved as a pastor for about six years. In the fall of 1890 he left this charge largely increased in membership and in financial and spiritual strength, to become the pastor of the Bloor Street Baptist Church in Toronto, having the summer previously declined a hearty call to the First Church in Halifax. He continued in full charge at Bloor Street for four years and a half, when he was appointed Chancellor of McMaster University. For a short time still he retained a general oversight of the church, until his successor, Rev. Charles A. Eaton, arrived, in December, 1895.

During his pastorate the membership of Bloor St. increased from 386 to about 600, and the contributions for various denominational objects were doubled. From the very first Pastor Wallace studied how to win the confidence and affection of his people, and eminently succeeded. His methods of visitation were so well planned, so systematically and faithfully carried out, that he became personally acquainted with every family on the church roll, and could on occasion call even the children by name. His plans for seeking out new arrivals in the district, of attracting

their attention to Bloor St. and securing their attendance at the services, are spoken of by the deacons as ingenious and effectual. He kept himself in close touch with the colleges where young people from Baptist families were in attendance, aroused their interest in his work, and, as a result, many of them came regularly to hear him and brought their friends with them. He kept a complete record of all who were known to attend the services, a list of over 1,500 names and addresses, and if anyone was absent he missed him and found out the cause.

His Bible Class was probably the largest in the history of the church. While ably seconded by others in securing attendance, it was the pastor's strong personal qualities and his energetic and systematic methods which held the attention and kept up interest in this work to the end. For several years he conducted weekly classes for the study of the Bible, pursuing the inductive studies arranged by the American Institute of Sacred Literature of Chicago. The members of these classes were regularly examined on papers prepared in Chicago, where the answers were sent for reading. All who successfully completed the year's work received certificates signed by Dr. W. R. Harper, Principal. We know that these silent witnesses of thorough study and accurate knowledge are now highly prized by their fortunate possessors.

During his pastorare in Bloor St. Mr. Wallace did a considerable amount of literary work outside of his regular preparation for the Sabbath services, contributing weekly to various periodicals, and especially in connection with the Young People's movement. His Life of Jesus, originally issued in the form of Bible Lessons for B.Y.P.U. Classes, has gone through several editions, and has already been referred to in terms of high appreciation by The Monthly.

On May 30th, 1885, in the early period of his ministry at Lawrence, Mr. Wallace married Leonette, second daughter of Harris Harding Crosby, of Hebron, N.S., and a graduate of the Acadia Seminary at Wolfville. One who knew her better than any other, has written of her as follows:—"During the nearly six years of her residence in Lawrence, and the nearly five years of the Toronto pastorate, she served the churches chiefly through her home influence, but did besides among the people, as much as her strength made possible. When her husband became Chan-

cellor of McMaster University, she gave her heart to those whom he served, every year loving with a tenderer love and praying with a greater longing for the young men and women of the University. She had frail health almost from childhood, was almost a constant sufferer, yet so uncomplainingly that few knew or even suspected how much she suffered." An attack of la grippe in March, 1902, was shortly afterwards followed by dangerous complications, which could have only one issue in so frail a constitution, but she lived on for over two months, on the very confines of the tomb, until the morning of June 2nd, when she quietly, gently fell asleep and found the rest and freedom from pain and weakness she had longed for so much. "Her fortitude, patience, sweetness, thoughtfulness for others, and careful planning for the future of her home, her husband and her children, were characteristic of her, whose quiet, unselfish, loving life had been one long triumph over weakness and pain."

Her daughter, Rachel Leonette, was born in Lawrence on the 30th day of December, 1889, and her son, Oates Crosby Saunders, was born in Toronto on the 19th day of November, 1894.

When at the meeting of the Senate of McMaster University, in May, 1895, they and the Board of Governors, on the resignation of Dr. Rand from the office of Chancellor, were called upon to face the task of seeking out and securing a worthy successor to a scholar whose many outstanding qualities had raised the position to one of dignity and honor, the deacons of Bloor St. Baptist Church soon realized that they were in danger of losing their excellent and greatly beloved pastor. Rev. O. C. S. Wallace was well known, both in the city and throughout the denomination, as a powerful preacher and an effectual platform speaker, while his strong personal qualities had made him popular wherever he had had the privilege of appearing in public. His ability to take in hand and thoroughly master all the details of University administration was unquestioned, and once his name was put before the Senate for nomination, and it was learned that Bloor St. Church would gracefully consent to his removal under the special circumstances, both nomination and appointment soon followed with hearty approval. It was a sore trial to his church, and no easy matter for himself, to sever his relations to a people who had become greatly attached to him. Sir John Boyd, one of the senior

deacons, at a students' banquet some months later, in McMaster dining hall, when the new pastor had come and the church was progressing encouragingly under his leadership, very neatly and forcibly expressed the feelings of the Bloor St. people in regard to this experience. One of the students, in a rousing speech about the success of McMaster, asked the question, "What does O. C. S. W. stand for?" and answering himself said that it stood for "Our College Selected Wisely," an answer which was greeted with loud applause. When Sir John was called upon to speak, he began by saying that, had Bloor St. people been asked about that matter a few months ago, they might well have answered, "Our Church Suffered Woefully." It was a heavy blow, and for a time things looked pretty serious for them, but now they had a worthy successor to Pastor Wallace and the cause was brightening up again. Now he believed the answer would probably be: "Our Church Sacrificed Cheerfully." Nobly and cheerfully Bloor St. did give up their pastor when the occasion appeared to call for the sacrifice, and no church in the city has displayed a warmer feeling towards our students, or accorded them during all these years a heartier welcome to all the privileges of their beautiful church home.

The successful character of Chancellor Wallace's administration is so generally recognized, the work he has done in connection with the forward movement and the expansion of our University work is so well and widely known, that a detailed reference to it here would be superfluous. During his tenure of office, thanks to his foresight and unsparing activity and watchfulness, seconded by the ability and devotion of his staff, the University has made steady and substantial progress in all its departments. The financial problem has been bravely and skilfully grappled with, and a bright outlook is now opening up before us, and plans for larger and more efficient work along lines which present needs point out, are likely to be carried out in full in the near future. Special reference to Dr. Wallace's relations to his Faculty and students, to the lasting impressions and the kindly memories he has left behind him in every heart will be found on other pages of the present issue of THE MONTHLY, in the resolutions adopted by the Faculty on the occasion of his severance of the strong yet tender ties which had held him with us so long.

In 1897 Chancellor Wallace received the degree of D.D. from his Alma Mater in Wolfville, and in 1903 that of LL.D. from Queen's, by whose Principal he is held in high regard.

In the summer of 1904 he married Mrs. Francis B. Wells, Principal of Moulton College, a lady whose wide and long experience in educational affairs, and whose exceptional knowledge of home management, justify her many friends and well-wishers in feeling assured she will exert a powerful influence for good in her present field of activity. The best wishes and the earnest prayers of a large circle of friends in Toronto and Ontario have already followed Dr. and Mrs. Wallace to their new field of labor. The former returns to the work he has always loved and which he quitted only at the urgent call of his brethren, and, as he believed, the clear call of God, to a special service. To his partner in life the work is new, possibly taxing, but both, we are sure, will win the confidence and affection of their people and do a grand spiritual work. To none will it give greater joy than to their friends in Canada to hear that God's richest blessing is crowning these lives of consecrated and strenuous service.

M. S. Clark.

THROUGH THE TROSSACHS.

FOR natural loveliness and unfailing summer charm, mingled with imposing grandeur, there is nothing in all of bonny Scotland to surpass the Trossachs. Add to this variety of storied interest, and we have the explanation of its attractiveness to the tourists of the world. Time was when this district lay quite obscure and unmolested. The Trossachs were only a vague name, save here and there to a sportsman who went occasionally in search of grouse, or to a man of business venturing through those hills on a chance errand. But the pen of Sir Walter Scott has brought to an end this seclusion of the lower Highlands. Since the day when he peopled this wild land of peaks and valleys with the creatures of his wondrous fancy, there has been a steady influx of pleasure travellers, coming not only from Edinburgh and Glasgow at hand, but from England, the Continent and far away America.

They come to follow up the course of FitzJames in the chase, and to compare for themselves the realities of nature with the poetical descriptions which have so enchanted them. The simple highland people of the district point with grave pride to the spots commemorated in "The Lady of the Lake," as though the scenes enacted there were historic facts.

We set out for our tour through the Trossachs on the fairest day in August. The little town of Callander, whence the coaches go northward, is itself a picture, nestling so comfortably at the foot of the mountains; but it is soon forgotten as rolling on toward the hills, past the mouth of the beautiful Pass of Leny, over the stream of that name and under the sunny side of Ben Ledi, the traveller identifies the various spots where the drama of Ellen and the Knight of Snowdoun was enacted. The whole land is rich in beauty. Ben Ledi towers above his neighbors until his stern old head is lost in clouds. Now we are in sight of a sheet of shining water, now we are lost in the recess of a glen, and now again we are running along by the steep sides of the heather hills, that glow with the rich hue of amethyst. It is, indeed,

> "A land of bens and lochs and glens,
> Where purple blooms the glowing heather."

Shortly after leaving the foot of Ben Ledi, where, we remembered, some of the horsemen drew up their steeds in despair, we came in turn to the other places where they flagged—Bochastle and the Teith:

> "What reins were tightened in despair,
> When rose Ben Ledi's ridge in air.
> Who flagged upon Bochastle Heath,
> Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith."

The Teith, however, was not flooded on this occasion, and we got over very comfortably on a bridge. We had a most interesting driver, who played the part of guide as well as coachman—a red-haired, stolid-faced young Highlander, who pointed out these places one by one with his whip, then chuckled to himself most unmercifully at our efforts to pronounce their names as he did. The crowning test was Ardcheanochrochan; those of us who could master that won his hearty approval.

The ride now became fairly exhilarating. Fresh beauties opened on every side. The very wildflowers beckoned us on; delicate harebells, hanging in luxuriant tufts from crevices in the rocks; wild, swinging honeysuckles, whose clusters waved with every breeze; foxglove, and hawthorn, and whole acres of heather. Then all at once Loch Vennachar, the Lake of the Fair Valley, came into view.

> "Few were the stragglers following far,
> That reached the Lake of Vennachar."

But a more interesting association than the flagging of the stragglers clings to Loch Vennachar, for right here, where the rivulet flows from the lake, is Coilantogle Ford, whither Roderick Dhu conducted FitzJames, "past Clan Alpine's outmost guard," to the scene of the combat. From the point of view of picturesqueness the scene is spoiled, for the sluices and buildings of the Glasgow waterworks now occupy the place. From here the road winds along the shore of the loch, now keeping beside the water, now turning from it, and again coming upon it through the trees, or over a hill. Our guide continued his information. One piece he was especially careful to impress upon us—Queen Victoria had been here.

"You see yon hoose? Weel, that's whaur Queen Victoria stayed." Then in a moment: "Yon mon wi' the red coat drove the Queen. Yes, that's why he wears the red coat." . . "Ye maun tak' a good view from here, this is the view the Queen admired." . . . "Yon wee hut is whaur the Queen stopped to have a cup o' tea one day." And so on, every few moments.

We were now somewhere near the spot where the sudden revelation of the ambuscade to FitzJames took place. For there, just as the poem says,

> "The hill sinks down upon the deep.
> Here Vennachar in silver flows,
> There, ridge on ridge, Ben Ledi rose.
> Ever the hollow path twined on,
> Beneath steep bank and threatening stone."

It was interesting to imagine in this peaceful scene the warlike spears and bended bows amid the copse and heath, but that they

had once been there seemed like a fact. When the driver suddenly pointed to a level stretch of green, saying, "And there's Lanrick Mead, the muster place." After another stretch of rolling country, Duncraggan's huts appear, the first stopping place of the fiery cross, when the weeping heir was summoned from his father's bier, while the wail of the coronach for the dead mingled with lamentations for this fresh danger. The huts of the little hamlet still "peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen, half hidden in the copse so green." Leaving them behind, we found our road becoming narrower and more tortuous. We could no longer see the lake, but had entered a sort of ravine. On one side Glen Finlas opened up, on the other a stream wound its way through the glen, while immediately before us was Brig-o'Turk, an odd little structure every bit as quaint as its name.

And now, emerging from the glen, we find ourselves on the shore of Loch Achray. Words fail to picture the scene aright. Ben Venue is directly ahead. Its rugged sides are reflected in minute detail on the lovely lake at its base. One leafy island seems to float like an emerald on the shadow of the purple mountain. There is a continued interplay of color in the sunshine—purple, green, and blue, and the whole is seen through a screen of interlacing boughs which hang from the high shore unto which we have suddenly come. Even Sir Walter Scott does not give us any description of this, though he rarely fails to distinguish this as "lovely Loch Achray." The road winds along the bushy shore of this "lake of the level field," for that is its name's meaning, passes the Trossachs' Hotel, whose turrets rise among the trees at the foot of Ben A'an, and which someone has called the most significant monument to Walter Scott, then gradually leaves the lakeside and leads into a thick, wooded pass, the winding defile between Ben A'an on the right and Ben Venue on the left.

And now we have entered the Trossachs proper. Although the name is loosely applied to the whole region comprising Loch Katrine and the adjoining lakes, it belongs, strictly speaking, to that part lying between Achray and Katrine. The name Trossachs signifies the Bristled Land, so called from the number of jagged rocks to be seen on every side. It was here, at the opening of the gorge, that FitzJames lost his "gallant grey" and had to proceed on foot. His task was a more difficult one than ours,

for his only exit was by climbing over the steep rocks ahead. Now we are in the midst of a savage, tumultuous wildness. Look where you will and a jagged precipice lies before, while the path twines along in the deep shadow, ever deeper, into the glen. We saw the Trossachs in their full beauty, glowing in all their varied tints, for nature has been lavish here, and seems to have tried to soften the sharpness of the rocks by a more luxuriant profusion of foliage and color.

> "The rocky summits, split and rent,
> Formed turret, dome or battlement,
> Or seemed fantastically set
> With cupola or minaret.
> Nor were these earthborn castles bare,
> Nor lacked they many a banner fair,
> For from their shivered brows displayed,
> Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
> All twinkling with the dewdrop's sheen,
> The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
> And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
> Waved on the west wind's summer sighs."

Although the Trossachs now forms the entrance to one of the chief passes of the Grampians, formerly it was a barrier to the progress of all, unless, like FitzJames, they chose to climb the ladder of boughs and roots over the projecting precipice. Our exit, though less romantic, was certainly much easier, for the way winds up, up, round and about, and in this manner we, too, suddenly come upon the turn in the road that brings us in sight of Loch Katrine.

And now we know why the poet did not exhaust his superlatives on Loch Achray, for it was this last and loveliest of the three lakes around which his fancy was to spread a glamor and for which our sympathies were to be engaged.

A narrow projection of land jutting out on the eastern side forms the "narrow inlet, still and deep." The silver strand, which was lost when the level of the loch was raised, and the hidden bower, like the heroine who lived there, must be supplied now by imagination. But in other respects Scott's picture is fully realized. We can even call forth the echo that answered FitzJames' bugle. Far up the lengthened lake we see the bend

round which the barges of the chief of Clan Alpine appeared, bearing downward full upon the lonely isle. Nor was it difficult to let fancy play, and in imagination see the waving tartans, and hear the echoes rolling, "Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu, ho, eiro!"

Ellen's Isle blocks the prospect. The now immortalized island is best viewed, however, by going further and catching it from the other side, with huge Ben Venue as a background. Just a tangled screen, lying right in the shadow of the mountain, and mingling its leafy reflection on the water's surface with the darker confusion of crags, knolls and mounds.

Loch Katrine was formerly called Cateran, because it was the district of the freebooters or Caterans. "To meet with highland plunderers here, were worse than loss of steed or deer." And up yonder, opposite Ellen's Isle, is a dark cleft in the mountain, the Goblin's Cave, where these undesirable visitors retreated with their plunder; while near at hand is the Cattle Pass, through which stolen herds were driven into the cave. Scott declared this to be the most sublime piece of scenery the imagination could conceive, and although much of its grandeur is lost since the axe has been laid to the overhanging timbers of Ben Venue, it still has a wild beauty that in some degree justifies his eulogium.

We lingered long by Loch Katrine. Past and present, facts and fiction, reality and fancy, mingled and intermingled in strange, sweet harmony. The heather was in bloom, and needless to say the opportunity was not neglected to cull some of Scotia's native bloom. The water curled and plashed around the white stones of the shore, and offered a babbling invitation, like soft music, to rest awhile there. But the driver also had a call that was not to be disregarded, and the time came to leave. Our last glimpse of Loch Katrine was when a slight gust of wind swept the water into ripples. "A million little diamonds twinkled in the sun," flashing each for one brief second, then to be gone forever. Then the coach dipped down into the glen on its homeward way.

Lillie M. Senior, '05.

ECHO'S LAMENT.

What hath the Past taken from me?
What seek I from the Past?
Last summer's leaves o'er the waters cast?
The reapers' call in the early morn,
Or the sickle's dirge in the dying corn?
The ivory kisses of Artemis?
Is it this I seek—
Is it this, is it this?

What hath the Past taken from me?
What call I from the Past?
My tears, now mingling with ocean vast?
The vanished bloom of the autumn vine,
Or the fugitive myrrh of the Chian wine?
The hymn of the foam round Salamis?
For this do I call—
For this, for this?

What hath the Past taken from me?
What ask I of the Past?
Though Artemis sleeps, she wakes at last;
And the Mother of Plenty again will stain
The island grape, and gild the grain;
And summery seas will re-sing their bliss.
Not this do I ask—
Not this, not this.

What hath the Past taken from me?
What pray I of the Past?
Narcissus?—Ah! his eyes downcast
Yet love the pool—he hath heard me not!
But my love, my love, all given unsought!
Oh, the vales from Tempe to Argolis,
Hear me ever pray
For this, for this!

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

DICK.

"NO, Dick; this is once too often!"

It was Helen's voice, and her offended dignity was superb.

We had taken a cottage for the summer on a high, rocky, pine-laden island on Stoney Lake—that beautiful Canadian sheet of water that is just now becoming known to weary humanity in search of a summer's rest—and able to take it.

We were in search of a summer's rest, and others said we were able to take it.

The party consisted of a chaperone, four girls, and one man—dear, hot-headed, stupid Dick—Dick who always put his foot in it, and put the other in trying to get the first one out.

As usual he had burst out with the wrong thing this time, and it was Helen—our regal Helen—against whom the broadside had come. And this time she would not forgive him. Nor did we blame her. Dick had overstepped the mark, and notwithstanding the fact that he was the only man in camp, and that he rose and got the breakfast every morning, we kept our hearts steeled against him. He apologized: it was of no use. He pleaded: it was futile. He drew two tears from his eyes, and said brokenly that he always did the wrong thing in the wrong place. We agreed with him, but remained firm. Dick needed a lesson. The occasion had been too humiliating for Helen, and we decided to a man—or to a woman—to stand by her through everything. The provocation had been nothing, and she was our sex.

Finally Dick rose. "Good-night, girls," he said weakly.

"Good-night," we answered, in colorless tones, no one saying "Dick," as we did when he had been good. And he—the usually sunny, elastic Dick—slunk off to his tent in a loose-jointed way that made even our stony hearts ache.

It was growing late, so we said good-night to each other, kissed Helen—she accepted our homage graciously—and retired,

Helen to her stretcher in the ten by fourteen "drawing-room," Loretta to her cot in the "bridal chamber," and Maud and I to our pine bunks in the "needle's eye," a tiny steamer stateroom with provision for one foot—one of Maud's—between the berths and the window. The chaperone an hour before had torn herself from the frigid atmosphere and gone to her roomy tent. But where was the hovering Morpheus?

It was growing later.

I thought I could see Helen in the other room lying with stony eyes turned to the pressing blackness without. Loretta had not yet commenced to murmur nice things to "George," and Maud—if Maud were asleep she had turned over a new leaf. As for me—well, I never yet knew myself to fall into anything but a beautiful, childlike slumber, but I had not done so. There was a strain on my nerves. There was poor, humiliated Helen, and there was poor, repentant Dick. Surely I could have done something I had not. I grew restless and nervous. I turned first on one side, then on the other. I took long breaths. I focused my mind on nothing. But I could not sleep. The others, in spite of their silence, must have fallen into a refreshing slumber. I alone was awake on that ghostly island. I thought I saw a white face at the window, separated from the room only by a flimsy screening, and when I turned to the wall I could feel the eyes peering through my shoulders. Oh, how dark it was! The wind blew, and the water splashed on the rocks, the wharf and the boats. The trees rocked, the dead leaves rustled, and the flags and hangings flapped and shook. Murky clouds had followed the twilight, and the blackness was thick.

Suddenly there came a light tapping on the cottage wall. It was about two o'clock.

"Maud," I whispered, peering over the edge of the bunk, are you awake?"

"Yes, Tommy," she whispered back.

We listened a few moments. The sound was repeated—just beside our window.

The veranda, running entirely around the cottage, extended here to a square, canvas-topped dining-room, and we kept the table, for convenience, always laid.

Tap, tap, tap! Then two dishes on the table clicked softly together.

"Girls," called Helen, in a stage whisper, "are you awake?"

"Yes, Helen."

"What *is* it?"

"I don't know—likely the wind," we said reassuringly.

Tap, tap, tap!

"I am going out," Maud seemed to hiss up to me, and I saw a tall, white outline rising from the lower regions.

"Good!" I said. I would have gone myself, only the thought of dropping down to the cold floor made my teeth chatter. Besides, Maud had two big quilts to crawl under again.

She crept softly to the door, went out and closed it after her. All was silent, and she returned.

"There is nothing," she said, mystified, and crawled into her bunk again.

We closed our eyes.

Ah-h-h!

Tap, tap, tap!

"Dick, Dick!" called Helen stealthily from the other door. The tents were on the other side of the cottage.

"What is it, Helen?" came the sound of Dick's voice.

"Come here—there is someone on the island."

Dick came in, and listened. The ghostly sound came again, and he went out and looked around. The noise had stopped, and he returned.

"There is nothing there," he said, also mystified. Suddenly the sound came again, and a muffled footstep seemed to cross the corner of the dining-room.

The revolver!

Dick ran to his tent and returned, but all was silent. We waited.

"It has gone!" we said, and began to see the humor of Dick with his wide eyes and flannelette pyjamas—but no! Tap, tap, tap! went the light fingers on the wall, seemingly on our very window casement.

Dick took his stand inside the screen.

Tap, tap, tap! and another muffled footstep.

Bang! bang! went the revolver through the screen, and Dick rushed out and closed the door hard. Then all was still.

There was not a sound. Dear old Dick—why didn't he say something? How silent it was! What was the matter?

"Dick," Helen's lips framed, "Dick!" but the words did not come.

Tap, tap, tap!

Where was Dick?

We ran to the door. I forgot the cold floor and Maud's roses had faded away, when—

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho-o-o!" came bursting into the shack with Dick's convulsing body.

"Look!" he exploded, and held up to our gaze the poor, innocent little looking-glass, which had been bumping lightly against the wall outside. He had killed it.

So Dick was forgiven, for his offence had been wiped out with blood.

BERTHA JEAN THOMPSON, '08.

BROWN FELLOW.

Brown fellow, rusty fellow, better cease your wooing;
All Summer long your loves have laughed at your appealing glances.
Too whist you are, unkissed you are—yours is no way of doing;
For bright Lord Sun each leaf that blows bedimples her and dances;
But you've no share, mute surly Earth,
In this green and golden mirth.
Give o'er, give o'er,
Leaf-loves desire no more!

Brown fellow, rusty fellow, wise you are and patient;
Madcap Summer's day is done, and friendly Autumn careth;
They stoop to you, they droop to you—what though you're dark and ancient—
The little leaves they lowly turn, each to your bosom fareth,
And as it falls the tender hush
Of love and longing's in its blush.
Amen to ye,
Your brides they all shall be!

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, '95

In N. Y. Independent.

A SEPTEMBER MEADOW.

ALOW "snake" fence separated the meadow from the road, and two crimson-leaved sumachs, like sentinels in red uniform, kept guard. A straggling vine of enchanter's nightshade, heavy with rich clusters of yellow and scarlet berries, trailed over the rails, and in the corners grew goldenrod and wild asters.

It was the last day of vacation, and as I sat on the fence watching the cloud shadows pass slowly over the waving grass, and listening to the shrill medley of insect voices which filled the air, it seemed to me that there had never been a more perfect day. I wished that I had come earlier to explore the wonders of the gay, sunny meadow.

> "Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold,
> That tawny Incas for their garden wrought,
> Heavy with sunshine droops the goldenrod."

Along the roadside there also grew clumps of late blooming, dusty white yarrow and tall elecampanes with their rough, flannel-like leaves and large, coarse flower heads. Down where the alder bushes grew thickest and the wild sunflowers grew tallest there was a little brook where the bur-marigold still bloomed in profusion, and where I found an occasional royal blue spike of the great lobelia.

Where the meadow slope was shaded by the trees the gentian grew. The silver-blue fringed gentian with its

> "——— sweet and quiet eye
> Looked through its fringes to the sky
> Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
> A flower from its cerulean wall."

And there was the closed gentian, that peculiar flower which looks as if it was always in bud, of a deeper blue, almost purple. Along each side of the path the ground was carpeted with the silky flower heads of the rabbit or stone clover, and where the

path passed from the open into the woods, those dainty little plants gave place to the partridge-vine and snowberry.

Many varieties of goldenrods, with their graceful racemes and lance-shaped leaves reared their proud heads above the other flowers, and vied with the asters in dignity and beauty. There were also many kinds of wild asters growing there, of which the stateliest and most showy were the purple New England asters, though the white corymbed asters, with their loose flower heads, theslender, bluish aster cordifoluis, and the dainty little heath asters, seemed to me more beautiful. These, and the goldenrods, contribute more to the beauty or a September landscape than any other flowers.

When the shadows began to lengthen it was with great reluctance, and with many backward glances, that I left the sunny slope with its Virginia creeper and tangles of silky-plumed clematis. I paused at the old fence for a last look at the wide stretch of darkening meadow, with its wind-blown grass and rich profusion of flowers, before I left the sentinel sumachs to guard their treasures in solitude.

M. Blanche Edy, '08.

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Editorial Notes.

IN another part of The Monthly Professor Clark pays a generous tribute to the worth and work of Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, who, after ten years of active service, has resigned the Chancellorship of McMaster University. We take pleasure in supplementing Professor Clark's article by printing the resolution of the Faculty regarding Dr. Wallace :—

"Whereas Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of McMaster University, and Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology from 1895 to 1905, has resigned his position in this institution, Resolved, that we, the members of the Faculty, place on record our esteem for Dr. Wallace, our appreciation of his faithful service as Chancellor and Professor, and our regret at the severance of the happy relations of the last ten years. We learned with sincere regret that the growing burdens of the Chancellorship had drawn, and were likely to draw, so heavily on his strength, as to make it appear wise on his part to seek a different sphere of labor. We had looked forward with pleasure to

a much longer period of co-operation with him, and should have rejoiced had our anticipations been realized.

"At the call of the denomination, Dr. Wallace left a successful pastorate to accept the leadership in its work of Christian education. We believed that the call was of God, and that in responding to it, he was following divine leading. The experience of the past ten years has abundantly verified that belief. During his term of office McMaster in the providence of God has enjoyed a prosperity beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. To that prosperity he contributed in an eminent degree. It is our conviction that to him more than to any other individual is due the erection of Castle Memorial Hall. That noble building will stand as a monument to his energy, enthusiasm, and loyalty. In his public appearance as representative of the University, his dignity and culture commended the institution to the respect of the people of Ontario, and helped to secure for it the honorable place it now holds. By his executive ability, his capacity as a teacher, his patience, tact and considerateness in his manifold relations with his colleagues, his sympathetic interest in the athletic, social, and personal life of the undergraduates, he gained and held a large place in the life of the University. By precept and example he showed his faith in the Christian ideals of McMaster, and helped to make them vitally effective in the lives of his co-workers and students. The influence of his Christian character will remain as a part of the life of the University, and will continue to mould it to high ends.

"We trust that in returning to the work he so much loves, Dr. Wallace may have unmistakable evidence of Divine favor. We shall not forget him in our petitions to our Heavenly Father; we shall pray that he may have great joy in his pastorate, and be given wisdom to lead his people into knowledge of, and service for, 'Him in Whom all things consist.'"

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.†

EDITOR: HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

ON THE EATING OF A TURKEY.—We presume that a few thoughts upon this joyful subject may serve as a fitting introduction to the retrospect of the month. Thanksgiving has come and gone, and the memories of the turkey still gladden the youthful Freshman's heart. Those who remained in the Hall for the day were made restless by the delightful fumes which came from the kitchen, and a hungry band arrayed themselves about the feast at high noon. A turkey is truly of all birds the one which brings the greatest cheer. We have often wondered why the poets have not made this animal the subject of more of their songs. Pause, reader, and allow your mind to feast itself upon the theme. Behold a large, brown bird resting easily upon the platter, seeming to say, "Come and eat." It's Thanksgiving, and the turkey plays a most important part in contributing to the joy of the day.

A Freshman eats a turkey with head inclined and muscles active, while on the other hand a Sophomore looks a trifle wiser as he views the meat. The Junior's eye twinkles as he ponders how he will secure a third helping without being noticed, and the Senior assumes a dignity hitherto unknown, while his teeth sink slowly into a rare portion of the turk. Theologs invariably divide the bird into three divisions; and the Faculty, in an ecstasy of delight, decide that everyone will surely write satisfactory examinations in January. Thus do men eat turkey at Thanksgiving time.

There was a young man of McMaster
Who thought: "All I need is to aster,"
But the Freshette in awe
Cried, "Mercy, here's paw!"
And now his swelled head's in a plaster.

†In the absence of the editor, Mr. H. R. Nobles, during November and December, this column of the paper is under the supervision of A. S. Woodburne, '06.

Political Science Club.—The Political Science Club is again in working order. The first lecture of the year was given on October 23rd by Mr. J. A. McDonald, M.A., managing editor of *The Globe.* Mr. McDonald gave a very interesting and instructive address on the subject, "Journalism in its relation to public life," which was heard by a large and appreciative audience of students. The club has secured some very able and prominent men to give addresses during the coming term.

Congratulations.—The appointment of Professor McKay to the Chancellorship rendered vacant the office of Dean in Arts. At the recent meeting of the Senate in London, Professor W. S. W. McLay, M.A., was chosen for the position. The student department of the magazine extends congratulations to the editor-in-chief on his appointment, and likewise to the University on being able to secure the services of one so eminently capable of performing the duties incumbent upon the office.

The Lit.—The second meeting of the year was held on Friday, October 20th, when a very enjoyable evening was spent listening to a goodly programme and getting acquainted with the Freshettes. The event of the evening was a humorous paper on "The life and adventures of a book-agent," by C. D. Jones, '06. Another item appreciated by the audience was a reading by Miss Duncan, '09. A paper on "reading" was given by R. J. Currie, '06, and the "events of the week" by J. D. Craig, '07. The music of the evening was furnished by Misses Pugsley, '08, and McIntosh, '08, who gave a piano duet; A. F. Smith, '09, a guitar solo; E. C. Fox, '06, a clarionet solo; and A. E. White, '07, a vocal solo. . . . Nov. 3rd saw the next gathering of the Lit. fiends. The College orchestra made its debut, and we hope that it will not be its last appearance. Miss Murray, '08, gave a piano solo, and T. M. Dadson, '06, related "Ye Marvelous Tale of Sir Thomas Ingoldsby and ye Lady Jane." An illustrated lecture on "Paris—its architecture," was given by Mr. G. H. Campbell, and was thoroughly appreciated. After the adoption of the report for filling the vacancies on The Monthly staff, the meeting adjourned.

Fast and Furious.—The above classical expression describes the annual exhibition given by the Sophomores and Freshmen at the field day sports. To those who love the science and tactics of warfare, the struggle which took place this year was all that the heart of a warrior could desire. The council of war on the second year had been busy, and by some clever piece of strategy had secured the design of the Freshman banner. Immediately the

designers and painters and craftsmen set about the task of producing a similar one in cotton. This they did, and in addition prepared a huge infant, upon whose innocent face they daubed the figures '09. During the afternoon the fighters, unable to hold themselves in check, marched out to the field of battle to engage in preliminaries, but they were promptly ordered back to the stand, as one of the jumpers refused to act unless he could have more fighters to jump over. He was a broad jumper. Finally, when all of the runners had run, and all of the jumpers had jumped, then did the fighters fight. A number had concealed lampblack in the pockets of their tunics, and in a short time the scene was the exact counterpart of a friendly skirmish between a Zulu tribe and a Matabele tribe. The great drawback to the fight was the lack of real fighting. Then, again, the contending parties changed direction too often. There were a great many complaints from the grand stand from those who had paid their money to see this struggle, and then were left to witness—well, the name for it is still in the hands of the inventor. The Freshmen certainly did look black at their lady friends as they returned from the melee. The result of the contest will never be known. The scribe can say only that it happened, the "it" being indefinite.

Professor, questioning student in special philosophy—"Now Mr. So-and-So, what is the difference, for instance, between yourself and, say, a post?" Student, taking the hint—"Very little, professor, as far as this is concerned." The student should have been better posted. Wherefore, ye who know it all, consider yourselves as the posts. Herein is the beginning of knowledge.

War Whoops.—The Theologs ought to hide themselves behind feathers and red paint when they start up that blood-curdling yell of theirs, "Kakabaka! Kakabaka! Kamanistiqua! Theology! Theology! Rah! Rah! Rah!" . . . Any one can see that noughty-six has a bard who seeks inspiration at the shrine of some Jewish muse. Now '06 goes about chanting Hebrew psalms: "Hash-sha-ma-yim! Hash-sha-ma-yim! Hoshek-wa-bo-hoo! '06' 06! Hooroo! Hooroo! Hooroo!" . . . The Juniors have a yell fraught with meaning. Examine it closely and you will see how appropriate it is: "Hi-ka-yi-ka! Lickety split! Junior! Junior! We are it! J-U-N-I-O-R! Nineteen-seven! Rah! Rah! Rah!" . . . The Sophs. and Freshies merely wish to find some vent for their obstreperous feelings, so their yells have no real meaning. Not even one of Kelly's keys could translate them. The Sophs. get hoarse singing of "Millie Oika! Millie Oika!

Mak-a-boom-a-bah ! '08 ! '08 ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !" . . . . McMaster's ghost wails in anguish when it hears the Freshies thus rudely using its revered name in vain : "Rah-te-ti ! Whoop-te-ti ! Zip-Zum-Bar ! '09 ! '09 ! Mac-Mas-tar !"

Our Staff.—At the meeting of the Literary Society held on November 3rd, two names were added to the reportorial staff of The Monthly. Miss A. M. Waters, '07, will represent the ladies in the place of Miss B. J. Thompson, who has not returned, and A. E. White, '07, will take the place of E. E. Wells, who was appointed to represent the Juniors, and also has not returned. The vacancy of advertising manager, created by the non-return of G. Irons, '07, was filled by the election of J. M. Telford, '07.

Field Day Fashion Notes.—Green was the prevailing color in the first year. . . Theology had a banner : it was white, of course, with gold trimmings. Everyone failed to see the connection, as white and gold are far from the hearts and pockets of Theologs. . . The Senior banner was by all odds the most handsome piece of work displayed by the years. . . The microscopic effect of the Junior banner was at the same time both entrancing and bewitching. . . The "impedimenta" of the second year was no less glorious than the costumes of the camp-followers. . . The singing of the Seniors was the direct cause of no less than five cases of fainting and one case of cough cure. . . The banner of the Sophomores was yellow and black, principally both. The sea-serpent rampant in black on a sea of yellow was like unto the bursting of a sunflower from Toronto to Montreal. . . The Freshman banner was too frivolous for description. . . The chanting of the Juniors was very sweet, if the tearing of boards from a fence is sweetness. . . The jet-black effect of the Freshmen's headpieces was no less startling than the singing of the Theologs. . . It is hoped that the Theological Society will pass a by-law prohibiting smoking when the members of that very excellent organization appear in public. . . The weather looked charming in a robe of Autumn sunshine and a coat of evening dusk, which was all that men, women, and children could desire.

Senior Honors.—The Seniors met in secret caucus on Nov. 9th, when the following degrees were conferred :—President, Mr. C. S. Edwards, instead of Mr. H. R. Nobles ; representative on Student Body Executive, Mr. D. H. McIntosh, instead of Mr. H. R. Nobles ; representative on Fyfe Missionary Society, Mr. H. B. Moyle.

She Knew.—As one of the jumpers was endeavoring to clear the bar in the high jump, by some mischance he performed a sliding act along the pole, whereupon a wise little Freshette remarked, "He is a backslider." All of the Theologs fell off their seats, and the white banner sneezed.

A Fearful Utterance.—Young lady, to Senior, who is standing in front of her—"I wish you would sit down; I cannot see the discus being thrown through you." Senior—"You need entertain no hopes of ever being a Senior if your eyesight is so poor." Young lady, with the look of blood in her eye—"I wish I *could* see a discus thrown through you." Imagine how a Senior would look with a discus through him. The inevitable conclusion is, that he would look like a Freshman.

Professor, lecturing in Special Philosophy—"We do not really know that the chair is there, then." Bewildered student, musing madly—"How is it, then, that I do not land on the floor when I sit down?" He will be a philosopher some day, unless when he is trying the experiment someone pulls the chair away.

L. L. L.—The regular meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held on Friday, November 3rd. Miss McKay began the afternoon's programme with a delightful instrumental solo. After the business of the society had been disposed of, came the chief feature of the programme, a debate: "Resolved, That in residential colleges the student body should be self governing." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Kennedy, '08, and Miss McLaurin, '09; the negative by Miss Johnston, '07, and Miss Moore, '09.

While awaiting the judge's decision, Miss Shields, '07, gave a vocal solo, and Miss Duncan, '09, a reading. Then Dr. Oliver, who acted as judge and critic, after a few well-chosen words of commendation, and of advice regarding future debates, said that he could not decide in favor of either side, so he declared it to be a tie.

In connection with the L. L. L. it was decided to organize a choral class, of which Mr. Williamson, '07, has very kindly offered to take charge. The meeting closed with, "Thy Praises, McMaster."

Bible Lecture.—The series of illustrated studies in the book of Exodus, given by Dr. Elmore Harris, are highly appreciated. Such a course of study is an attraction which few universities can offer, and the students feel that the authorities have acted very wisely in placing these very excellent lectures of Dr. Harris upon the curriculum.

The Chemical Colloquium held their first meeting for the year on October 31st, when plans of work were decided on for the winter. Under the guidance of Professor Cohoe a very interesting series of meetings is expected, the programmes including discussions of recent advances in the various branches and applications of chemistry.

Y.W.C.A.—During the past month there have been four meetings of the Y.W.C.A. The main feature of the first meeting, held on October 16th, was a talk by Miss Rankin, secretary of the Y.W.C.A. of the colleges of the Dominion. She spoke of the necessity of not merely reading but of studying the Bible systematically, if we would live broad, successful lives. At another meeting, two weeks later, she explained the outline of the course of study in the gospel of Mark, which most of the Y.W.C.A.'s of the Toronto colleges have adopted, and it was decided that we also should take up this study.

On Monday, November 6th, Miss Sanders, a graduate of Somerville College, Oxford, and a member of the executive of the World's Y.W.C.A., was present at the meeting, and gave a very interesting and profitable talk about Y.W.C.A. work among the students of India.

Miss Shields, '07, was our representative at the reception given by the Ladies' Literary Society of Victoria College, on October 20th.

The Debating Society.—The meetings of the Debating Club so far this term have been well attended, and the subjects up for discussion argued with vigor. The subject on October 21st was: "Resolved, That it is in the interest of the community that the natural scenery of Niagara Falls should be preserved, in preference to the development of the commercial interests." E. Chave, '06, led the affirmative, and A. White, '07, the negative. W. J. Grigg, B.A., acted as judge, and decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.D., kindly lent his services as critic. There was no meeting of the Club October 28th, on account of the Varsity-McMaster football match. On November 4th the debate was in charge of two members of Noughty-nine—T. Wearing for the affirmative side, and H. Mullowney for the negative. The subject was: "Resolved that the highest interests of education would be best promoted by abolishing the present co-educational system in schools and colleges." The negative side won. Messrs. G. E. Tompkinson, B.A., and J. M. Warner, B.A., acted as judge and critic respectively.

Nobles—Knight.—The associates on the staff of Around the Hall beg to congratulate their honored chieftain, Mr. Harry R. Nobles, who, on October 30th, joined the noble ranks of the benedicts. Miss S. Caroline Knight, of Knightington, was the bride, and Rev. B. W. Merrill, of Ottawa, performed the ceremony.

Women's Intercollege Debating Union.—The executive committee of the Women's Intercollege Debating Union met on Saturday, October 21st, at Victoria College, when the constitution was revised and the election of officers took place. The officers are: President, Miss Waters, McMaster University; secretary, Miss Stuart, University College. This is the first time that a McMaster student has had the honor of holding the office of president. On October 23rd the committee met at McMaster, to decide the subjects of the first two debates, and when they should be held. Our representatives on the executive are: Miss Waters, '07, and Miss Wilkins, '07.

King's Birthday.—The honor of the King was sung in the chapel service of November 9th, when faculty and students united heartily in the National Anthem.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The first meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society for this term was held on Wednesday morning, November 1st, with Professor Campbell in the chair. The devotional part of the meeting was of a helpful character, a quartette, composed of Messrs. Bensen, Williamson, McKechnie, and St. James, assisting materially. Messrs. W. D. Whan and G. R. M. Wells spoke of their experiences on summer fields; Mr. Whan of the organization of a church at Tobermory in the face of difficulties which, while deplorable, still had their humorous side; while Mr. Wells, who had labored at Haliburton, told a story of largest success on the most unpromising part of his field. Mr. McKechnie reported on the work of the Evangelistic Band during the summer months. The chairman then introduced Mr. Reekie, the "apostle to Bolivia," who brought good news of a bill for religious liberty which had previously passed the Bolivian lower house, and has now been approved by the senate. He also spoke of the generally favorable attitude of the authorities, and told some interesting stories of changed lives.

Dr. Farmer read a letter from Mr. A. A. Scott, rejoicing at the Welsh revival, and speaking of a similar revival in Assam. The letter also referred to an article in J. Frank Ingram's *Argosy*, speaking of a revival among the students of Rangoon.

The business part of the meeting was opened by Secretary Dadson reading the minutes. Professor Cohoe gave the Trea-

surer's report. It was decided that the president should be a student, and the treasurer a member of the Faculty, to be chosen by the Faculty. The following officers were then elected:—President, J. M. Warner, B.A. ; vice-president, N. S. McKechnie, '08 ; recording secretary, O. C. Gray, B.A. ; corresponding secretary, A. S. Woodburne, '06. Dr. Cross closed the meeting with prayer.

The Library.—To the proverbs of the wise man let there be added : "The student is known by the use he makes of his college library." It is desirable that this use be not intemperate—that here, as in all things, he exercise self-control. But one deals very tenderly in his thought with the Freshman who, launched into a well-filled college stockroom, and realizing that greater freedom among the treasures that pack its shelves is his than in any "free" library, is rendered a little unsteady for the time by the prospect of unlimited drafts of the rich and rare. He may even lose sight of the curricula for a little while and be forgiven, for he will come back—he will find his centre, and then gather up all he can. And yet it is important to every student that he have a knowledge of libraries and their arrangement. To learn the outlines of the "Dewey" system of classification is not a large task, and there are few labors which yield greater profit. There is a little rule which will help everyone if carefully observed—that there shall be no laughing or talking in a library or its reading-room. Let the appropriateness of things be learned, and "let it be granted" that the basement of Castle Memorial Hall is not the place for whispering and merriment. There are corridors and all outdoors.

At Roll Call the morning after field day.—Professor, noticing the number of absentees, "Where are all these gentlemen this morning ?" Freshette—"Please, sir, the Sophs. made a new breakfast food yesterday, and they've labelled it Absentia Vita."

The High Kakiak's Address.—At the conclusion of the supper on Monday evening, Nov. 6, the student body listened to the annual address on "Etiquette" by the President. Mr. T. M. Dadson, '06, will not be responsible if the verdant freshmen do not cease from their ancient custom of imitating their genteel prehistoric forefathers.

Student Volunteer Band.—On Monday, October 18, the Student Volunteer Band met for reorganization. It was decided to hold a mission study class meeting fortnightly, and to use Dr. Dennis' "Social Evils of the Non-Christian World" as the text

book. The band had the pleasure of meeting Mr. A. B. Reekie, B.A., of Bolivia, at a special meeting a few days earlier, and listened with much interest to Mr. Reekie's vivid portrayal of the needs of his field, and earned confidence in the future of his mission. The officers of the band for this session are, Mr. C. R. Duncan, leader ; Mr. W. H. Holman, secretary.

Mr. Thornton B. Penfield, a travelling secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement, made a rousing address to the students on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 7, concerning the coming International Convention of the movement at Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. Penfield is very enthusiastic, and his short, pointed talk aroused considerable interest in this great student gathering.

Theological Briefs.—During the month theological *esprit de corps* has risen several points. A new banner, a new yell and a track championship are evidences of this, and at the same time contributory causes. On Tuesday evening, Oct. 31, Dr. Farmer favored the Theological Society with a most interesting talk on the " World's Congress." The Congress was characterized by open and frank discussion and difference of opinion on many subjects ; but on the great fundamentals of the faith, and in loyalty to the Baptist position they stood together. The great men of the Congress were Alexander McLaren, F. B. Meyer, Dr. Clifford, Mr. Lloyd George and Dr. Prestridge. After giving us pictures of these men, that seemed to make them live before us, Dr. Farmer went on to speak of the results of the convention. Not only did London rub its eyes as it awoke to the importance of the Baptist people, not only did it mean an awakening of the world to their importance, but of more significance still, it meant a discovery on the part of the denomination itself of a Baptist world-consciousness. After the audience had expressed, by a hearty vote of thanks, their appreciation of having the great vibrant messages of the Congress passed on to them in this way, Dr. Keirstead closed the meeting with prayer.

Improvements.—Old things are going, new ones are coming, and the sound of the hammer is heard in the hall. The new office for the field secretary is being erected in the east end of the upper hall. This office will correspond to and counter-balance the Monthly office at the opposite end of the corridor. And we are going to have a little room entirely set apart for telephoning. O, Cupid ! We'll be able to hear ourselves think now, and nobody else will be able to hear the thoughts we're thinking to the other end of the line.

THE honor of the Presidency of the Inter-College Debating Union of Toronto has come this year to McMaster. Mr. J. B. Pengelly, '06, our representative to the Union, is the worthy appointee. Congratulations, Pen.

SEVERAL members of the University Evangelistic Band visited Stratford for a series of services during the thanksgiving holiday. The boys, who were under the leadership of W. A. Cameron, '06, report successful meetings.

HEARD ON SPORTS DAY.—Professor, viewing the Sophomore banner, "Well! if that dragon is the same species as the one St. George slew I've lost all my respect for the Saint."

A MALADY AND A REMEDY.

Why do I fret, and fume, and rear,
And tear my hair: why should I care,
And stamp, and storm, and beat the air,
Cause deeds are done and battles won,
By warriors bold in days of old?
And through my weary brain they run,
Nor will the swirling current cease,
Of dates and names, of knights and dames:
I cannot get a moment's peace!

Let Caesar go to Jericho,
And Pompey follow if he dare.
Tell Zenophon to jog right on
To Hindustan for all you care.
Get out of doors and play the game;
What matters if it makes you lame.
Get out of doors, and work, and sweat,
And every paper that is set,
You'll pass with honors, even yet.

T. W. '09.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: T. M. DADSON, '06.

THE third annual convention collation of the Alumni Association took place on the evening of October 19, in Talbot Street Church, London. There were present about three hundred McMaster Alumni and their friends. When justice had been done to a bountiful repast, prepared by Mr. George Peters—so well-known to old Woodstock boys—Rev. J. C. Sycamour, M.A., president of the association, in a few fitting remarks proposed the loyal toast, which met with a hearty response, in "God save the King." Rev. A. L. Huddlestone, B.A., B.Th., stood sponsor for "The University." His remarks were characterized by humor and wisdom, and his references to the new leader of Alma Mater were enthusiastically received. Chancellor McKay responded, and, craving pardon for personal references, spoke feelingly of his long connection with McMaster and his abiding interest in its welfare. Rev. O. C. Elliot of Stratford proposed "The Alumni," and "Thy Praises McMaster," sung with great heartiness, proved this to be not the least popular toast on the list. Rev. H. Proctor, B.A., in an excellent speech which won the admiration of all present, spoke for "The Denomination." Rev. D. Laing of Kingston, president-elect of the Convention, replied. During the evening solos were contributed by W. E. Bowyer, B.A., and Mrs. Arthur Brown.

Rev. W. B. Tighe, B.A., '97, is now pastor of the Oshawa Baptist Church.

Rev. W. T. Roberts, '05, Theol., has become pastor of the Baptist Church at Leamington.

Mr. J. A. McLean, B.A., '02, has been appointed professor of Animal Husbandry in the Colorado Agricultural College at Fort Collins.

Mr. E. J. Farmer, B.A., '03, is now in Germany pursuing his musical studies.

Rev. J. H. Hannah, B.A., '99, B.Th., '01, has gone to India under the American Baptist Missionary Union.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: A. S. WOODBURNE, '06.

THE McMaster second team for the second time faced the Toronto-Argonaut III. team on Oct. 21st. The contest was quite even throughout, but fortune favored the Argonauts.

During the first half the wind favored the visitors, and they succeeded in scoring twice on kicking over the dead ball line, and again on a touch in goal, making the half time score three to nothing. In the second half they scored twice on rouges and twice on trys, one of which was converted. For McMaster one point was scored on a rouge, shortly after which White got over for a try which Jordan converted. Later on Jordan made a pretty drop kick in goal. Both teams played good rugby, and the game was interesting from the spectators' standpoint. The teams:

McMaster II. (10)—Back, Weston; halves, Jordan, White (captain), Scott; quarter, McGregor; snap, Viens; wings, Steeves, Sedgsworth, McKechnie, Jury, Tedford, Currie.

Toronto-Argos. III. (16)—Back, O. Stewart (captain); halves, McGillivray, Rodgers, N. Harvey; quarter, McGiffin; snap, A. Harvey; wings, Thomson, Bunting, Inglis, B. B. Stewart, May, Beard.

Referee—Dr. Sutton. Umpire—Dr. Rolfe.

J. B. MCARTHUR, '05, who so efficiently captained the McMaster line-up for three years, was elected captain of Toronto-Argonauts I. this autumn. He declined to accept the honor. J. B. is refereeing for the O.R.F.U.

F. S. BEDDOW, '06, maintained his high reputation as a cricketer this summer. He was a member of the Canadian team that won from the Americans the International championship.

FIELD DAY.—The annual athletic competition of McMaster took place on Tuesday afternoon, October 24th, on the Varsity campus. Delightful weather, a good attendance, both of students and outside friends, and keen competition in the events of the day all tended to make the day a success, whereof the scrap between the Freshmen and Sophomores was a grand finale.

Shortly before two o'clock the student body assembled at the hall, and paraded to the grounds in the respective classes, each year being led by the lady members, the Honorary President, and the President carrying the class banner. The usual "class spirit" was manifest in the songs and slogans, as well as in the field events. For the first time in many years the Theologs headed the list in points towards the Matthews Cup competition, leading the juniors, their nearest rivals, by six points.

The individual championship, which carries with it the McNaught Cup and the Chancellor's medal, was won this year by H. H. Murray, '06. Never before was the race for first place so close, and the final result was always in doubt. The winner is to be congratulated not simply on his win this year, but also on account of all that he has done to raise the standard of field athletics in McMaster. Murray secured 21 points, whereas A. E. White, '07, won the First Association medal with 20 points, and G. E. Tomkinson, B.A., Th., captured the Second Association medal with 17 points. N. McNaughton, '07, helped to make the contest interesting, being fourth in the race with 16 points.

The thanks of the Association are due to all who assisted, but especially to Messrs. S. P. Grant, L. F. Brophy, Dr. E. R. Harper, and R. Cassels.

The summary: 100 yards dash—1. H. H. Murray, '06; 2. G. E. Tomkinson, Th.; 3. A. E. White, '07, Time, 11 seconds.

Half-mile run—1. A. E. White, '07; 2. O. C. Gray, Th.; 3. D. W. Campbell, '06. Time, 2.24.

Broad jump—1. H. H. Murray, '06; 2. N. McNaughton, '07; 3. E. Viens, Th. Distance, 18 feet 1¾ inches.

Pole Vault—1. W. P. Freeman, Th.; 2. A. E. White, '07; 3. O. C. Gray, Th.; Height, 8 feet 2 inches. (Freeman and White tied for first place and Freeman won the toss.)

16-pound hammer—1. W. P. Freeman, Th.; 2. G. E. Tomkinson, Th.; 3. E. Viens, Th. Distance, 75 feet 7 inches.

220 yards dash—1. H. H. Murray, '06; 2. A. E. White, '07; 3. F. Weston, '08. Time, 25⅖ seconds.

Mile run—1. O. C. Gray, Th.; 2. C. W. New, Th.; 3. E. J. Chave, '06. Time, 5.30⅘.

Putting the shot—1. G. E. Tomkinson, Th.; 2. N. McNaughton, '07; 3. W. P. Freeman, Th. Distance, 33 feet 3¼ inches.

High jump—1. N. McNaughton, '07; 2. C. F. Detlor, '09; 3. G. E. Tomkinson, Th. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

440 yards run—1. H. H. Murray, '06; 2. A. E. White, '07; 3. N. McNaughton, '07. Time, 58⅗ seconds.

Throwing the discus—1. G. E. Tomkinson, Th.; 2. N. S. McKechnie, '08; 3. N. McNaughton, '07. Distance, 87 feet 4 inches.

Hurdle race, — yards—1. A. E. White, '07; 2. N. McNaughton, '07; 3. H. H. Murray, '06. Time, 21⅘ seconds.

Team race—1. '09; 2. '06; 3. '08.

Points were scored towards the Matthews cup, as follows: Theology, 42; '07, 36; '06, 26; '09, 8; '08, 5.

A. E. HAYDON, '01, played centre on the Fort William lacrosse team during the past season, accompanying them on their western tour. He was recognized as the star of the team.

O.R.F.U. MCMASTER II., 2; TRINITY, 30—Thanksgiving Holiday was celebrated by an O.R.F.U. match, in which McMaster second team suffered a pronounced defeat at the hands of Trinity on the campus of the latter. Many of our boys were away on account of the holiday, and some less experienced men had to take their places, with the result that Trinity had a walk-over. It was their game all the way through, and when the referee blew the whistle for time the score was 30 to 2 against McMaster. Thanksgiving was expressed that the score was no worse. The teams:

McMaster II. (2)—Back, Craig; halves, Weston, Moyle (captain), Jordan; quarter, McGregor; snap, Constable; wings, Newell, Harkness, Anderson, Ross, Jackson, Scott.

Trinity (30)—Back, Hurst; halves, Baillie, Hay (captain), Gibson; quarter, Fleming; snap, Lane; wings, Sharpe, Harper, Meghan, Bardgett, Webster, Levack.

Referee—P. Biggs. Umpire—R. Reade.

C. I. R. F. U. MCMASTER I., 1; VARSITY II., 14—On the morning of October 28th McMaster first and Varsity second teams met in Intercollegiate Rugby on our own campus. The teams were well matched, and Varsity's win was due probably more than anything else to the fact that they made better use of the high wind than did our men. McMaster wings held their men well, and it was sheer misfortune that our boys were unable to roll up a large score. In the first half the wind favored the boys in green and black, and the ball was constantly in Varsity territory. The one point scored was on a kick over the dead ball line. In the second half Varsity did all their scoring, securing one touch in goal, three rouges and two trys, netting them in all fourteen points. Cory's game at quarter was strong for Varsity, whereas Bensen and Pengelly were the stars for McMaster. The teams:

McMaster (1)—Back, McEwen; halves, Young, Bensen, Jordan; quarter, White; wings, McKechnie, Whan, Holman, Campbell, Tedford, Pengelly (captain).

Varsity II. (14)—Back, Laidlaw; halves, Chestnuts, Fraser

(captain), McKenzie ; quarter, Cory ; scrimmage, Nasmith, Lile, Paulin ; wings, Swan, Hall, Lee, Jones, Cruickshanks (Snively), Clarkson.

Referee—Dr. Hendrie. Umpire—Dr. Wright.

O.R.F.U. McMaster II., (12) ; Varsity III., (13)—Two victories from McMaster in the one day was the fortune of Varsity on October 28th. In the afternoon match the junior teams of each school met on Varsity campus in an O.R.F.U. game. As the score indicates the game was very close. If anything McMaster had the better of the play, but Varsity was more successful in the scoring. At half time the score stood 8 to 7 in Varsity's favor, and at full time 13 to 12. The line-up :

McMaster II. (12)—Back, Craig ; halves, Jordan, Moyle (captain), Weston ; quarter, McGregor ; snap, Jackson ; wings, Saunders, W. H. Holman, Robinson, Harkness, Wells, Scott.

Varsity III. (13)—Back, McCurdy ; halves, Harris, Strathy (captain), Kennedy ; quarter, Sifton ; snap, Minety ; wings, McDonald, Walker, Cruickshanks, Sheriff, Pollard, Johnson.

Referee—J. Timmer.

O.R.F.U. McMaster II. (10) ; Varsity III. (12)—The final game of the O.R.F.U. series was played on the McMaster gridiron on November 1st between McMaster II. and Varsity III., when our juniors maintained their unbroken record of defeats. Again it should have been our win if the best team had been victors. Several times the ball was all but over the Varsity line, and no scoring done. A strong wind was blowing which favored McMaster in the first half, when tries were made by McGregor and Tedford. In the second half Varsity succeeded in tying the score on two rouges, a drop kick in goal and a try. Ten minutes extra time was played to decide the game, in which time Varsity secured two rouges, thus winning the game by a score of 12 to 10. The teams :

McMaster II., (10)—Back, Weston ; halves, White, Young (captain), Jordan ; quarter, McGregor ; snap, Jackson ; wings, Whan, McKechnie, Wells, Robinson, Tedford, Scott.

Varsity III., (12)—Back, McCurdy; halves, Harris, Strathy captain), Kennedy ; quarter, Sifton ; snap, Minety; wings, McDonald, Walker, Cruickshanks, Sherriff, Pollard, Johnson.

Referee—J. B. McArthur. Umpire—L. Burns.

Inter-year Association.—The first of the Inter-year Association football matches was played on November 8th between '07 and '08, and resulted in a draw, neither team scoring.

McMaster I., 14; Victoria University, 0.—On November 2nd the McMaster senior team visited the Vics. for an exhibition game.. The Vics. have a good, strong line up, and the game was always interesting. The game was ours, however, and well earned was the victory. Seven points were scored in each half of the play. In the first half one point was secured on a rouge, one on the ball going over the dead line, and five on a pretty drop kick in goal by Bensen. In the second half another rouge added a point, while McEwen went over for a try, which Jordan converted, giving six points. The final score was thus : McMaster, 14 ; Victoria, 0.

Referee—Rev. E. W. Parsons, '99, McMaster. Umpire—Mr. Henderson, Victoria.

McMaster I., 0; Hamilton Tigers I., 32.—On Saturday, November 4th, fourteen McMaster halves went forth, armed with courage and smiles, to hunt in the jungle which the Hamilton Tigers inhabit. A great sigh of relief went up from their friends when they heard the well-known slogan given by the hunters on their return that evening. And The Monthly is glad to congratulate the boys on the hand of Rugby which they exhibited in Hamilton. Of course, they did not expect to win. Who ever dared expect that with the Hamilton Tigers for opponents ? But it is consoling to know that they gave the Tigers the hardest battle for victory that they have had this year. The ball was in Hamilton territory during about half of the play, and sometimes not far out from their goal line. The Hamilton papers said that ours was the fastest line that has visited Hamilton this year, and that several of our men were fit for senior company. Special credit is due Bensen, who caught and punted admirably, and made the run of the day. The thanks of the Athletic Association are extended to Messrs. Archer and McGowan of Trinity, who played scrimmage for us in the absence of Fitch and Constable. The line up :

McMaster (0)—Back, Young ; halves, White, Bensen, Gray; quarter, McEwen ; scrimmage, Steeves, Archer, McGowan ; wings, Whan, McKechnie, Holman, Campbell, Tedford, Pengelly (captain).

Hamilton (32)—Back, Tope ; halves, Moore, Dumoulin, Simpson ; quarter, Ballard ; scrimmage, Burkholder, McCarthy, Bickford ; wings, Baron, Isbister, Kirkpatrick, Craig, Murray, Lyon.

Referee—C. M. Johnston, Toronto. Umpire—H. W. Hawkins, Hamilton.

W. V. Poapst, '04, was one of the crew of fours from Ottawa that won the Canadian Championship at St. Catharines last summer

THE PROTEST.—In the October issue of this magazine an account was given of the first Intercollegiate Intermediate Rugby match, played between Trinity and McMaster on October 14th, and at which our men were victorious by a score of 11 to 7. It appears there was a difference of 45 seconds between the watches of the two timekeepers, which accounts for the fact that the first half was 45 seconds short in play. On that ground Trinity protested the game. McMaster Athletic Association sent Mr. H. R. Nobles, its representative, to Moutreal to the executive meeting on October 21st, but the effort was fruitless and the protest was allowed. Not only was the rule regarding time broken, but there was an infringement upon some other rules. Neither team had presented the certificate for the players to their opponents before the game. And in addition Trinity had played one man who was ineligible. On these grounds the executive ordered the game played again on November 4th.

Meanwhile Varsity defeated both of the other teams in the Toronto series, thus winning the round. So, by mutual consent, McMaster and Trinity decided to withdraw the game. Nothing daunted by this year's experience, we are already optimistic for next year.

MCMASTER I., 13 ; VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, 0.—For a second time this season our boys visited the Victoria campus, on November 6th, and came off the winners. This time the scoring was all done in the first half, and was as follows : A drop kick in goal by Bensen (5), a safety touch (2), a kick over the dead ball line (1), and a try by McKechnie (5), netting thirteen points to the credit of McMaster. In the second half the Vics. held our men down better, but no scoring was done by either team. Rev. E. W. Parsons refereed, and Mr. Henderson of Victoria umpired the game.

INTER-YEAR RUGBY.—The first Inter-year Rugby match was played on November 9th, between the Sophomores and Freshmen. '08 did not find '09 a very serious problem, and won quite handily by a score of 28 to 0. The teams :

Noughty-eight (28)—Back, Buxton ; halves, Moyle, Jordan, Weston (captain) ; quarter, McGregor ; scrimmage, Harkness, Vichert, Saunders ; wings, McKechnie, Waters, Holman, Jackson, Tedford, Curtis.

Noughty-nine (0)—Back, McLaurin ; halves, Routledge, Scott, Anderson ; quarter, Robinson ; scrimmage, Wearing, Mullowney, Sloat ; wings, Jury (captain), Lewis, Newell, VanSickle, Detlor, Tedford.

Referee—C. W. New, B.A. Umpire—E. R. Fitch, B.A.

REVISED FOOTBALL.

"I humbly beg your pardon, sir,
I fear that I have smashed your toe,
Such accidents will oft occur
In gatherings like this, you know."

"And I have been," was the reply,
"More hasty than was rightly due.
I fear I have contused your eye.
And does this ear belong to you?"

"Believe me, sir, I meant no harm,
It happened by the merest chance.
I trust that you will take my arm
In getting to the ambulance."

'Tis now fulfilled, our fondest dream,
These college rudenesses are past,
Kind courtesy doth reign supreme,
And football is reformed at last.

Washington Star.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: ELIZABETH FINDLAY.

MOULTON opened September 13, with a large attendance of girls, nearly all the provinces of the Dominion being represented, and also the United States, There are also three new members of the Faculty: Miss Harrison, Miss Munro and Miss Norton.

ON Sunday afternoon, September 17th, Rev. Mr. Horsman of Walmer Road Church, preached the opening sermon in the chapel.

ON Friday evening, September 29th, the "new girls" were invited by the "old girls" to a reception to be given for them in the drawing room. The invitation was looked forward to with fear and trembling, but the form of ducking was not too severe, and the games which followed were enjoyed.

THE Athletic Association has been reorganized, and a large number are showing their appreciation of basket ball and tennis courts.

The first regular meeting of the "Heliconian" was held on the third Friday of October. Several of the old graduates took part. The meetings, which are held once a month, are to be alternately instructive and entertaining.

On Friday evening, October 27th, a school recital was given in the chapel by the pupils of Mrs. Bradly and Mrs. Arnton. The selections given by Mr. and Mrs. Young made the programme exceptionally pleasing. The object of these recitals is twofold: to give pleasure to those who hear and confidence to the students who take part in them.

We were pleased to have with us at one of our Wednesday night prayer meetings this month Dr. Farmer of McMaster. The subject of the meeting was "Prayer," and especial interest was shown by all.

One of the greatest events of the school year—"The Hallow'en banquet"—was held on Friday evening, Nov. 3. After the dinner one of the most important speeches was that of Chancellor McKay, who spoke to the Moulton girls, as Chancellor, for the first time. His statement of the fact that the gymnasium, so long looked forward to, was to be built in the near future, was heartily applauded by all the pupils. The guests and pupils then repaired to the chapel where an entertainment was given under the direction of Mrs. Arnton, Miss Mosely and Miss Harrison.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR : NORMAN MCCAUSLAND.

JUDSON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—A meeting of of the Judson Missionary Society was called by Principal McCrimmon on the evening of Thursday, Sept. 6, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year : President, Dr. McCrimmon ; vice-president, Norman Shaffer; treasurer, J. Janes, B.A.; recording secretary, Norman McCausland; corresponding secretary, T. J. Hind; advisory committee, N. S. McKechnie, B.A., T. E. Richards, A. E. Kelly, Charles Durden.

AT the first monthly meeting held in the chapel, on Monday, October 23, Rev. H. Laflamme, B.A., of India, delivered an address in his able and attractive style on "Foreign Missions as a Life Work." He spoke at some length on the various ways in which he has been carrying on his work in India, and his address was highly appreciated by all as being both instructive and inspiring. Two excellent selections were rendered by the college quartette, Messrs. E. T. Newton, L. A. Patten, C. L. Brown and R. A. F. McDonald.

HALLOWE'EN.—While the students of Woodstock College endeavor to keep strictly abreast with the times, yet they also most fondly cherish the spirit of antiquity. Each heart beat high with anticipation as Hallowe'en drew near. Messrs. Hodgson and McCausland had been appointed captains beforehand, and they chose their men for the time-honored pillow fight. This took place on the football campus, in the light of the glowing bonfire, instead of in the corridors as on former occasions. About nine o'clock the gong sounded and a sudden sally was made. Then appeared men clad in sweaters and Rugby suits, and armed with pillows, shouting and skipping like roes on the mountains. All were anxious to get at it. At last the order for a charge was given, and Waterloo was but a game of marbles compared with what followed. The swinging, swishing and thudding were unparalled in the annals of history. Skulls were tested, grit was proven, and dexterity was exhibited. The affray lasted for nearly an hour, after which all gathered around the fire and partook of the treat so kindly provided by Vice-Principal McKechnie.

Definition of a Liquid.—The discoveries of science are never complete. Mark, learn and digest the following definition of a liquid as handed to the science master on a recent examination: "A liquid is a fluid highly incomprehensible, almost indigestible, causing a combustible almost unmasterable substance, sticking solidly, moving slowly, forming itself into the shape of the containing vessel as hard as a rock."

The Societies.—The societies are in splendid shape this year. The interest is deep, and the programmes have thus far been thoroughly varied in character. The Saturday afternoon debating society is proving itself to be of great value in the development of extemporaneous speaking. The debate of Saturday, November 4 was intensely interesting, when Humberto Pacini of Columbia, S.A., and Luther Georges of Persia were the leaders, each in defence of his own nationality as the greatest world power in its day. Both gentlemen handled the debate well, especially when we consider their difficulty in finding English words to convey their ideas.

This year the College opened with the personnel of the Faculty considerably changed. Mr. McKerricher, who rendered efficient service in classical work for two years, decided to try his fortunes in the great West, and R. A. F. McDonald, '04, was appointed in his place. A new departure was made in the appointment of an additional member to the staff, the College being fortunate enough to secure Joseph Janes, '05, for the position. These two men came to us as strong factors, their ripe, classical scholarship, genial, sterling character, and love for athletics, making them valuable additions to the teaching fraternity.

On September 15th a reception in the dining-room was accorded the new teachers and students, when the formal welcome to the College life and work was given. With Dr. McCrimmon in the chair, Mr. McNeill, on behalf of the Faculty, extended the freedom of the College to Messrs. Janes and McDonald, welcoming them to noisy corridors and disturbed slumbers, as well as to the noble art of enlarging the mental and spiritual calibre of the young men coming within the College halls. Mr. McCausland performed a similar duty on behalf of the students, and both the new masters responded happily, recalling their own student days within the old institution, and their pleasure in being able to repay their Alma Mater in service for benefits received in the past. Mr. Brown and Mr. Shaffer, on behalf of the Faculty and students, made the new boys feel at home; and Mr. Durden, speaking for the Freshmen, assured them of their success, and expressed his pleasure in meeting such a friendly spirit as pervaded the student's

life. After the reception, an innocent initiation was indulged in, by which the Freshmen were formally installed as regular members of the student body.

We are glad to note that the attendance of the year is materially in advance of last year.

At the request of a large number of the students, Dr. McCrimmon has again entered upon his special Saturday morning lectures in Bible study. Needless to say the class is large, and the work promises to be exceedingly interesting.

The Athletic Association was reorganized early in the term, and the newly-appointed executive are succeeding admirably in the work they have undertaken. The officers for the current year are as follows :—Honorary president, Chancellor McKay ; president, A. T. McNelll, B.A. ; vice-president, Norman Shaffer ; secretary-treasurer, A. E. Fisher. Representatives : Faculty, C. L. Brown, M.A. ; R. A. F. McDonald, B.A. ; 4th year, E. A. Brock ; 3rd year, L. McCrimmon ; 2nd year, ———— ; 1st year, C. A. Russ. Captain Association Football, A. E. Kelly (Senior), A. E. Postill (Junior) ; Rugby Captain, W. H. Firstbrook (Senior), H. G. Hanson (Junior) ; Tennis, W. C. Shaw.

Friday, September 29th, was our annual Field Day. The weather was all that could have been desired, and each event brought forward a good field of competitors. Among the various features of the day, no item occasioned more interest or amusement than the slow bicycle race. This event was won in most inimitable fashion by R. D. Freeman. Upon the completion of the sports programme, all adjourned to the College chapel, where the successful athletes were presented with their badges and prizes. The championship cup and senior medal were won by R. B. Kinnear, and E. F. Gustin carried off the junior championship. George Smith, M.P., occupied the chair and took opportunity to speak strongly in commendation of college athletics, at the same time congratulating the faculty and athletic association on the encouragement that is given to manly sport in this institution.

Both Rugby and Association are in full swing here this fall. Under the leadership of Captain (Tim) Kelley the Association team has played three matches. The first was a draw game (0—0) with Woodstock Collegiate Institute on Monday, October 23rd, followed by the return match on November 1st, resulting in a score of 2—0 in our favor. The third was played on the home

campus with the Tavistock team on Saturday, November 4th, and this also resulted in a victory for us by a score of 1—0.

In Rugby, however, the fates seem to have been against us, for in spite of the fact that all hands battled hard, the score would persist in running up on the opposite side. Early in the fall we entered the Junior Series of the O.R.F.U., and the first league game was played in Galt on Saturday, October 14th. The day was fine and the contest bid fair to be hard and close, the score at half time being 7—5 in favor of the College. But in the second half the tide turned. For twenty minutes the College team seemed to absolutely lose its integrity, and during this interval Galt ran up a big score. During the last ten minutes the team settled to its usual play again and secured a touch-down, which Kinnear converted. Final score, 40—13. The following Saturday saw the return match in Woodstock. The boys were in fine trim, and the game went well. At half-time the score stood 9—5 in favor of the College. In the second half, things still came our way, and it was evident we were out-playing our opponents, but the age and experience of the Galt team began to tell, and through a fumble and an error, they secured a couple of touch-downs, which left the score slightly in their favor. Final score, 17-14.

On Thanksgiving Day, a picked-up team visited London for an exhibition match, but the regular London team out-played the College aggregation.

Amidst all these adverse fortunes and discouraging circumstances, Captain "Fuzzy" Firstbrook deserves great credit for his heroic persistence and unceasing toil.

Here and There.

EDITOR : G. R. M. WELLS, '06.

THE first wielding of the editorial quill means to the embyro editor strange pangs of hopes and fears, and a flutter of heart strings. Very mingled feelings find birth in his breast. What am I here for? What must I do? How must I do it? These and sundry other questions float in cloudy laziness through the writer's mind. At all events our field is wide enough. "Here and There." That means anywhere. Anything from anywhere. Josh Billings always liked hash, because, as he says, "Then I knows what I'm eatin'." Nothing is out of place in hash, and very varied selections and subjects may find a welcome in "Here and There."

As a naturalist wanders from country to country seeking the rare, the beautiful and the curious, so we hope to wander, in a less literal and more literary sense, culling from different publications, whether college or otherwise, whatsoever things are lovely or interesting or droll.

The melancholy days are come. Days of browning fields and reddening leaves. Days when the winds blow high and strong, striking from the Aeolian harps of swaying boughs the clear mournful notes that bespeak the white imprisonment to come. But who does not love the singing of the rustling leaves, and the sound of the wind in the tree-tops. Whose heart does not beat a little more warmly toward the world and his fellowmen for the brightness of the October sun, lacking the unbearable heat of August, for the coat of many colors that nature assumes, for all the beauty and the brightness which goes to reconcile us to the departure of summer?

To certain men October and November bring peculiar pleasures. To the sportsman there comes the enchanting whirr of the partridge, the whistle of the snipe, the call of the wild duck. The hunter of larger game finds solace for all the ills of life in the pleasures found with the Winchester or Marlin and the deep-baying deer hound. To some the fall brings equally keen pleasure in the donning of the unwashable Rugby suit and the pursuit of the flying pigskin. And then to others the fulness of Autumn's joy is found in long walks, preferably where trees abound and breezes have full sweep. Perhaps alone, perchance

with companionship which doubles the pleasures and halves the small vexations, we worship at the shrine of the outdoor world, of Canada in Autumn.

AUTUMN.

Now droops the golden-rod beneath its crown,
And gorgeous are the turrets of the hill;
Upon the sumach's breast are gouts of blood:
But weary are the winds that murmur still;
The sunshine dreaming lies, and now, at eve,
Grow shadows on the lowland, swift and chill.

BETH SLATER WHITSON, *in Appleton's.*

IN the October *Canadian Magazine* William Wilfrid Campbell sings of Canada in her strength and glory, as seen in Autumn. We quote a few verses:

"I stand here where this autumn morn
Autumnal garbs thy hills adorn;

And all thy woodlands flame with fire
And glory of the world's desire.

Far northward lie thy purple hills;
Far vasts between, thy great stream fills.

Ottawa, his fleet tides impearled,
From deep to deep, adown the world.

. . . . . .

Let that brave soul of Britain's race
That peopled all this vastness, trace

Its freedoms fought, ideals won,
Strength built on strength, from sire to son

Till from thy earth-wide hills and seas
Thy manhood as thy strength of trees,

Thy liberty alone compare
With thy wide winnowed mountain air.

And round earth's rim, thine honor glows,
Unsullied as thy drifted snows."

"WELL!" he muttered, butting his head on a landing as he fell down the elevator shaft, "as Mr. Kipling would say, 'That is another story.'"

The Exchange Editor has received the following University and College publications during the past month. "Trinity University Review," "Wm. Jewel Student," "Bowdoin Quill," "O. A. C. Review," "Nassau Literary Magazine," "Queen's University Journal," "Trinity Archive," "Solonian," "Collegian," (Oakland, Va.), "Athenæum," "Philomathean Monthly," "Varsity," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "University of Virginia Magazine," "University of Ottawa Review," "University Monthly," "Kenyon Collegian," "Blue and White," "Diocesan College Mag.," "Vox Wesleyana," "McGill Outlook," "Acta Victoriana," "Hya Yaka," "Prince of Wales," "College Observer," "Vox Collegii." "Rod and Gun in Canada" also comes to the Reading Room in exchange for The Monthly.

LAKES OF THE NORTH.

Lakes of the North, flash out in sheen
Of silver and engirdling green!
White birch and fragrant tamarack,
Your lavish beauties vainly screen.

Lakes of the North, how quaintly ring
Those native sounds:—Temiskaming,
Temagami of jeweled sands,
And deeply-mirrored Couchiching!

Blue spaces of the happy sky
Reflected in your waters lie;
When in the hush of cloudless day,
The fretful loon makes eldritch cry.

The brush of Nature, free as air,
Shall touch your shore lines here and there,
Till deep with gold and rubies set,
The pure wave gleams a crystal rare!

Lakes of the North, tho' winter close
Your death-cold lips in mute repose,
Not all his icy blasts can chill
That glow your lover's bosom knows.

—*University of Ottawa Review.*

"Gee! I wished I was an inventor!" exclaimed Jimmy, loafing outside the baseball park. "What fur?" demanded Micky. "I'd invent a knothole w'at yer could carry 'round wid yer and stick in a fence anywhere yer pleased."—*Blue and White.*

The May-June number of the *University Monthly* of University of New Brunswick, contains poetry by graduates who have become famous, viz: C. G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman. In its column of Personal Mention reference is made to our Dr. Goodspeed and to Dr. Keirstead, both of whom are graduates of that University. . The O. A. C. Review contains a picture of E. J. Zavitz, B.A., of Class '02, McMaster, together with an article from his pen. . *The University of Virginia Magazine*, one of our best exchanges, contains some good poetry, and an interesting story entitled "A Masquerade of Death." *The Solonian* of August has thirteen full pages of pictures of their different classes. . *The Philomathean Monthly* of Virginia has a marriage column. *Acta Victoriana* reports thirteen weddings among Victoria students during the past summer.

ONCE a freshman was washed on the African coast,
Where a cannibal monarch held sway,
And they served up that freshman on slices of toast,
On the eve of that very same day.

But a direful vengeance came swift on their act,
And before the next morning was seen,
By the cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,
For that freshman was terribly green.—*Ex.*

(TIME—The Sabbath Day). The Elder—"Tammas, d'you ken the meanin' o' a work o' necessity?" Tammas—"Ay fine that." The Elder—"Wis shootin' that hare a work o' necessity?" Tammas—"It wis that." The Elder—"Hoo d'you mak' that oot?" Tammas—"Weel, ye see, if I'd waitet till the morn, the hare w'uld ha' been awa!"—*Punch.*

RASTUS—"That there dog o' mine 'ill tackle any fo'ah legged critter dat comes along de road." Uncle Tom—"Dat so? He must be an all-fired good fightah." Rastus—"Dat's just de trouble. He aint no fightah. He can't fight at all. But he don't seem able to reckernise de fac'."

WHO ever thought of a "hug" as a "round-about way of showing affection?" Such, however, was the idea expressed by the First Year man in the English class the other day.—*O. A. C. Review.*

THE
McMaster University Monthly
DECEMBER, 1905

CHRISTMAS: ITS ORIGIN AND CUSTOMS.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

IT is little wonder that Christmas Day is remembered by the many of us as the gladdest of the year. For surely no event in the history of the human race has brought as much happiness as that which this day commemorates. It is commonplace to reassert that December 25th is a holy day, celebrated as the anniversary of the birth of Christ after the flesh. Yet, in our mirth and merry-making, we are sometimes liable to neglect the fact that Christmas is something more than a mere holiday or feast day.

It is true, as most of us expected, that the day as a commemorative feast was first set apart by the Christian church. And it seems a little strange that it is among the later of the feasts which the early church instituted, for we have it recorded that it was at the end of the fourth century when first it was celebrated. From historical research it has become known to us that the feast of the birth of Christ was observed at Antioch, the oldest Christian centre other than Jerusalem, not earlier than 376 A.D., and that ten years later it was far from receiving general observance among the Christians. It is also known that 373 A.D. was the date of the first celebration in the imperial circles at Constantinople. In Rome there is evidence of the feast being kept as early as 366 A.D. Some have attributed the invention of it to one Artemon, a heretic, in Rome.

In some countries the new Christian holy day was made to coincide with an earlier pagan festival. In Italy the feast of the Brumalia, or the shortest day, was observed on December 25th.

The old Scandinavian word "yule," so familiar to us, signifies the feast of the solstice or turn of the sun. And Bede gives us the information that the old English peoples "began the year on December 25th, on the day on which we now celebrate the birth of our Lord." We cannot fail to notice the propriety with which the birthday of Him whom we know as the "Sun of Righteousness" should be associated with the old birthday of the sun.

There was for a long time a view held by the church that the Christmas feast had a double significance. It was observed as commemorating at once the birth and baptismal day of Jesus, and as such was celebrated on January 6th. Clement of Alexandria records the tradition that at the time of Christ's baptism there sounded a voice from heaven saying, "Thou art my beloved Son, this day have I begotten Thee." Hence the baptism was looked upon as the spiritual birth of Christ. Thus it came to be believed that on that day Jesus was born after the flesh, and on the same day thirty years later He was reborn according to the spirit. On that account Christmas was celebrated as a double feast. But this view was soon disregarded, and Christmas came to be conceived as now, the day commemorating the Incarnation.

The custom of bestowing Christmas boxes is one of ancient usage. It may be related to the former custom of people in the Romish Church placing money in a box, called the Christmas box, to pay the priest for his masses. The practice of giving presents is undoubtedly connected with the pagan custom of giving New Year's gifts. Formerly it was the bounty of well-to-do people in reward of industrious service, from which it has come in many cases to be all but demanded as a right. Later usage has made it a manner of expressing in a tangible way the esteem of a friend. Unfortunately it has often degenerated into a mere practice of the exchange of gifts.

The evergreen decking of the Christmas season is another of the customs descended from pagan ancestry. It was the custom in the days when heathendom reigned to adorn the temples on festive occasions with flowers, garlands and evergreen boughs. At first this custom was discountenanced as profane in connection with such a sacred feast as this. But as the people became accustomed to it censure changed to approval, until at length it has come to be considered quite in taste to deck with the evergreen at Christmas.

The words "yule" and "Christmas" have come to be almost synonymous, since the two feasts have become blended into one. The word "yule" is presumed to originate from a word meaning wheel, designating the return of the sun on its annual course after the winter solstice. Through subsequent usage the word quite lost that meaning, and came to mean Christmas. From the festivities of yule came a very interesting ceremony, of burning the yule-log on Christmas eve. The evening before Christmas Day, like the Sabbath, was always observed by our primitive ancestors with a vigil. Hence came our present Christmas eve. On that night they were accustomed to light a number of especially large candles, and upon the fire lay a log called the yule-clog, or yule-log, to illuminate the house as it burst into flame. The burning of the candles and yule-logs may have given rise to the fact that Christmas was called in the Western Catholic church the "Feast of Lights."

It is also interesting to note the origin of our present custom of eating mince-pies and plum-puddings at the Christmas season. It was an ancient practice among bakers to bake a kind of baby or little image of paste, called the yule-dough, and present this to their customers. This was probably intended as an image of the infant Christ and the Madonna. So it was customary among grocers to present their patrons with a pound or half a pound of currants or raisins for a Christmas pudding. From that, doubtless, we have the still common use of mince pies and Christmas puddings at this season.

It seems passing strange that although Christmas is kept as a Christian holy day, and in memory of the incarnation of our Lord, yet many of the customs associated therewith are of pagan origin. And most of these practices help in making this season one of singularly appropriate gladness. So it has come to pass that some of these once heathen rites have received the sanction and benediction of Christendom. And now men everywhere are light of heart and cheerful of countenance when the sound of the Christmas bells goes echoing through the land.

"Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

A. S. Woodburne, '06.

IMMORTALITY.

O Mother Earth, within whose arms I lie—
O Mother Earth, upon whose breast I die—
Turn once to human speech thy fragrant breath—
Say if my future holds or life or death?
Only to perish am I hither come?—
Thine eyes are stone—thine ears are deaf—lips dumb?

O sleepless Stars, world-old, so seeming wise—
O sleepless Stars, with ever-open eyes—
What knowledge have ye gained, with all your seeing,
Of life and death commingled in our being?
O break night's silence ere you sink away:—
They look and vanish. Dawns another day.

O man-voiced, ever-murmuring Sea,
From those sealed lips I turn myself to thee:
Thou secret-keeping, spirit-haunted Deep,
Thou hast some word for human hearts that weep?
The Ocean speaks (think'st thou thy secret won?)
"My waves shall question men but answer none."

World-circling Winds that wing o'er field and flood,
That fan our cheeks and mingle with our blood—
In your unceasing travels have ye found
That land to which our wandering souls are bound?
The hurrying Winds but sigh—"For us no Rest:
Our search like thine is one unending quest."

Beauty, the soul of Nature, hath no voice
To make the longing, loving heart rejoice;
The meaning of the message of the stream
Eludes us like the poet's in his dream;
Winds, Waves, Stars, Earth,—all lovely things that be
Say—"Change alone hath immortality."

Son of the living God, I turn to Thee
Whose Knowledge comprehends Eternity.
In Thee the ages speak, O voice divine,
Vibrant with LOVE unbounded, answer mine;
And as I listen Peace succeeds to strife—
"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

B. W. N. GRIGG, '95.

HIS WEDDING MORN.*

"THE saints bless you, my son, and once more good-bye. It is but natural that you should be in haste to leave the blind old mother for the young bride. Go!"

"Now, my mother, that is a cruel thing to say to the son who loves you; and on his wedding morn, too. Already I have lingered long with you, and it will take two hours to walk over the mountain road to Zigrad. Let your boy go. Before the darkness of night settles down I shall be back, bringing the young bride with me, and she will comfort you in the long hours of the days when I must work and leave you here."

"Great comfort she will be," grumbled the blind woman. "She will think only of her own concerns, and the old blind mother will be more neglected than ever. I know!"

"Mother! you know I have never neglected you; and Anna will care for you as tenderly as she has cared for her father and sisters all these years. Good-bye; I am late now, and must go."

Mitru Popa stepped out of the little farm house rather sadly. Surely a man ought to be happy on his wedding morn. But the old blind mother was very trying. There was not a friend or neighbor who would not have borne eager witness to the untiring love and patience with which he had taken care of her ever since he was old enough to work. Why, she had been entrusted to him by his father when he died, and Mitru Popa was not the man to betray any trust, least of all that of the father whom he idolized.

*This story, by a former student of McMaster, is published in THE MONTHLY by permission of the Butterick Publishing Co.

Her querulous temper and complaining tongue had made his home life very distasteful, but she had had every care and comfort, and now—! Ah! Mitru's face brightened and his step grew lighter, as he turned into the country road out from his little farm. Now he would have Anna to help him, bright, sunny Anna, the joy of her father's home.

People wondered that the prosperous merchant of Zigrad was so glad to give her to Mitru Popa, the petty farmer. Anna had been the housekeeper and home-maker for father and sisters ever since her mother's death. Her father knew well what a blank her absence from home would make. He knew that the other girls could not make things as comfortable. He knew that Mitru Popa's farm could be bought four times over with Anna's dowry,—but he knew Mitru Popa. Yes, that was the secret of it all. He had dealt with him in business and found him honest and thrifty. He had seen him in his home, patient and loving. He had known how hard he was working and studying, and how seldom he was out for pleasure, and he considered Anna very fortunate.

Mitru did not know all this. He was surprised at the cordiality and generosity of his affianced bride's father. He would not have been astonished if his love for Anna had stirred up great opposition. Who would want to lose her? As to her dowry, Mitru gave little thought. Anna was simple in her tastes, and he had sufficient to gratify them. And the long-looked-for day had come, but how late the fretful old mother had kept him!

Mitru had reached the place where he should turn off into the mountain road. He glanced at the sun. It must be some time after nine o'clock, the walk would take two hours, and the wedding was set for noon. It would be a slight to Anna to be late, yet there was no other way but the railroad. That would take him there a half-hour earlier. There was no drawback except the long tunnel, which has only a single line of rails. It would take him twenty minutes at least to go through that, and to be caught by a schnellzug meant certain death. There was his neighbor a year ago—but pshaw! surely a man may hope for good fortune on his wedding morn. He would listen first, and then—he could run faster than anyone else in Teregova. So, humming a love song in his native Hungarian, he strode up to

the mouth of the long, narrow tunnel. It looked like the black throat of a monster waiting to swallow him. But he laughed at such a fancy. Kneeling down, he laid his ear against the rails. There was not the slightest vibration, so resuming his song he entered the tunnel.

It was pitch dark, and he stumbled and tumbled and ceased to sing. There were too many echoes in the tunnel for a song to sound cheerful. By stretching out his arms on either side he could almost touch the walls. Suppose a schnellzug should come! He quickened his footsteps and involuntarily glanced behind him. He had passed a curve, and now both behind and before there was only that uncertain, narrow darkness. Popa had felt the width and vastness of the awful darkness when he was all alone on the mountains at night. The grandeur of it had awed his soul. There was black space stretching out on every side, and for all one could see it stretched into infinity just the same. But this was a very different matter. This darkness was dreadful—it was *narrow*, it shut one in. Outside the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and Anna was waiting. One could go anywhere one chose. But in here one could only go forward or back. There was no escape from the prison-like place. Suppose it should go on like this forever! Suppose a schnellzug—! Mitru began to run.

He must be half way through surely, and the trains were very infrequent, irregular, and slow. Only a few passed through in a day. He could hear it away back in Teregova and he could run. But an awful thought suddenly suggested itself to his mind. Suppose it came through from Zigrad! Well, then he should certainly never come out of this horrible narrow darkness alive. It was narrow, narrow like a coffin! Suppose—

Merciful saints! what was that? A vibration of the rails, a low, rumbling hum, a train coming. Popa stood still. Which way was it coming? If it was from Teregova he might yet escape, but if from Zigrad, he could not, and what need to run to meet it sooner. No man is in a hurry to die like a trapped rat. Which way? Oh, thank heaven, from Teregova! "Now for it!"

Mitru started. Down that horrible narrow darkness he ran. The rumbling grew louder and louder. On, on! Jumping, groping, stumbling, down the tunnel he fled. What use to be

the fastest runner in Teregova if he could not escape that train? What use anyway in this place where the track was uneven and the rails even; where one could not see, and had no time to feel! What use to be a fast runner at all, if all the strength and speed were to be crushed out of the sinewy limbs in the end?

Louder, louder the noise, and faster, faster he ran. Ah! there is the opening ahead of him. A tiny ray of light still, but light!—an end! Out there in the light, rest and safety, life and happiness and Anna! In here, death and darkness. The hum is thunder now, and the run is a race. There is a singing in his ears and a straining of every nerve. Who could bear to die on his wedding morn? To *die*? To be cut up into fragments away from all life and love. Mitru was a devout man, but hitherto he had not thought much about death. If he had done so, it had been a peaceful death in old age, after a lifetime of Anna's love, not a ghastly ending in a wild race. Surely he can gain that outlet! It is only a few yards in front, but the schnellzug is only a few yards behind. His head swam, he put forth his last remaining strength, his heart seemed to burst—and he broke out into the blessed daylight and fell to one side of the track—saved! but by the veriest fragment of time.

. . . . . .

Less than an hour later a frightened face peeped into the room where the maids were attiring the bride, and Anna's father called her. He was very pale. As he tried to tell her what he wanted, his voice broke, and he pushed her before him into his own room. A man, who sat in an armchair, looked up and smiled as she entered. Anna stared at him, and then, with a frightened cry, sprang into his arms. It was her young bridegroom, but his hair was as white as snow.

And at home the old blind mother, nursing her grievance all day, grumbled just then to herself, "He might have stayed a minute longer!"

Ethel Botterill Patterson.

SCATTERED SKETCHES FROM THE EAST.

I.

THE day is just breaking as the boat nears our first Oriental port. Before we can distinguish land, we see the palms, minarets, a forest of masts in the harbor, and the outline of domes painted on the straw color of the sky—a dream-like picture. Day dissipates night's gloom with Eastern leisure. The sky grows more brilliant; there are long lines of clouds, golden and crimson, azure and violet, stretching from the glowing East far into space, until finally they are dissolved in the deep blue of the West. We seem to be gazing miles and miles into an enchanted country—a veritable fairyland. Slowly the sun rolls his broad and flaming disk above the surface of the water, and seems to shower over the waves a flood of molten gold, to light our first glimpse of Orientalism with all his dazzling splendour. As we draw near port we see the city more clearly. It lies low and flat, along a straight coast-line—a streak of white, with the tapering minarets and the temple domes flashing like burnished gold under the rays of the rising sun, with touches of green where clumps of feathery palms show above the terraced roofs, and with the magic splendour of an Eastern sunrise playing over all the scene.

II.

Our first sight of strange dress is that of the pilot and the crew who bring him off; they are Nubians, he a swarthy Egyptian. As the pilot steps on deck in his white turban, loose robe of cotton, and red slippers, he brings the East with him, and we pass under the influence of the Moslem spirit. The Nubian crew, who have all clambered on deck, reveal to us muscles and sinews carved in ebony, teeth of ivory, glistening under lips that seem to have forgotten any other position than a grin, and eyes of jet, rolling so that the white is exposed—presenting to our Western eyes figures that are grotesque in the extreme. The anchor is

scarcely weighed before we are surrounded by row-boats, six or eight deep on both sides, with a mob of boatmen, porters and guides, all standing up and shouting at us in the mixed and broken languages of three continents. They are soon up the side and swarming over the decks—black, brown, yellow, in turbans, in tarbooshes ; in robes of white, blue, red, brown ; in brilliant waist shawls, slippered and bare-legged, bare-footed, and half naked, with little on except a pair of cotton trousers and a red fez ; eager, big-eyed, pushing, yelling and gesticulating ; seizing hold of passengers and baggage, and fighting for possession of the traveller's goods, which seem to him about to be shared among a lot of pirates.

III.

The bazar ! And the people ! We never before saw so much nudity, filth and dirt, or so much poverty and enjoyment of it, or rather, I should say, careless indifference to it. It is difficult to estimate the poverty of these sons of the sunny South, to whom the generous sun has given a warm color for clothing, who have no occupation but to sit all day in the hot sand and lazily stretch out their hand for a little "backsheesh," sufficient to buy the day's sustenance ; who drink at the public fountain, wash in the tank at the mosque, sleep in the doorways and street corners, and who feel sure of their salvation if they but know the direction of Mecca.

And the native bazars reveal to the tourist at a glance the character of the Orient; its cheap tinsel, lavish and brilliant color, and an occasional show of barbaric gorgeousness hiding its squalor and its filth. The shops on each side of the narrow thoroughfare are little more than mere booths, with the merchandise in the rear, and a small platform for the merchant, who sits cross-legged, in front. Upon cords stretched across the front hang specimens of the wares for sale. These little cubby-holes are not only vendors' stalls, but are sometimes whole manufactories as well. Everything goes on open to the public eye. The tailor is stitching, the goldsmith is blowing the bellows of his tiny forge, the saddler is repairing old donkey saddles, the shoemaker is cutting scarlet slippers, the brazier is hammering, the weaver is at his little loom—every trade goes on, adding its own

clatter to the general uproar. And the street is so narrow that three or four people abreast make a jam, and it is packed with these making their way in opposite directions. Through this mass comes a donkey with a couple of bundles of rough underbrush loaded upon him ; or a camel surges in, heavily freighted ; or a Turkish officer, with clanking accoutrements, rides through on his impatiently-stamping steed. A porter jostles along with a heavy box on his head ; a water-carrier with his dripping goatskins rubs through ; the vendor of sweetmeats finds room for his broad tray ; the orange and banana man carries his basket of fruit balanced upon his head, into the midst of the throng ; and the Jew cries out his wares of antique brasses and still more antique raiment. Everybody is jostled, and pushed, and jammed ; but everybody is in an imperturbable good humor, for no one is really in a hurry. We have come into a land of perpetual holiday. Under this sun and in this air there is nothing to do but enjoy life and attend to religion five times a day. We look into a mosque. In the cool court is a fountain for washing. The room is sweet and quiet, and upon its clean strip of matting a row of Arabs are prostrating themselves toward the ever-burning lamp that indicates the direction of Mecca.

IV.

The parched and heated desert, stretching away into the distance, where sand and sky meet in a quivering, throbbing glare of heat. Overhead, a blazing sun swinging high in the brazen heavens. Wearily shambling along through all this heat is a long line of camels—the unchanged quintessence of Orientalism. The long, bended neck apes humility, but the supercilious nose, held high in the air, expresses perfect contempt for all modernism. The contrast of this animal's ancient conceit with the royal ugliness of the beast is both awe-inspiring and humorous. He is a mass of bones, faded tufts, humps and lumps. His tail is a ridiculous wisp, and a failure as an ornament or fly brush. His feet are simply big sponges. For skin he seems to have old buffalo hides with the hair worn off in patches. His voice is even more disagreeable than his appearance. And yet this ungainly creature carries his head high in the air, and looks upon the world out of

his great brown eyes with contempt. The Sphinx is not more placid, nor a pyramid more ancient in appearance. Ancient? Royal? The very poise of his head says plainly: "I have come from the mists of dim antiquity, before history was; I saw Menes come and go; I assisted in the building of yon great pyramid; Egypt was mine before it could boast of an obelisk or a temple; yea! I am of an older lineage than your very gods! Did I not carry your ancestors across the great desert? Did I not see the rising of the 'Star in the East'? And did I not bear the great Gordon to his conquests? There are three of us: The date palm, the pyramid, and myself. All else is modern. Go to!"

J. Dixon Craig, '07.

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

FTER graduating from Cambridge Milton spent five years in study at Horton. During this time he wrote the poems L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. Written early in life, before the poet had become engrossed with the politics of the times, they show us the young student delighting himself with classical mythology, with idyllic picturings, and with exquisite music. The poems are similar, yet their similarity, though inviting a comparison, accentuates their dissimilarities.

L'Allegro might be said to be a landscape by Corot. It is sparkling with color, glowing in unclouded sunlight, giving forth the very breath of the moist earth. The coloring in it is sensuous and brilliant; the scenes stand out in the clear sunlight or in the warm fire of the hearth. Il Penseroso on the other hand might be a work of Rembrandt. In it there is no sportive coloring, no coruscation or dazzling brightness. The scenes are overspread with the gray brownish mellowness of dim twilight or of the leaden sky.

The poems are similarly planned. Each has an introduction of ten alternate iambic trimeter and pentameter lines. The conclusions of both are the same in form. The titles of the poems are Italian names which suggest the subjects of the poems—

L'Allegro, the mirthful man, and Il Penseroso, the thoughtful man. In L'Allegro Milton describes an ideal day for the mirthful man, a day of pleasure, varying in intensity and character, and which may minister to the changing moods of joyous emotion. In Il Penseroso he describes an ideal day for the thoughtful man, and here also we find the pleasures varied to suit the transient moods of grave reflection. L'Allegro begins with a dismissal of Melancholy and an invitation to Mirth, the daughter of the morn, to be present with all her attendants, Jest, Jollity, Sport and Laughter. Il Penseroso invites Melancholy, the staid daughter of Vesta and Saturn, and dismisses the vain, deluding joys, the pensioners of Morpheus' train. The L'Allegro mirth is clothed in smiles, in laughter in the golden light of the dawn, crowned with fresh-blown roses washed in dew. The attendant of Il Penseroso is a nun, clad in Ethiop black, wearing her "rapt soul setting in her eyes."

The scenes in L'Allegro are full of light and life. As it is the moods of the mirthful man which are delighted, we find throughout the poem quick transformations of scenery and pleasures, and a succession of melodious sounds. The pleasures begin at dawn, out in the open country. The soul of the man drinks in the growing light of the day. His heart revels in the lark's song. Quickly the scene changes, the dawn gives way to the glory of the full sun,

> "Robed in flames of amber light
> The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

The solitary music of the lark becomes lost in the music of life and animation, the shrill clarion horn, the whistling of the ploughman, and the song of the milkmaid. New pleasures are added, the peacefulness of the far off landscape, with its mountains nestling in the clouds, and with its towers and battlements enveloped in the forest, casts its charm about him, and his soul drinks in the music of "the shallow brooks and rivers wide." The day advances. The pleasures of the heart are one by one presented to satisfy the mirthful man. The rustic cottage, with its simple folk at the midday meal, appeals to him. His heart rejoices in the brilliance of the holiday scene, and in the rythmic music of the rebecks he is satisfied. At nightfall he welcomes the warmth of

fire, and enjoys the spicy nut brown ale and the fairy stories. Again, with changing mood, the scene shifts. Before him is spread the brilliancy and splendor of baronial halls, of knights and gorgeous ladies. All is dazzling brightness; the light of the splendor vies with the brilliancy of the sunrise. There is no moon to darken the light with its silvery rays. As the scenery shifts so also does the music. The rebecks give place to the soft Lydian airs. The sinuous, dreamy music of the heart floats about him, bearing its champak odors, and the richness of Elysian flowers. Lost in this lurkéd sweetness long drawn out, with wanton head and giddy cunning, the heart of the mirthful man breathes,

> "These delights, if thou canst give,
> Mirth with thee I mean to live."

The scenes in Il Penseroso are hidden. They are the imaginings of the mind, and as such are ideals. As in L'Allegro, it is the moods of the thoughtful man which are satisfied, but whilst in L'Allegro, the pleasures are of the heart, in Il Penseroso they are of the mind—intellectual. The moon bearing her course through the fleecy clouds spreads a mysterious twilight over all the darkened earth, but in the stillness the song of the nightingale stirs the soul. No sparkling trills startle the subdued landscape, but the bird pours forth its song as chantress of the wood. The scene changes, but it is no startling ministration of nature which causes the transformation.

> "The far off curfew sound,
> Over some wide-watered shore
> Swinging low with sullen roar,"

brings up the faint outline of the towered monastery and the watery waste, and the soul of the thoughtful man is rejoiced. No music of outward harmony breaks upon this unseen scene, but the thoughtful one hears those unheard sweeter melodies. But the true pleasures of the thoughtful man are found in the society of thoughts. Thus we find him enjoying the bliss of solitary study, "high in some lonely tower." Here he finds his soul with the treasures of the ages. No brilliant company of

courtiers crowd around, no happy company of cottagers drink in friendly company, but alone he seeks to ensphere

> " The spirit of Plato to enfold
> What worlds or what vast regions hold
> The immortal mind."

The mirthful man sought not his pleasures in books, or in thought, but the thoughtful one revels in philosophy, in tragedy, in poetry and history. The scenes change: the silvery light of the moon gives place to the twilight of dawn. But it is not the dawn of L'Allegro. The morn comes in with rocking winds and falling rain. The lark's song is supplanted by the rustle of leaves and the droppings of the water from the rivers. But whilst the mirthful man delights in the brilliance of the feasting hall with its music, the thoughtful man rejoices in the shades of the cloister with its antique pillars, massy proof and storied windows richly dight, casting a dim religious light. Here too is music, but it is the music of the organ, pouring forth its multitudinous volumes of harmonies. It is the music of the spheres, of forests and enchantments drear, "where more is meant than meet the ear." As the soul of the thoughtful man is dissolved into ecstasies it cries forth

> " These pleasures, Melancholy, give
> And I with thee will choose to live."

Throughout the poems we find a balance, L'Allegro is the poem of the heart, Il Penseroso the poem of the soul. The pleasures of L'Allegro, its scenery and its sounds are sensuous—they are presented to the sight and to the hearing. The pleasures of Il Penseroso, on the other hand are those of the soul. The pleasures, scenes and sounds are purely intellectual, and as such are present not to the senses but to the soul.

Robert H. Roberts, '07.

THE KEY-LOG.*

TO SEE him you would have thought he was an angel—square-shouldered, clean-limbed, and topped with a head and face you could not help looking at. But it did not take us long to find out he had almost the temper of a fiend. As soon as he joined our shanty the boys dubbed him "The Angel," because he looked so much like one. The name stuck because he wasn't.

The Angel was indeed a queer stick of timber. In my life in the woods I have seen many a pine like him—stout, straight trunks, trunks that look as if they would stand up without a shiver against a hundred Nor'westers blowing all at once straight off the Georgian Bay; but all of a sudden over they go in a little whiff you wouldn't feel on your cheek, dragging down with them all the sound timber in a chain's length. With their tight, smooth bark and bushy tops they make as pretty a piece of standing timber as you ever saw; but once down you find nothing in them but punk, knots and cross-grain. That's the Angel from foot to tip. He looked made to stand the joking of all the shantymen from Waubaushene to French River. Instead, he flew into a fury before anyone had even thought of a joke, and then—well, the oaths tumbled out of him like logs over a chute at floodtime, and heaven help the boy that gets in the way. He was the best you could get in the whole shantying business all the way from turning prime flapjacks to swinging an axe and working a cant-hook; all the same, you couldn't find a boy in the camp to say a good word for him. Being the boss, I kept him on only because we were short of men.

Now, in the knottiest timber you sometimes find the prettiest grain you could wish a saw to buzz through; that's something every lumber-jack knows. Still we weren't ready for the news Alec McDougall brought us one night during one of the Angel's sourest spells.

"Say, boys," he said solemnly.

*We reprint this story by one of our graduates by permission of The Westminster Co., Toronto.

This sounded like news, and all the lads quit their games.

"Say, boys, what d'you think?"

"Hurry up, skid your log," one of them called out.

"Well," Alec drawled, "wouldn't you fellows be surprised at seeing a wildcat purring over the pretty sunset out there?"

"Out with it!" several shouted.

"And at seeing the Ragged Rapids run up hill, eh?"

"Quick, old man, we're playing a game."

"Well, it's the Angel. He's in love."

You could hear only the roaring of the stove; and even that seemed to soften a little.

"And with a dirty brown onion in a tomato-can."

The boys smiled grimly and turned back to their game; but Alec rose quickly to his feet and brought his hands together with such a slap that you would have thought you were listening to the collision of two logs in an eddy.

"No, fellows," he said, "I'm not joking. This morning I should have said a timber-wolf could join the church sooner than the Angel would say a kind word to any earthly thing. But only fifteen minutes ago there he was in the shed on his knees in front of an onion sprouting in a tomato-can, and talking to it just as we would talk to a baby sister. He stroked the long, thin leaves and rubbed them against his face. Once he laughed quietly, as if the little thing had said something funny. For a long time he talked on and on in a low tone about when it would be big, how sweet it would be, how nice to look at, and such like. After that he laid the can down and pressed the earth around the plant as if putting it to bed. Boys, I couldn't stand it any longer, and slipped out—without him seeing me."

"What do you make of the Angel anyway?" one of the boys asked the crowd in general.

Sandy Pete was too quick for the rest of them and shouted, "What under the sun could any one make of a —— ?"

At that instant the Angel walked in, scowling like a thunder-storm, just as though he had guessed what Sandy was going to say about the hopeless state of his brains. Sandy was scared, and shut up before he had said all his say. The Angel took a lantern and went out again.

"Fool? Not on your winter's pay!" broke in Alec's brother

who was spending a couple of days with us in camp. "Fool, you say? That Angel's got just as many million feet of good timber in him as there are in you and me ; but, bust it all, it's jammed——that's what's the matter—jammed tighter than the jam in the Ragged last spring. Some day one of us will find the key-log in him, and then we'll be all rolling over one another to be the first to say he's a friend of our's. Just you blaze that trail in your minds."

We did blaze it in, and there it stayed as the winter went on. By a few days before Christmas the onion had grown into a tall, red bunch of flowers as sweet as mayflowers in the woods. But the Angel—he had grown sourer than ever. The weather was keen as a pack of hungry timber wolves. Early in December, Long Lake, close beside our shanty, was frozen over from shore to shore—a five mile stretch of ice as hard as oak. Soon a well-worn team track ran clear across it from the nearest railroad station to the town of Calumet—a short cut that means a saving of thirty miles in winter. But three days before Christmas a warm wind blew up and sent all the snowdrifts scampering in floods to the gullies and streams. Spring freshets?—they are creeks beside that thaw! Then suddenly, on the day before Christmas, we heard a bang. We thought a sleigh-load of dynamite had gone off on bumping over a hummock. We looked out over the lake. There was the ice heaving up in mid-lake like a ridge of hills, and smashing into powder. In an hour the most of it had subsided and the water was running in a wide open channel down to the Georgian Bay. Good-bye to the short cut and the boys' Christmas trip to Calumet! Still they all took their disappointment like angels, and only the Angel himself growled.

The next morning we were all together in the long shanty, the most of us swapping yarns about the biggest Christmas dinner we had eaten, and trimming our appetites for this one. The cook—old one-legged Andy—was skewering turkeys and boiling plum puddings ; Alec McDougall was patching up his kerseys, and the Angel was sitting as usual, lonesome as a loon, by the south window, looking at his onion—and I must say it was a mighty pretty onion.

All of a sudden there was a knock on the door and in walked a woman—yes, sir, right into the middle of all those noisy yarns

and the smell of the cooking. Every yarn was chopped off short, and the boys just looked. She was a picture—just the kind we shanty-boys could appreciate. She made us all think of a maple in the frosty fall—stately and bright; but when she left the door and came towards us, she moved like a young silver birch swaying in the wind.

"Could any of you gentlemen take me across the lake. The sooner I get to Calumet the better; in fact, I must get there." She had an axe to grind, and she got right at it.

"Lady," I said, as nicely as I could, to keep up the reputation of us "gentlemen," "lady, it's thirty miles around, and all the roads are gone—simply drowned out. It will take you two days at least, that is if you get there at all."

"Across the lake, I meant."

"Lady," I said, "just step to the window a moment, if you please. You see that cake of ice—that one whirling around like a buzz saw? That will be powder in no time; and that's the chance you or the rest of us would have. I'm very sorry."

"But, sir, couldn't you manage it with a boat—a strong one? I must reach Calumet."

"Lady, a large boat would be harder to handle than a small one." It was hard work saying all these disappointing things to a pretty lady and not seem hard-hearted.

"I would risk it in any kind of boat—any kind at all. Will you take me?"

"Ma'am, we've got only a canoe in camp, and that would be swallowed up like sawdust in a whirlpool."

"If you will only try it, I am willing to pay you anything you ask."

"It's hard to be impolite, lady," I answered, "but the money wouldn't be of much use to me seeing that I couldn't spend it at the bottom of the lake."

"But I must, I must get there without delay." She was sobbing now, and her pretty face was a sight to see. I felt sad myself, although, perhaps, what I said didn't show it.

"Lady," I said calmly, "I'll guarantee to get you around the lake by to-morrow morning."

"Thank you. But I fear—I know it will be too late." At that she broke down again. After awhile she looked up and said,

"It's my boy, and I was telegraphed to come right away or—— I thank you so much for offering to take me around. But oh! I dread to be too late. 'Twould be better not to go at all."

What could we say? Had it been possible to get across that water in any way, not one of those shanty-boys would have held back. Her boy! We knew what that meant. More than one of us had left little fellows behind, and what if something were to happen to them? I often think a man is like an untouched forest. We cut and cut along its edges, but not for years do we get to know what kind of timber stands at its heart. And even then it always looks the same from the outside. She looked pleadingly at each one of us in succession, but in spite of all, we felt we could not say one word.

But all of a sudden her face brightened and she started for the window where the Angel sat. "What a beautiful hyacinth!" she cried out.

Well, you ought to have seen that fellow. Mad as a nest of bees? No, sir; but just as sweet as honey. Considerably embarrassed, too, he was. His face got as red as a maple leaf and then as pale as birch-bark. He looked as if he felt all hands and feet and didn't know where to put them. And then such a good look came over his face that he really seemed like an angel feeling rather surprised and out of place in a shanty full of swearing lumber-jacks. He was as dumb as the rest of us.

"Did you grow it yourself? You must have, you seem to like it so." The pretty woman said that just loud enough for us to hear and just soft enough for the Angel to think it was all for himself.

The prettiest and quickest loosening of a log-jam I ever saw —and I've seen a number in my day—was twenty years ago up the French River; it wasn't half so quick nor so pretty as the way the Angel give in. The key-log to his make-up had been found. And then, just like logs in a good full head of water, the words streamed out of him one after the other as if he had been used to talking all his life. He forgot all about us and the shanty and looked only at the flower and the lady beside him. We thought what a handsome fellow he was, and felt proud we had somebody around who could talk properly to ladies. Angel seemed a pretty good name after all.

"Yes, lady," he went on, "I brought the bulbs with me last fall. This is the only one that has grown. That's why I have been so very careful of it. Every day as the sun swings around I move it from window to window. That's what gives it its good color. Doesn't it smell sweet? They all call it an onion and think I'm a fool. You are the first one to call it by its right name." Here he stopped very awkwardly and reddened up. "If you like, I'll take you over the lake."

The woman started. "They say it's impossible. We'll be drowned."

"I'll get you over all right. Don't fear."

"Right away?"

"Yes."

The calm way in which the woman settled down to wait till the Angel would be ready made the boys mad. Andy jumped up and shouted:

"What d'you think you're going in? My dish-pan?"

"The canoe."

"It's murder."

The Angel turned sharply. "Look here, Andy. If I don't get the lady over and get back here myself before dinner, then I'll eat my Christmas dinner in——" I knew what was coming, and clapped my hand over his mouth so that he wouldn't shock the lady.

"Boys," I said, "let him go." And we did, partly through fear and partly because we knew that when he talked that way he always carried things through.

He went out, and in a few minutes appeared dragging the old canoe from the shed in one hand, and in the other carrying a maple paddle, in the handle of which stuck out a long, stout spike. The woman followed him like a fawn after its mother. When they reached the edge of the slippery ice—more slippery than ever owing to the thin film of water over it—they stopped and got in the canoe right there on the ice. The woman faced the stern and leaned back against the forward thwart; the Angel kneeled under the stern thwart. Then we saw what the spike was for. The Angel stabbed it three or four times in the ice and the canoe shot forward like a log in the rapids, headed straight for the most open part of the channel where the water was not so

lively. Once at the edge of the ice it glided over into the current steady and well-trimmed as a house, and then like a flash the paddle was turned right end up. The Angel was as strong on the paddle as a team on a chain, and before we could believe our eyes had shoved the canoe without a wabble high up on the opposite edge. A few prods with the spike sent it to the limits of the slippery ice. The boys cheered hard when, a minute or two after the Angel helped the woman out and started with her towards the house on the north shore to get a team to take her to Calumet.

"Boys," I called out, "let's go back; he'll be home to have his dinner with us all right." All the same, I rather mistrusted my own words.

In an hour Andy was ready with the turkey, but the Angel had not yet returned. Although he was peppery by nature and hated the Angel worse than poison, he agreed to wait an hour longer. Jnst before time was up I slipped outside unnoticed and looked out over the lake. No Angel—nothing but the wild open channel and a few swirling drift-logs. A quarter of a mile down one log was teetering on the jagged edge of the ice. On the far shore I saw a team return from the hills behind and enter one of the farm buildings. Still no Angel. This was the first time that I had felt no anger against him—I scarcely knew why.

At length I walked down to the stranded log. Log? It was the old canoe—empty.

The boys were already at dinner when I opened the door. Before I was fairly inside and had a chance to speak they had stopped eating and talking.

"Fellows," I said, "the Angel's eating a far better dinner than we are to-day, and in a far better place."

That was the quietest Christmas I ever knew in a logging camp or out of it.

The next morning when I went to the window to water the Angel's pretty flower, I couldn't find it anywhere. Then Andy stumped up to me quietly and said in my ear: "I did it, boss. I never could stand seeing funerals without flowers."

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

The McMaster University Monthly.

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VOL. XV. DECEMBER, 1905. No. 3

Editorial Notes.

WE had expected in this issue to print an appreciation of the work and worth of Dr. Goodspeed, but are obliged to defer doing so until next month. The brother preparing the article, who is one of the busiest men in the denomination, has found it impossible to have it ready for this month. Inasmuch as he is the very man to say the right word about our former professor, we are sure that readers of THE MONTHLY will justify us in acquiescing in his request for an extension of time.

LAST month we had to omit any mention of Dr. Harris' course of lectures on "Worship in the Spirit." On behalf of faculty and students we desire to tell Dr. Harris, through THE MONTHLY, that we all greatly appreciated his exposition of the thought of the Book of Exodus, and that we are grateful to him for the inspiration derived from his presence with us. We beg to assure him that we look forward to another course next year, and that we should be glad to know that his lectures were to be a permanent feature of our University life.

Book Reviews.

BACON'S ESSAYS.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, M.A., late Professor of English in Mercer University, has recently edited a volume of the Essays of Francis Bacon in the Macmillan Pocket Classics series. It is neatly bound in cloth, and well printed on good paper, the typography being excellent throughout. The frontispiece is an engraving of Lord Bacon. In the introduction are articles on the "Life of Bacon," "Bacon as a Philosopher," and "The Essays." A bibliography is also given. Notes are inserted at the end of the volume. They are copious, yet commendable in their conciseness. A feature of value is the reference marks placed in the body of the Essays, which indicate notes explanatory of the passages where these are found. The insertion of brief notes at the bottom of the pages which require them would, perhaps, have served still further to aid in the facility of reading the Essays. This could have been done, at least in the case of the translation of foreign phrases, without any sacrifice of pedagogical principles. The volume is completed by an index to the notes. It will be thoroughly suitable for young students, which the editor intimates is its purpose, and we predict a large use of it by schools and colleges. Morang & Co. are the Canadian publishers, and the price is twenty-five cents net. We are glad to note that Professor Clarke is a graduate of McMaster University, he having obtained both his degrees here—B.A. in 1895, and M.A. in 1896. His earliest literary efforts were on behalf of THE MONTHLY.

W. J. G.

WILFRED CAMPBELL'S COLLECTED POEMS.

This volume reached us too late for review in this issue. We can, however, strongly recommend it to lovers of poetry as a Christmas gift. William Briggs, the publisher, has produced it handsomely.

Correspondence.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinion of correspondents. In all cases correspondents must send their names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Graduates and undergraduates are invited to express their mature opinions on matters of general interest to the members of the University.

INITIATION.

To the Editor McMaster Monthly.

Dear Sir,—One cannot help notice the decided change that has come about in McMaster in the welcoming of the newcomers. It was not, in the good old days, as it now is. Then the freshman was given the glad hand, tendered a banquet, and welcomed generally as one human being might be expected to be received by another. The speeches at the banquet gave firmness of knees to the timid and a change of perspective to the sorry spectacle of the verdant youth with the inflated cranium who thought that these halls had never seen his like. There was much advice, sage and otherwise, and the freshman was received on approbation. If it were later found that he did not fit well into his surroundings—had corners which stuck into the comfort of his seniors, they were promptly ground off, and the obnoxious party squelched till he did fit—provided, of course, that the case was not absolutely incurable. (Occasionally one is.) But ah ! the Golden Age has gone. The oldest inhabitants remember, too, that a very fair quality of graduate was turned out in the days gone by. Out-of-date, juvenile modes of initiation, such, for example, as have lately been practised, are not likely to improve the type. They will add respect neither to the victim's estimate of himself nor of those who have put him through such a process. To those who have been, perhaps thoughtlessly, the means of bringing about the change and perpetuating it, should come the thought that the world is marching on. Even if, at McMaster, we cannot be pioneers in the saner methods of initiation, it is to be hoped that there is no one who does not wish that we should at least keep up with the times.

I have no desire, sir, to hide behind a pseudonym, and am,

Yours sincerely, W. J. Grigg.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.†

EDITOR: HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

"A man's a man for a' that."

YULE-TIDE GREETINGS.—It is again the season of plum pudding and roast turkey, of holly and mistletoe, and we are of one accord in heralding its approach. The freshman begins to lose that pale, wan look, and even the melancholy of home-sickness has to give way before his eager anticipations. The sophomore tries to assume a "don't care" attitude, but if there are two trains going his way for Christmas he shows a decided preference for the earlier. The junior confesses to a feeling of slight disgust with the way things have been going around the halls of late. I wonder why? Even the senior drops meanwhile his look of stern dignity, and acknowledges that he is glad to go home. And theologs are very liable to forget their high calling, so great is the exuberance of youth that sends the blood pulsating through their conscientious veins. It is one of the few questions upon which students can have unanimity of feeling, and the thoughts of home, mater, cupid, Santa Claus, mince pie, mistletoe, etc., etc., chase one another so fast that the general good humor cannot but find expression. Some one has suggested that a few words of sage advice would perhaps prove of advantage to some of our number. So it has been thought advisable to counsel intending ministers not to remain under the mistletoe for more than 1 minute 59 seconds at a time. Nor is it becoming in gentlemen to bestow Christmas gifts upon more than three lady friends, or more than three on the same friend. Neglect not in the festivities of yule to secure a proper portion of your time in the arms of Morpheus. Be sure you have in your possession a good prescription for indigestion, as there is quite a probability of your needing it. Keep as your attitude towards the approaching examinations that of the old maxim, "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." An observance of these bits of counsel (of course not too rigid) will doubtless prove of the highest theoretical value. And in conclusion, take with you the best wishes of the McMASTER MONTHLY for a glad and merry holiday season. "A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year!"

† In the absence of the editor, Mr. R. H. Nobles, during November and December, this column of the paper is under the supervision of A. S. Woodburne, '06.

Higher Spelling.—First student—"How do you spell 'mistletoe'?" Second student (who professes to be an advanced thinker) "When her folks are around, m-i-s-t-l-e-t-o-e; otherwise, k-i-s-s."

The Lit.—A regular meeting of the Lit. was held on Friday evening, Nov. 10th. Mr. F. S. Beddow, '06, gave a very interesting chalk talk on "Facts, Fancies and Fooleries, about heads and faces." Mr. Beddow's drawings were very amusing, especially the series on "Little Willie." Mr. T. Wearing, '09, gave a reading. Miss O. Harton, '06, and Mr. G. C. McEwen, '07, gave an excellent instrumental duet, and the Misses Kennedy, '08, and Lemon, '09, brought the program to a close with a vocal duet.

Stable Colonization.—Lecturer in second year history—"The colonists who settled the State of Virginia brought out with them a large number of cattle, which put the State on a more stable basis."

Y.W.C.A. Reception.—On Wednesday evening, Nov. 15th, the Y.W.C.A. held a reception in the chapel for the newly-instituted advisory board, which has proven of so much help in the association of other colleges. The ladies who have kindly consented to act upon this committee are Mrs. Elmore Harris, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Firstbrook and Mrs. Robertson. There were several of the professors' wives present, and also representations from 'Varsity and Victoria. The president, Miss Lottie Burke, '06, occupied the chair, and the program consisted of a vocal duet, Miss E. Kennedy, '08, and Miss May Lemon, '09; recitation, Miss Eva Wilkins, '07; a short talk on the ideals of our young women for this year, Miss A. M. Waters, '07; an address on the work of other colleges by Miss Rankin, Dominion college secretary. Miss Una Saunders, of Somerville College, Oxford, who was the guest of the evening, gave a most helpful and instructive resume of her experience in Y. W. work in India, South Africa, Germany and Holland, also telling of the critical position of the women students in Russia. After the program a social hour was spent, when refreshments were served.

In the Dining Room.—Jealous freshman, to senior who was smiling serenely on one of the maids—"If you don't stop that you will get a lasso around your neck." Observant professor—"Perhaps he would not object if it were the lass 'o waits on this table."

The Ladies' Lit.—The Ladies' Literary League met on Thursday, Nov. 16th, the vice-president, Miss Shields, '07, occupying the chair. The program consisted of an instrumental duet by the Misses Pugsley and Macintosh, '08, a paper on the life of Mendelssohn by Miss Moore, '09; a vocal solo, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," by Miss Kennedy, '08; a paper on Chauminade, by Miss Etta Pugsley; and one of Chauminade's compositions, played by Miss Moore. Mrs. Fenton-Arnton very kindly consented to read selections from Henry Van Dyke's poem, "Music," which every one enjoyed.

Letters Home.—Father, reading son's letter—"I am learning mechanics. It is very interesting. A horse power equals 550 foot pounds per second." Father—"That must be Darby, he always has been a blamed critter to kick."

The Open Lit.—On Friday, Nov. 17, the Literary society held its first open meeting for the term '05-'06. In spite of disagreeable weather, Castle Memorial Hall was filled with an appreciative audience. Mr. J. B. Pengelly, '06, presided throughout an attractive entertainment. Miss Grace L. Stone and Miss Dora McLay opened the program by a well executed piano duet. The McMaster male quartette—composed of Messrs. Brouillett, Buchanan, McKechnie and W. F. L. Edwards—scored success. The next number was a reading delivered with excellent expression by Mrs. Fenton-Arnton. The first half of the program was concluded by a solo by Mr. Donald R. Van Sickle. The quartette introduced the second part of the program with a Southern song, which elicited much applause. This was followed by the feature of the evening, in the form of an address on "A Perspective of Canadian History" by the Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D. The address outlined the history of Canada giving particular attention to the constitutional phase of her development. The address was a literary and oratorical treat and received a great ovation. The program was concluded with a vocal solo by Miss Lulu Bryce, which called forth an enthusiastic encore. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem and with three hearty cheers by the students for the Hon. G. W. Ross.

Class Rally.—On the evening of November 21, class '07 assembled at the home of Dr. Farmer, their honorary president, to enjoy a social time. Class rallies for some time have not figured among McMaster students, but the Junior rally was pronounced such a decided success by all who were present that the representatives from the other classes will probably persuade their classmates to follow the good example.

Our Junior Senior.—The Monthly is privileged to chronicle the entrance into this world of Mr. John Phillips McKinnon. Congratulations are entended to the seniors in general on the addition to their class, and in particular to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McKinnon, both '06, the happy parents of the bouncing boy.

Inter-College Debate.—On November 23rd, a strong body of McMaster students marched over to Knox College to witness the struggle for supremacy in argument between their chosen representatives and those of Knox College. The McMaster men were shown to seats in the rear of the Convocation Hall and the Presbyterians occupied the gallery. College yells were freely given and songs of good-fellowship heartily sung while the audience was gathering. The subject of debate for the evening was, "Resolved, that the Chinese immigration act (1903), is detrimental to the best interests of Canada." J. M. Warner, B.A., and W. A. Cameron, '06, of McMaster University, upheld the affirmative, and the negative was supported by H. R. McCracken and J. D. McRae, B.A., of Knox College. The three gentlemen chosen to decide were Judge McLaren, N. W. Hoyles, K.C., LL.D., and F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B. In giving the judges' decision Mr. Justice McLaren said that the question had been admirably debated by both parties. He said that individually the judges had had some difficulty in coming to a decision, but that they had arrived at the same conclusion, which was that the affirmative excelled in both style and matter. Rev. J. A. McDonald, M.A., of the *Globe*, occupied the chair during the evening.

Political Science Club.—The members of the Political Science Club were very fortunate on November 27th in having Staff Inspector D. Archibald to address them. He spoke very interestingly on the subject, "Influences Leading to Criminality," dealing especially with the question of the saloon and theatre.

A Paradox.—Lecturer in first year history—"What is the seat of war?" Freshette, in a stage whisper—"A standing army, sitting down."

Ladies' Inter-collegiate Debate.—On Friday, November 24th, a very interesting debate between the ladies of 'Varsity and McMaster took place in Castle Memorial Hall. The subject was: "Resolved, that in residential colleges in America the student body shall be self-governing." Miss Van der Smissen and Miss Osborne, of University College, upheld the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Miss Pugsley and Miss

Waters, of McMaster. The debate was judged by Dr. Wallace, Dr. Keirstead, and Mr. Houston. Miss Rowntree opened the program with a well-rendered solo, and while waiting for the judges' decision a duet was sung by Miss Kennedy and Miss Lemon. We were very fortunate in having with us Mrs. Fenton-Arnton, who read "A Pair of Egyptian Slippers," and responded to an enthusiastic encore with "Quaker Courtship." Needless to say, the judges were enthusiastically welcomed when they returned. Mr. Houston said that it was very hard to reach a decision, for the debate was of a high order of excellence, and all the speakers gave evidence of careful preparation; the delivery was good and the arguments skilfully presented. When he announced that the negative had carried the day there was great jubilation among the McMaster students. After a vote of thanks had been tendered the judges, the meeting closed with "Thy Praises, McMaster."

A New By-Product.—Professor in political economy—"It has been remarked by one of the great packers that their industry has been so extended that they now use up every part of the hog excepting the grunt." Ingenious senior—"Perhaps they will be able to sell that to Sousa's band."

Dr. Farmer's Lecture.—On Friday evening, November 24th, Castle Memorial Hall was filled with an interested audience of students and outside friends to hear Dr. Farmer's postponed lecture on "Glimpses of the East." Chancellor McKay presided, and spoke of our pleasure in having Prof. Farmer amongst us once more. The lecture was a vivid sketch of his trip last year to Europe and the nearer East. The listener sailed, in imagination, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, saw the glory and the art of Naples, lingered over the noble ruins of old Athens, glided past the site of ancient Troy with mind filled with thoughts of Hector and Achilles, and visited the scenes associated with sacred history—Jerusalem, with its Jewish wailing place and its guard of Turkish soldiers to keep peace among the Christians, Bethany, Nazareth, Capernaum, Damascus the beautiful. All were graphically described. In conclusion, Prof. Farmer expressed his pleasure at being once more at home, and said that after all, one's most precious experiences do not come while abroad, but usually while doing one's everyday work.

Color-Blindness.—Professor in philosophy, who has been speaking of the fallibility of the human understanding—"Can you tell the difference between an orange and a yellow dog?" Bewildered student—"No, sir." Amused professor—"Then I would not like to send you to buy my oranges."

Founder's Day. — The University authorities decided to divert this year from the former custom of celebrating Founder's Day near the end of the fall term, and so the "at home" was given on the evening of December 1st. The new arrangement afforded the opportunity to a larger number of students to attend and entertain their friends. The function this year was a pronounced success numerically, as well as from the standpoint of pleasure. From eight to nine o'clock a reception was held in Castle Memorial Hall, when Chancellor and Mrs. McKay received on behalf of the faculty and their wives, and Mr. T. M. Dadson, '06, the president of the student body, on behalf of the students. At nine o'clock a portrait of ex-Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace, D.D., LL.D., was unveiled, when Rev. W. E. Norton delivered an address befitting to the occasion. For several weeks before the great event committees had been planning and organizing, and the result was that the Hall never before looked so pretty and attractive as it did that night in its gala attire of flags and bunting. Many of the students' rooms were thrown open, and all were admired by the friends of the University. Each class had decorated a rendezvous, and the choice of decoration and design displayed skill and originality. Nought-nine had massed their room with evergreens, and the forest effect was made more real by the presence of deer heads thrust through the branches. It was a delightful contrast to the sunshine effect of the next rendezvous, for '08 had converted their room into a yellow drawing-room, with shaded lights, palms and cosy corners. In one of the upper rooms the juniors displayed much patience and artistic ability in their decorations, the walls and ceiling being skilfully and beautifully draped in white and two shades of blue. Everyone admired '06 rendezvous, where the subdued light of Chinese lanterns revealed crimson-covered walls and a profusion of palms and ferns. Theology had produced a very pleasing effect by decorating their room in white and gold. In all the rendezvous the class banners were very prominent. At nine-fifteen promenading commenced on the first two floors, there being a programme of ten numbers. The music was supplied by two orchestras, one stationed in the upper hall and one in the chapel, and soon the halls were thronged with happy guests who were anxious to see everything there was to be seen. Some were interested in the exhibition of X-rays in room 6, in charge of Dr. Smith and assisting students; some enjoyed the display in the biological laboratory; some enjoyed the cosy corners so generously provided. The dining-room received its share of attention too, dainty refreshments being served there during the evening. All too soon the last promenade was concluded and the time came for dispersion, but everyone agreed that the affair had been a greater success than ever before.

Concerning Decoration.—A number of the rooms have been decorated rather elaborately this year. It is pleasing to enter a room and find within all of the evidences of real college comfort. In two or three instances the work placed upon rooms has been quite extensive, and the temporary abodes of the occupants thereby transformed into veritable palaces. Perhaps an outline of an ideal college room might inspire some to realize this ideal. In fact, we suppose that ten years hence, when one enters McMaster, he will be greeted with something like the following: Upon knocking at the door of a student's room the portal will be swung back by a young negro, dressed in green and black. This youthful attendant will then lead the visitor to a soda-water fountain, where any of the soft refreshments may be indulged in before interviewing the student. After a few glasses of lemon sour, the guest will be shown to a large chair, and then rolled on this piece of luxury to the bedroom of the student. In the centre of the outer room, perhaps, a fountain will be seen playing in the sunlight, while all around its edge canaries will be singing the McMaster song. Truly this is ideal, and yet, as we are advancing at present, some such picture may be an actuality ten years hence.

Founder's Day Foolishisms.—My! How hard everybody worked that day! . . . Well, we almost had to, after one of the faculty announced at chapel service that "All should join in singing 'Work, for the night is coming!'" We sang it very cheerfully, too, judging by the faces of the singers. . . . It was a happy day for one of the boys, for he found a picture he had lost five years ago. And where do you suppose he found it? Why, in the theologs' room, of course! Oh! those theologs! . . . The freshmen went away back to the back woods on Founder's Day and brought the whole business back with them. After that you could actually smell "freshman" all over the building. . . . The juniors certainly had a blue time of it during the day, but comments heard at night blew all the blue feeling away. . . . Can anybody tell us why the seniors had all those electric lights put in the hall and none in the room where the cosy corners were? . . . The sophs were, and are still, no doubt, wondering how one of their chairs got up into the seniors' room. And the reason they wonder is that nobody took the chair upstairs! Fact! . . . The juniors must surely have had some tanglefoot beneath that web of their's. Some of the flies that got in there didn't seem to know how to get out again, anyway. . . . As usual, you could never find an unoccupied cosy corner. Strange how the girls enjoy getting into a tight corner! . . . Say, did you skip any promenades?

How naughty! . . . A good many of the guests put up at the "King Edward" during their stay. Perhaps this was because of the following notice displayed in the room: "To the Bar—Special rates to Deacons." . . . "Mind Your Own Business" was what a good many thought they saw in the "Y. M. C. A. Department." But they found it was "The cultivation of your Mind should be Your Own first and last Business."

Shakespeare Revised.—A popular student, who might have had his "promenade card filled three or four times" was heard to lament in Shakespearian terms:

"Some have girls, some achieve girls,
And some have girls thrust upon them."

After Founder's Night.—Prof. in special history: "Asceticism, gentlemen, was a protest against the idea that this world was a cosy corner instead of a field of action." Sophomore: "A cosy corner is often a pretty strenuous field of action." Prof.: "Is that so, Mr. ———? I defer to you as an authority." General collapse of the class

Mrs. W. S. W. McLay was "at home" to the ladies of McMaster on Friday afternoon, Nov. 17. The ladies report a very enjoyable hour.

Theological Society.—A meeting of the Theological Society was held Thursday evening, December 7, at 7 o'clock. The subject was "pastoral visitation." Mr. W. P. Freeman gave a brief, clear-cut paper, opening up a lively discussion which was participated in by nearly all present. These discussions among the students themselves on practical problems connected with their life-work are being made a special feature of the society's work this year and are proving decidedly helpful.

Marginal Utility.—Overheard in the dining room—First student: "Can you explain why water has utility?" Second student: "Why, yes; if there were no water we would not be able to learn to swim, and consequently we would all be drowned."

A Free Translation.—Professor in Latin: "Translate 'Who could but believe that you are a very intelligent man?' What would that be?" Conscience-smitten student: "It would be a huge joke."

McMaster Recognized.—Chancellor McKay made a very pleasing announcement to the students on Dec. 8, when he reported having received a letter from Mr. R. V. Bellamy, '02, (Rhodes scholar) which informed him that Oxford University had decided that McMaster should receive recognition on an equality with other colonial universities. "Boom on Mac!"

The Debating Society.—The regular meeting of the Debating society was held Saturday, November 11. The subject was, "Resolved that the Chinese exclusion act of 1903 is detrimental to the best interests of Canada." C. S. Edwards, '06, upheld the affirmative and A. G. Parnall, B.A., the negative. The subject was thoroughly discussed. Dr. Cross filled the office of critic. The judges, Messrs. Warner, B.A., and Cameron, '06, awarded the debate to the negative. On November 18 the club resolved itself into a mock parliament. N. S. McKechnie, '08, led the government, and J. B. Pengelly, '06, the opposition. The following bill was introduced: "That it be compulsory for all able-bodied male citizens between the ages of 18 and 23 years, 5 feet 5 inches or more in height, 33 inches or more in chest measurement, to undergo one year's military training." On this measure the government was defeated. Dr. Ten Broeke acted as critic. . . . On the defeat of this bill the McKechnie government resigned, and J. B. Pengelly, leader of the opposition, became premier. On Saturday, November 25th, the new premier moved "That commencing with our next fiscal year this government shall contribute annually $1,000,000 to be used by the Imperial government for the defence of the empire." The bill was carried. In the absence of N. S. McKechnie, W. Ross, '07, led the opposition. Dr. Findlay acted as critic. On December 8th the government introduced a bill to make Canada an independent nation. The measure was strongly opposed by the opposition, and after a sharp debate the government was defeated.

We were honored on November 23rd with a visit from Rev. Robt. Cameron, D.D., editor of "Watchword and Truth," who led for us the chapel service. The chapel service of December 8th was led by Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., pastor of Bloor Street Church, and on December 11th by Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A. Faculty and students alike appreciated their guests.

An Awful Risk.—Bashful student at church reception: "Say, how would it be if I go home with you?" Charming maiden: "Aren't you afraid of losing your way?" Student, slightly more confident: "I'm willing to take the risk."

The First of the Fights.—On Friday evening, December 8th, the freshmen and sophomores met in wordy conflict. Two sophomores, Misses Pugsley and McIntosh, opened the engagement with an "Invitation to Battle," in which could be heard plainly the groans and cries of the dead and dying—presumably these were freshmen. The selection was, however, greatly appreciated by all present. Then Miss Kennedy, '08, gave a vocal solo, "Mary of Argyle." The chairman next announced the event of the evening, the debate. The subject in hand was: "Resolved, that Canada could advantageously dispense with the Senate." Mr. T. Wearing, '09, the leader of the affirmative, opened the battle by proceeding immediately to marshall his forces against the enemy, and in the very forefront he showed to the wondering listeners his "dog of war" guarding, as he said, the honor of his country. His only complaint was that this pugilistic canine was overfed, and suffered from a chronic attack of the *ennui*. Mr. D. A. McGibbon, '08, the first speaker of the negative, started his repulse of the attack by entrenching himself behind a good many yards of definitions. Then he brought up his heavy artillery and opened fire upon his trembling foes. His plea for the senate was that they should be placed as restraining "impedimenta" upon the commons. Mr. T. Mullowney, '09, of the affirmative, hurled such scathing denunciations and invectives against the senate that even the electric lights trembled and grew pale. Mr. Mullowney's patriotic appeal brought down the house at the end of his eloquent outburst. Mr. M. Long, '08, second in the negative, gave a very clear and concise exposition of his views upon the question in hand. Mr. Long has an excellent vocabulary, and promises well as a public speaker. After the reply by the leader of the affirmative, and while awaiting the judge's decision, Mr. G. E. Tomkinson, B.A., showed some views of our college life. Dr. Cross, who acted as judge, gave the decision to the affirmative, which was the occasion for further outbursts of rejoicing on the part of the freshies.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR : T. M. DADSON, '06.

HON. A. C. Rutherford, B.A., *ad eundum*, 1894, is the first premier of the new province of Alberta.

Mr. R. E. Sayles, B.A., '01, has recently been ordained, and is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Austin, Minn.

McMaster has a good representation of graduates in Chicago each year :—Rev. J. H. Vichert, M.A., has secured a fellowship in church history, and is now pursuing work in that department. Mr. A. T. McNeil, B.A., spent the summer in special work there. Mr. Douglas McIntosh, B.A., is still in Chicago studying philosophy and sociology. Rev. Robert Routledge, B.A., is in the Divinity School, and is also supplying the church at Yorkville, Ill.

In the second year examination of the medical faculty, Toronto University, Mr. T. H. Norman, '03, took a very creditable standing, being one of the eleven who obtained honors.

Mr. Fred. Mabee, B.A., '04, and R. D. McLaurin, M.A., '03, are both in chemical work at Harvard.

H. H. Newman, B.A., 1896, has received an appointment at Michigan University, Ann Arbor.

We are proud of the record of one of our graduates in Intercollegiate Rugby. Mr. W. W. Lailey, B.A., '04, is one of Varsity's champion team.

Mr. J. R. Coutts, B.A., '04, is studying at Oxford University. He speaks of the indefinable charm which Oxford already has for him, from its scores of boating crews to the musty corners of the Bodleian library or the Ashmolean museum. Archaeology, anthropology, and comparative religions are the subjects to which Mr. Coutts is giving attention.

Rev. Volney A. Ray, M.A., 1904, has begun missionary labors at Quill Lake, one of the newest fields in the west.

One of our graduates, who is a prominent city pastor, returned from the Baptist World's Congress minus the "manly growth that fringed his lip," and consequently startlingly changed in his appearance. His first meeting with his people was from the pulpit on Sunday morning, when he gravely announced the hymn, "Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious."

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: A. S. WOODBURNE, '06.

WOODSTOCK'S DOUBLE VICTORY.—The boys at Woodstock College never before reached quite such a high state of jubilation as on Nov. 11, when they succeeded in downing the University teams of Association and Rugby on the one day. In the morning the opposing teams met in the socker game, and our men, who had not played the game before this year, did remarkably well to hold the college boys as well as they did. The boys deserved to win, for their team work was better, and they won by 2 to 0.

However, nobody gave them any license to win the afternoon game. Unfortunately the McMaster team labored under many disadvantages. Seven of the twelve were in the morning game. And it is the first time our senior team ever played the snap back game, which was continually evinced by their ignorance of the rules. Moreover, shortly after play commenced Bensen's knee was severely injured, which prevented him getting in any of his usual runs. The features of the game were the bucking of White and McEwen and the runs of Firstbrook.

Woodstock won the toss, and elected to kick with the wind, which was blowing a regular hurricane, and aided materially in the large score that was rolled up. In the first half Woodstock secured three trys, one goal, one deadline ball and three rouges, whereas McMaster went over for one try. Half time score: Woodstock 20, McMaster 5.

In the second half the wind went down, so that our men had nothing like the same advantage as Woodstock enjoyed in the first half. However, so far as scoring was concerned, the tables were turned. In this half Woodstock went over for a try, and secured a touch in goal, whereas our men secured three trys, two of which were converted, and one rouge. Play ended with the ball in dangerous proximity to the Woodstock goal. Final score: Woodstock 26, McMaster 23.

The teams: McMaster (23)—Back, Young; halves, White, Bensen, Gray; quarter, McEwen; snap, Jordan; wings, McKechnie, Whan, Holman, Campbell, Tedford, Pengelly (capt.)

Woodstock (26)—Back, McCrimmon; halves, Clark, McNeill, Kinnear; quarter, Firstbrook; snap, Fisher; wings, Campbell, Hind, Gleason, Richards, Shaffer, McDonald.

Referee—E. R. Fitch, B.A. Umpire, Dr. McCrimmon.

D. G. Munro, '05, played centre half back for Varsity's second team. Our loss is Varsity's gain.

Inter-Year Association.—Another draw game was played between '07 and '08 in Association on Nov. 15. Ross, '07, put the ball through for a goal in the first half, and McKechnie, '08, secured one on a penalty in the second half.

The teams: '07 (1)—Goal, Burke; backs, Young, McEwen; half backs, Cohoe, Craig, Telford; forwards, McNaughton, McPhail, Ross (captain), White, Challen.

'08 (1)—Goal, Ware; backs, Jordan, Vichert (captain); half backs, Edwards, Waters, Moyle; forwards, Jackson, Ritchie, Curtis, Weston, McKechnie.

Referee—R. C. Bensen, '06.

Seniors, 13; Theology, 5.—On Nov. 16th the seniors and theologs clashed in inter-year Rugby. The game was fast and exciting throughout. In the first half the play was very close, as the score indicates; '06 secured two points, when Gray was forced over his own line for a safety touch, while Theology did not score. In the second half Fitch crossed the line for a try for Theology, whereas Campbell did the trick twice for '06. Another point was added to '06 score when Gray was forced to rouge. The features were Campbell's sixty-yard run for a try and Theology's signals.

The teams: '06 (13)—Back, Buchanan; halves, Miller, Murray, Chave; quarter, McKinnon; scrimmage, Edwards, Woodburne, McIntosh; wings, Whan, Dadson, Campbell, Currie, Wells, Pengelly (captain).

Theology (5)—Back, Whiten; halves, New, Gray (captain), Holman; quarter, Fitch; scrimmage, Matthews, Constable, Grigg; wings, Viens, Tomkinson, McKendrie, Parnall, Freeman, Segsworth.

Referee—R. W. Young, '07. Umpire, R. Jordan, '08.

Orthodox Signals.—The captain of Theology's Rugby team has been good enough to allow the readers of the Monthly the privilege of broadening their scriptural education by a quiet perusal of their signals. They are briefly as follows: Zacharias, a run; Samson, a buck; Judas Iscariot, a kick; Nebuchadnezzar, a pass; Mordecai, a drop kick; Methusaleh, a dribble; Baalam, a forward pass; Ham, a criss-cross; Zerubbabel, a run backwards; Absalom, a fumble; Cain, a scrag; Benjamin, steal the ball; Beelzebub, mob the referee. Through an oversight it was neglected to arrange a signal for "chewing the rag." Consequently it was taken for granted that when no signal was given they took the opportunity, en masse, of working this trick play.

Inter-Year Association.—On Nov. 17th the seniors met and defeated the freshmen in the socker game by one goal to none. The goal was scored by McKinnon after a free kick from a foul.

The line up : '06 (1)—Goal, Fox ; backs, Buchanan, Woodburne ; halves, Currie, Campbell, Edwards ; forwards, McKinnon, Chave (captain), Miller, Pengelly, Murray.

'09 (0)—Goal, Sloat; backs, Newell, Jury ; halves, Lewis, McLaurin, Mullowney ; forwards, Scott, Routledge, Anderson, Detlor, Ritchie.

Referee—N. S. McKechnie, '08.

Nought-Eight (3), Nought-Seven (0)—For the third time the teams of '07 and '08 met on the morning of Nov. 18th, and this time the draw was broken—the sophomores getting away with the juniors by three goals to none. The teams lined up as in the previous match. E. A. Miller, '06, refereed.

Seniors, 20 ; Juniors, 1.—The seniors and juniors faced the pigskin on Nov. 20th, and after a strenuous conflict the former carried the day. Nought-seven put up a good fight, and scored first—McEwen kicking over the dead line. In the first half McKinnon kicked over '07 line for a try, and in the second half three ties were secured for '06 by Murray, McKinnon and Pengelly. The features of the game were McKinnon's hundred-yard and Murray's sixty-yard runs for tries, and the line bucking of White and McEwen.

The teams : '06 (20)—Same as in game with Theology.

'07 (1)—Back, Craig; halves, White, Young, Bates; quarter, McEwen (captain) ; scrimmage, Telford, Ross, Challen ; wings, McNaughton, McPhail, Ferguson, Williamson, Cohoe, Burke.

Referee—N. S. McKechnie, '08. Umpire, R. Jordan, '08.

Cadets Champions.—R. M. C., Kingston, defeated Varsity in both of the home-and-home games in the finals of the Intermediate C. I. R. F. U. That means that the Cadets hold the championship for another year which they won last year. McMaster extends congratulations.

Inter-Year Association.—The Theologs went down before the Sophomores in Association on Nov. 21st. Nought-eight scored two goals, whereas Theology failed to locate the hole between the posts.

Theology (0)—Goal, Gray ; backs, Fitch, Tomkinson ; halves, Constable, Viens, Holman ; forwards, New, Freeman, McKendrie, Segsworth, Whiten.

Nought-eight (2)—Same as in game with Nought-seven, except in goal, where McGregor replaced Ware.

Referee—E. A. Miller,'06.

NOUGHT-EIGHT (16); NOUGHT-SIX (1).—The final inter-year Rugby match was played on Nov. 22nd, when the sophomores gained twenty additional points towards the Matthews' cup by their win from the seniors. The game was well contested, and the win of '08 was due to their superior line bucking. The first score was on a drop kick in goal by Jordan, after which McKechnie crossed the line twice for tries, one of which was converted. Nought-six's only score was secured on a kick over the dead-ball line by Bensen. The features of the game were McKechnie's bucking and Pengelly's tackling.

The teams: Nought-eight (16)—Back, Buxton; halves, Weston (captain), Jordan, Moyle; quarter, McGregor; scrimmage, Waters, Vichert, Saunders; wings, Harkness, McKechnie, Holman, Jackson, Curtis, Tedford.

Nought-six (1)—Back, Buchanan; halves, Murray, Bensen (captain), Chave; qnarter, McKinnon; scrimmage, Edwards, Woodburne, McIntosh; wings, Whan, Dadson, Currie, Campbell, Wells, Pengelly.

Referee—E. R. Fitch, B.A. Umpire, C. T. Holman, Th.

ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP.—Representatives of the same years met to decide the first place in Association football as played the finals in Rugby, and the second year men were again the victors. It was a clean and fast exhibition of the socker game, the teams being well matched. The only goal scored was on a pretty shot by McKechnie from the left wing.

The line up: Nought-eight (1)—Goal, McGregor; backs, Jordan, Vichert; halves, Tedford, Waters, Moyle; forwards, W. F. Edwards, Ritchie, Curtis, Weston, McKechnie.

Nought-six (0)—Goal, Fox; backs, Bensen, C. Edwards; halves, Currie, Campbell, Woodburne; forwards, McKinnon, Chave, Miller, Timpany, Murray.

Referee—R. W. Young, '07.

A RUGBY game was scheduled for Nov. 27th between the freshmen and seniors, but the former had had enough violent exercise for the season and defaulted. Thus '06 secured second place in the inter-year Rugby contest, which carries with it ten points in the Matthews' cup competition.

VARSITY'S VICTORIES.—The Rugby season which has just closed has been a most successful one for Varsity. They have

been strangers, utterly, to defeat. In the senior Inter-collegiate series they were victorious in all of the six matches. And in a close and hard-fought battle at Rosedale, on Nov. 25th, they succeeded in capturing the Canadian championship from the Ottawa Rough Riders. Much credit is due Captain Casey Baldwin and his men for their well-earned triumphs.

Junior O. R. F. U.—We have been somewhat interested in the junior series of the O. R. F. U., since our junior team were in the game this year. In the district in which McMaster II played the Trinity juniors won, but they were defeated by Victoria II of this city, who also won the series.

The Ice Man.—When the probabilities read "colder" a look of intense satisfaction comes over the countenance of the hockeyist at this season. He dreams of ice, pucks, sticks and skates. Of course McMaster opens the season with plenty of optimism. We are glad that "Rolly" Young, who distinguished himself last winter in a Marlboro uniform, will wear the green and black this winter. And we predict under his captaincy a brilliant season for the men who represent us on the ice. We are pleased also to note that we are to have a junior team on the ice during this season. A league has been formed, comprising Varsity III, Trinity, Upper Canada College, St. Andrew's College and McMaster II, which is in affiliation with the Inter-collegiate Hockey Union. This should add materially to the already lively interest in the game. Here's to success to first and second teams alike. "Scilliwowow."

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: ELIZABETH FINDLAY.

THE prayer meetings held each Wednesday night in the chapel have been conducted throughout the month by the girls, with the exception of the missionary prayer meeting, on Nov. 15, when we all enjoyed an address from Mrs. Helmer. Although Mrs. Helmer is not a missionary herself she is interested in the China Inland Mission, and took a trip to China last year, of which she gave an interesting account, showing us several curios she had collected, illustrative of the life and customs of the people in China.

THE students enjoyed the lecture of Hon. G. W. Ross at the open literary meeting, on Nov. 24, in Castle Memorial Hall.

THE athletic association met on the second Wednesday in November. The frost and snow suggest the coming skating season, and the girls are eagerly looking forward to the time when in place of the basket ball court there will be a sheet of ice. It was decided that part of the skating season should be devoted to hockey, and arrangements were made for forming several hockey teams.

THE girls enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon on Nov. 29th at the art exhibit, as the guests of Mrs. T. M. Harris. The Dutch pictures, especially those portraying the life of the peasants, were greatly admired.

THE "Heliconian," having been postponed from Friday evening, in order that the students and faculty might attend the lecture of Hon. G. W. Ross at McMaster, was held Saturday evening, Nov. 25th. The subject taken up at the meeting was "Canada," a very wide one to be covered in the short time at the disposal of the committee, and the programme, although not embracing the whole Dominion, touched upon all points possible. The first number was a piano solo, "Patriotic March," Miss Kellock, followed by a paper on Canada as a whole by Miss Mabel Hall. Then a very fine poem by E. McNaughton, describing a journey taken in the autumn, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was read by Miss Nora Burke. The Heliconian chorus sang "Our

Native Land," "The Canadian Boat Song" and "The Maple Leaf." We also heard an interesting account of our Esquimaux countrymen, in an article from a recent *Canadian Magazine*, which was read by Miss M. Moyle. One of Drummond's poems was recited by Miss M. Elliott, and the respective charms of Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Quebec and British Columbia, with particular instructions as to the different points of interest for visitors in each province, were presented in very interesting papers by Misses Gardner, Churchill, Marsh and Robinson. After the programme the *Heliconian* paper was read by the editor, Miss Rowe.

Our library contains a good collection of books, but still there is room for more. It has been added to this month by a gift from Mr. Helmer of three valuable and interesting missionary books, namely, "Pastor Shi," "The Land of Sinim" and "One of China's Scholars." One good result of this gift has been the formation of a missionary reading club, which many of the girls have joined, and from twenty minutes to half-an-hour is devoted to missionary reading each Sunday afternoon.

Here and There.

EDITOR : G. R. M. WELLS, '06.

AMONG the two or three score exchanges received as this office we naturally look with very great interest at those published by Canadian colleget and universities. And we are glad, although not surprised, to find that they compare most favorably with those published in institutions of learning across our southern border line. THE MONTHLY welcomes all her exchanges, but her cousins from across the line will excuse and understand us when we say that the warmest spot in her heart is reserved for sister Canadian publications.

The Queen's University Journal is published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University, and by the way, the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University is most interesting, being unique, we believe, among student body societies of Canada, in that it is incorporated. The Journal is always readable, very much so, contains plenty of the more serious type of articles, and devotes adequate space to college news. It falls a trifle short on the side of fiction and poetry, and this fact may account for the necessity of an editorial appeal in the December number for an increase in students' subscriptions.

We are glad always to see the McGill Outlook. It is essentially a college publication,and although its columns are of course of interest chiefly to McGill undergraduates, we recognize it to be a cracking good college paper. But it, too, lacks somewhat in the matter of fiction. It is published weekly.

Trinity University Review pays special attention to its editorial columns with very satisfactory results. The tone of its editorials and articles generally is fair and sane. May we be pardoned for pointing out a slight, a very slight, verbal error in the November issue, and reminding the editor that the name of this publication is not McMaster's Monthly but McMaster Monthly.

The Acadia Athenaeum contains a picture of our Dr. Keirstead, as well as an appreciative article and editorial. There is also a very interesting reminiscent sketch by Dr. C. A. Eaton, in which he mentions several names very well known in McMaster, notably that of Dr. T. H. Rand.

There are many other excellent Canadian college journals.

McMaster men all read Acta Victoriana. We receive few more interesting exchanges than The University Monthly, published by the University of New Brunswick. From the East we get the Prince of Wales College Observer and Allisonia. From the West Lux Columbiana from New Westminster, B.C., Brandon College Monthly and the Manitoba College Journal. From nearer home The Presbyterian College Journal, The O. A. C. Review, The Mitre, The University of Ottawa Review, Ontario Normal College Monthly, Moulton Heliconian, Hya Yaka and 'Varsity.

STUDENT—"May I be excused from Physics exam?"

Teacher—"No! Nothing but death will excuse you, and then we'll hold a post mortem examination."—*Athenaeum.*

SPRING COMES CLAD IN ROSES.

Spring comes clad in roses,
Autumn in shroud of rain;
Ever the mist encloses
The river and the plain.
Ever the sun caresses
The fields where Winter lay;
But Love in no new dresses
Steals down the crowded way.

The old year slays her sorrow,
The new year's dreams are sweet.
Love needs no glad to-morrow,
With eager flying feet
She steals along the valleys,
Her voice is on the wind,
"The world is life's green chalice,
The wine of life is kind."

—CHARLES KENNEDY, *in Nassan Literary Magazine.*

BESIDES those already mentioned we acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: Collegian, Philomathean Monthly, College Review of Shutliff College, Wm. Jewell Student, Diocesan College Magazine, Blue and White, Kenyon Collegian, Solonian, Athenæum, of University of West Virginia, Libye, Bowdoin Quill, Hiram College Advance, Mercerian, Nassau Literary Magazine, Munroe Collegian, Notre Dame Soholastic.

"WHO discovered America?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class. "Adam and Eve," promptly replied the boy at the foot.—*Vox Collegii.*

"WHY do you call your vicious horse Benzine?" "Because it removes all traces."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

SIDE TRACKED.

Little Willie—box of paints,
Sucked the brush—joined the saints.
—*McGill Outlook.*

A LADY, sending a green servant to answer the door-bell, said: "If anybody asks if I am in, give an evasive answer." The servant soon returned. "Who was it?" asked the mistress. "A gentleman who wanted to see you, ma'am, and I gave him an evasive answer." "What did you say?" "I asked him if his grandmother was a monkey."—*Buffalo Express.*

A young theologian named Twiddle
Refused to accept his degree,
For he thought 'twas enough to be Twiddle
Without being Twiddle D. D.—*Ex.*

WILLIE—"I was going fishing on Sunday, but papa wouldn't let me." Minister—"That's the right kind of a papa to have. Did he tell you the reason?" Willie—"Yes, sir; he said there wasn't bait enough for two."—*Athenaeum.*

One day our little Willy fell
Down a deep and darksome well.
Mother's worried 'bout his ways,
Willy is so hard to raise.—*Punch Bowl.*

"THAT depends on you," said the monkey, as he pulled the baboon's tail.—*Lampoon.*

SERGEANT—"Where are you going, Smith?" Smith—"To fetch water." Sergeant—"In those disreputable trousers?" Smith—"No, sergeant; in this 'ere pail."—*Tit-Bits.*

"I'D like that tooth, please," said the small boy, after the dentist had extracted the small torment. "Certainly, my little man, but why do you want it?" queried the dentist, handing it over. "Well, sir," responded the gratified boy, "I'm going to take it home, and I'm going to stuff it full of sugar. Then I'm going to put it on a plate, and" (with a triumphant grin) "watch it ache."—*New York World.*

A BALTIMORE physician boarded a crowded car in Charles street. A woman was standing and a big German was sprawling over twice the seat area that was necessary to him. Indignantly the physician said to him: "See here! Why don't you move a little so that this tired woman may have a seat?" For a moment the German looked dazed. Then a broad smile spread over his countenance as he answered: "Say, dot's a joke on you, all right! Dot's my vife!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS.

A thousand years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring,
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning on a lonely birth,
Uprose the light of man.

—*T. T. Lynch in The Westminster.*

HE was a sad-faced tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter. "I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other." "'Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter. "Two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other." "Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes, and when he returned his face was a study. "Would you please repeat your order, sir?" "I said, very distinctly, two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other." Oppressive silence, and then a dazed "Very well, sir." This time he was gone longer, and when he returned he said, anxiously: "Would it be awsking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your horder sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y' know." "Two eggs," said the American sadly and patiently; "one fried on one side and one on the other." More oppressive silence and another and fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer. When he returned his collar

was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron he whispered beseechingly: "Would you mind tyking boiled heggs, sir? I've 'ad some words with the cook."—*Exchange.*

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

HELEN'S lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the Ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane—
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain;
Only one thing, undefaced,
Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste
And the heavens are overturned,
—Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
Sound that lives when sounds are done,
Music that rebukes the birds,
Language lovlier than words,
Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Silence stiller than the shore
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,
Ocean more divinely free
Than Pacific's boundless sea;
Ye who love have learned it true
—Dear, how long ago we knew!

—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

CHANGING DENOMINATIONS.—A certain Scottish collector of bridge dues on the Border was quite a character in his way. Upon one occasion a large party of ministers who were visiting the Pan-Presbyterian Congress in Scotland, came to survey the classic Borderland. The end of the bridge bears a notice that not more than ten people are allowed on it at once; but the ministers chose to disregard this, and went on in a body. The collector saw them from his little sentry-box and rushed out. "Back off that bridge!" he shouted, with a gesture worthy of a Warden of the Marches. But, unused to such tones, the clergymen pressed on. "Back off that bridge!" shouted the collector again. "But, my good man," expostulated the foremost, "do you know that we are members of the Pan-Presbyterian Congress?" "Ye may call yourselves Pan-Presbyterian or pot-Presbyterian," roared the collector, "but if ye no gang off that bridge ye'll be a' Baptists in twa meenits!" —*Ex.*

"WE will pursue this subject no further," said the Head Warden, as the Escaped Lunatic jumped over a precipice.—*McGill Outlook.*

THE

McMaster University Monthly

JANUARY, 1906

CALVIN GOODSPEED.

TO fully write the life story of a man like Dr. Goodspeed, or that part of it with which we have had to do, would mean to tell a large part of the story of the progress of the Baptist denomination in Ontario and Quebec during the years that he spent within the bounds of this convention. His sympathies were so broad, his interests so general, his activities so many-sided, and his capabilities and willingness for work so unwearying and almost limitless, that he touched and influenced in no small or unimportant way every department of our denominational life and work.

Calvin Goodspeed was born at Northwalk, N.B., on May 5th, 1842. He spent the early years of his life on a farm in the picturesque valley in which the town is situated. As usual, the "boy was the father of the man." Those who have known him best and longest, say that the youth showed the same sensitiveness and the same disposition to shrink from publicity that has marked the man of years and experience. Even in his boyhood he lived very much within himself. But his strong desire for an education and, after his conversion, the knowledge that this shrinking from public notice, if yielded to, would seriously hamper if not totally destroy his usefulness, led him to determine to overcome it. His strong will-power enabled him to master this disposition and take the place and do the work that a student ought to do.

After some preparatory work in the Baptist Seminary at Fredericton he took a course in the University of New Brunswick.

The year after his graduation he was offered and accepted a position as teacher in the seminary where he had done his preparatory work. While here he taught half the time and spent the rest of his time in taking private lessons in Hebrew. His eagerness for knowledge and his desire to qualify himself for the highest service did not allow him to remain long in this position. His next step was to go to London, England, where he studied for a year in Regent's Park Baptist College, then under the presidency of the great Dr. Angus. His intention at that time was to graduate from London University, but his health failed and he was compelled to return home. Not being in a condition for further college work, he accepted an invitation to become pastor of a Home Mission church in the northern part of New Brunswick. Here he spent a happy and successful year, during which time he was regularly ordained to the Baptist ministry. One of his pleasant memories of this field is the conversion of one of the ladies now representing the Maritime Provinces in India. At the close of one year's ministry here, he was called to the principalship of the seminary in Fredericton, where he had formerly studied and in which he had taught for a time. On assuming his duties as principal, he found that the Baptists of the city, who had through dissension been divided into two churches, had decided to reunite into one church, though the old causes of the dissension still existed. These factions in the church were unable to agree upon a pastor, and Dr. Goodspeed was asked to serve them for a time.

His work in the seminary was onerous, but he felt this to be the call of duty, and so, for a year and a half, he performed the duties of principal of the seminary and acting pastor of the church. This extra work in the church was purely a "labor of love," as he depended entirely on the seminary for his support. At the end of a year and a half the conflicting elements in the church had been blended, and the church was able to unite on a pastor. Dr. Goodspeed continued to act as principal of the seminary for another year and a half. During his occupancy of this position he had as an assistant for one year George E. Foster, now the well-known ex-finance minister, Hon. Mr. Foster.

Though never fond of controversy and though still influenced by his retiring disposition to shrink from publicity of any kind, he was, at that time as now, a man of strong convictions

and could not look with complacency and silence upon the public perversion or misrepresentation of what he believed to be truth, and so, while in the seminary at Fredericton, he was drawn into one of those newspaper controversies in which he has done such yeoman service for the cause of truth and of the Baptist denomination. This time it was as a defender of restricted communion. We need not inform our readers that he was not worsted in the discussion. In all Dr. Goodspeed's public discussions he seems to have adopted as his motto Shakespeare's injunction, "Beware of entrance into a quarrel, but, being in, bear thyself that the opposer may beware of thee." His keen, incisive logic in the presentation of his arguments and his merciless exposure of the sophistries and evasions of his opponent, won for him the reputation of a keen controversialist, an honor which he certainly never coveted.

In the second year of his seminary work he was married to Miss Fowler. The encouragement and inspiration which always come to a man from companionship with a woman of high ideals, were not wanting in his married life, and from that time his already strong life grew stronger. At the close of three years' service in the seminary, he went to Newton Theological Seminary and took the full course there. During his last year in Newton he received a call from the Baptist church in Woodstock, Ontario, to become their pastor. Woodstock College, at that time known as "The Canadian Literary Institute," had not only the literary department but it was also the theological Mecca of the Baptists of Canada, and was presided over by the great and good Dr. Fyfe. It was recognized that the pastor of the Woodstock Baptist church must also be the pastor of the college. Dr. Goodspeed shrank from accepting a position of such large opportunity and responsibility. But, chiefly through the influence of Dr. Fyfe, he was prevailed upon to accept the call. This pastorate lasted for four years. There are yet many of the old students of the C.L.I. amongst the readers of THE MONTHLY. To these we need say nothing as to the character of his work during these four years. We all felt and still feel the strength and virility of his pulpit ministrations, and yet we all felt the tenderness and sympathy of his personal touch. He was strong and absolutely fearless in his denunciations of wrong and his combating of error, but he was gentle and

tender and sympathetic in dealing with erring lives or with sorrowing hearts.

Shortly after he resigned his pastorate in Woodstock, the college and the denomination suffered an almost irreparable loss in the death of Dr. Fyfe. Dr. Goodspeed was at once asked to take the chair of Systematic Theology in the College. He accepted the invitation, and for two years did most efficient service in that department.

His work while in this chair led him to feel that he wanted to better acquaint himself with the currents of thought that had set in strongly in Germany some years before and were now beginning to flow this way, and so he resigned and spent some time in study in Germany. During his absence certain complications arose in connection with the College that resulted in his not returning to Woodstock. On his return from Germany a call was awaiting him from the Baptist church in Farnmouth, N.S. He accepted the call, and spent a happy and prosperous pastorate of four years in this church. While in this pastorate he was drawn into a movement, and practically became its leader, for the amalgamation of the two Baptist papers, *The Messenger* and *The Visitor*. The differences between these two papers had threatened to split the Baptist body in the Maritime Provinces. At last the amalgamation was accomplished, and Dr. Goodspeed was called to be the editor of the united paper, *The Messenger and Visitor*.

He spent five years in this capacity, and it will not be in any sense disparaging to the rest of his life-work to say that this was one of the most satisfactory periods of his work, both to himself and to those whom he served. He had the loyal support of nearly every pastor in his constituency, and by dint of thorough work, both in the editor's chair and amongst the churches, he succeeded in raising the subscription list from about 4,000 to 7,300, and the income of the paper was so increased that all expenses were met and good dividends declared upon the stock. During this period *The Messenger and Visitor* came to be a great power in the Baptist churches of the Maritime Provinces. Its pronouncements upon the ethical and religious problems then engaging the attention of the people were watched for with great eagerness.

His great working power and also his unselfish interest in the progress of the churches, may be seen from the fact that, for over

a year of these five strenuous editorial years, he was the acting pastor of the Baptist church in Carleton, a suburb of St. John. The only condition he imposed on the church for this service was that they should raise something more than they had been contributing towards pastoral support, and that this should go to cancel a debt that had been crippling the activities of the church for some years.

It was at this time that the call came inviting him to take the chair of Systematic Theology in McMaster University. It was not an easy question to decide. On the one hand were the attachments he had formed in his work, the place he had made for himself in the life and work of the denomination in the Maritime Provinces and the business relationships which had grown up around him during his editorial career. On the other hand was the fact that his health was in danger of breaking under the pressure of work that had gradually gathered around him. There was also the opportunity for what appeared to be a much more extended field of usefulness and at the same time an opportunity for self-culture and self-development which only a professor's chair could give. The decision was at last made in favor of McMaster, and in the fall of 1890 he entered upon his duties as professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics. For fifteen years he continued to occupy this important position, closing his labors with the University in May, 1905. His service in this department covers so large a part of the history of Toronto Baptist College and McMaster University up to the present, and closed at so recent a date, that it seems superfluous to say anything to the readers of THE MONHTLY regarding the character of his work during these fifteen years. Nearly all the students, both in Arts and Theology, felt his touch and came under his instructions in some part of their course. To say that he was scrupulously conscientious in his attention to his academic duties and in regard to the time and the energy he put into these duties, would be doing scant justice to the earnestness of purpose and singleness of aim that were always manifest in his work. To say that he was painstaking and thorough in his treatment of every subject he handled, would very inadequately describe the very careful research and strong thinking he gave to every subject to be discussed with his classes. To say that his influence upon his stu-

dents was such as to make them better men and women, better students and better Christians, would be a very feeble expression of the profound gratitude that hundreds of strong men and women in all parts of the Dominion feel for the gracious and helpful influences that came to them from their contact with Dr. Goodspeed. To say that in these times of drift and uncertainty in ethics and theology his strong and clear and deep convictions of truth and his unswerving loyalty to the Bible as the book of God and the safe and sufficient guide to all Christian life, exercised a steadying influence on all the work of the College and did much to keep the life of the College close to the ideal contained in the motto inscribed on the crest of the University, would be a very weak statement concerning the moulding, guiding and steadying influence of his life and teaching upon the lives and thought of all who came under his direct touch, and even upon the life and thought of the whole denomination.

It is unnecessary to say more. He is remembered by all his old students as tender and sympathetic, yet resourceful and strong. His teaching is remembered as being marked by simplicity, directness and clearness, yet at the same time by depth of research and acuteness and profundity of thought. The memory of his Christian life and example will always be an inspiration and stimulus to those who knew him most intimately.

It would be beyond the sphere of this article to speak at any length of the breadth and variety of his interest and activity in connection with our general convention work, our home mission work, the editorial work of the *Canadian Baptist*, the Toronto Baptist Ministerial Association, and the temperance and philanthropic work of the city. In all these he rendered efficient and acceptable service.

Such has been his life ; full of changes, often being compelled to strike out into new and unknown waters, but we believe that it has been a life always under Divine guidance and control. We heartily wish for him many years of happy service in his new sphere of labor in Baylor University.

A letter recently received from him closes with words so characteristic of Dr. Goodspeed as we all know him, that we are sure they will be read with pleasure, and so, without his knowledge or consent, we take the liberty of sending them with this

sketch :—" Only a little time now remains for service or improvement. Mind and body must soon flag. May the spirit grow strong. Blessed are those who are living in the morning, for the possibilities are limitless. Blessed are those who are living in the evening, for beyond the gloaming, and the setting sun, are glories untold, even for poor sinners if they are saved by grace, with a nearer vision of God, and a service which does not tax but fill."

W. E. Norton.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION RESULTS.

THIRTEEN stories were submitted to the judges of our Third Prize Story Competition. Four of these were submitted by alumni, and nine by undergraduates. The judges—Professor McLay, Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., and Mr. S. R. Tarr, M.A.—awarded the prizes as follows :—

Alumni Competition—First prize, $10.00, Ethel Botterill Patterson, "Greater Love Hath No Man"; second prize, $5.00, B. W. N. Grigg, '94, "The Irony of Fate."

Undergraduate Competition—First prize, $10.00, Bertha Jean Thompson, '08, "The Involution of a Half-breed"; second prize, $5.00, Frank S. Beddow, '06, "Eb"; third prize, $3.00, George R. M. Wells, "Doolan, Axeman."

The results of this competition and preceding ones seem to indicate that, at McMaster at least, the women students are better story-tellers than the men. Last year the first prize in the undergraduate competition was won by a young lady, and this year the first prize in each has been awarded to a lady. What are the men going to do about it? The winner of the first prize in the alumni competition, though not a graduate, was for a couple of years a partial student at McMaster, during which time she was a frequent contributor of prose and verse to the pages of The Monthly.

In this issue we print the two first prize stories. The others will appear in due course. We hope that our business manager will be able to make it possible for us to announce for next year a fourth competition.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN."

First Prize—Alumni Competition.

IT was in the middle of one of Scotland's severest winters that Donald Cameron was one day suddenly called away to a town about five miles from his home, to the bedside of his aged mother. He called his elder daughter, Jessie, a sturdy mountain lassie of fifteen years, to him, and said in his deep voice :

"Jess, I am sorry to leave you, for the clouds are very threatening, and the sheep need to be folded. If my mother had anyone with her I would not go, but I cannot leave her to suffer, and perhaps die, alone. If the snow begins to fall again, you must go up the mountain to the hut beside the fold, and bide there. Try to get the sheep inside the fold, and stay there until I come. I will get some kindly woman to tend your grandmother and come back as soon as I can. And one other word, my motherless lassie ; my heart is strangely heavy at leaving you. Take care of your sister, and be sure no harm befalls her. You are one of the Good Shepherd's own lambs, but she has been too frolicsome and heedless to take care for serious matters. When my Helen left me she charged me to meet her in Heaven with the bairnies, but our little one has not turned to the Shepherd yet. Remember to keep her safely ; we must not let harm come to her, and she out of the fold."

Jessie clung to her father and pleaded :

" Do not speak so sadly, father ; I will care for her. You shall find her safe when you get back. You have had to leave us longer than a single night before now. Why are you so sad ? "

" I do not know, Jess," answered Donald. " It is foolishness in me. I can trust you like my own right hand, bairn, so I will not fear."

Yet in spite of his words it was with a heavy heart that he left them, and his eyes dimmed with tears as he turned at the foot of the glen to look again at the two little figures. Helen was

crying, but Jessie stood erect with a protecting arm thrown around her sister.

"Do not cry, lassie," she said. "Father will be back to-morrow, and we have a charge to keep for him while he is gone."

But he had not been gone an hour when the snow began to fall heavily, and Jessie thought of the sheep up on the hillside. It would be easier to go up now than to wait until the path began to be blocked, so she packed a basketful of food, and they took their warm plaids and set out bravely.

"We will take enough for father too," said Jessie, "for we will be just as safe up there to-night, and he will come on up to-morrow when he does not find us here. It may be dark before we get all the sheep into the fold."

The snow was falling very heavily, and the path was hard to keep. The two girls had a difficult climb, and were tired and wet by the time that they had found and folded all the sheep. Helen fell asleep as soon as she had eaten her supper, but Jessie sat for long hours watching the snow fall, until at last she could see no more, for it was banked above the window-top.

People still remember the Great Snow of Scotland. When the two girls woke next morning the room was completely dark, for the window was covered, and the snow was up over the door so that the girls could not open it. Helen sobbed in terror, but Jessie comforted her, though a deadly fear crept into her own heart. Father could not come to-day for the road would be quite impassable. She looked at the basket as she set out the breakfast. There was about enough food to keep them both alive for three days, and if the snow continued to fall one could not tell how long it might be before anyone reached them. None of the neighbours would know of their plight—they had no near neighbors anyway, and father might not be able to come. She left her breakfast untasted, and while Helen ate her's, she climbed up the ladder to the little trap door in the roof. The weight of the snow on it was very great, but she contrived to pry it open about four inches, and then she reached out and pushed off some of the snow, and propped it open about a foot. Luckily the snow drifted in the opposite direction, and very little came into the hut, but the fresh air did come in and made it much more comfortable. It was noon before Jessie got the door cleared and propped up, and while

Helen was eating her dinner Jessie sat with her head in her hands thinking, thinking. She remembered how many lives had been lost in the earlier storms, and how difficult it would be for their father to get to them.

"He called me his right hand," she thought, "and charged me to take care of Helen, and this is how I have done it. I have brought her up here, away from home and food, to starve. But I had a double trust, and if I had not come I could not have saved the sheep, and then father would have lost all that he has. But he would rather have lost all his sheep than his little Helen. I *must* save her. I *must* keep *all* my charge!"

And there a noble resolve was born in the little Highland girl's breast:

"Helen has never given herself to the Good Shepherd to be folded, and I did long ago. Even if father had not left her in my care, it would be easier for me to die and go to my Saviour, and mother, than for little Helen, who is afraid even of the dark, to die and go out into the darkness alone. I will stay with her as long as I can, and then—"

She knelt in prayer to the Saviour to strengthen her in her loving resolve.

The long day passed and a longer night, and another stormy day succeeded. Little Helen was very much puzzled at seeing her sister lie white and quiet and refuse to eat any food all day. And when the story was repeated next day, and to her efforts to force food into her sister's lips, Jessie only gave a low cry and resisted her, she began to whimper.

"I wish father would come," she said fretfully, "then you would have to get up and eat, Jessie Cameron! When he does come I shall just tell him how you have been acting."

Jessie smiled:—

"Listen to me, Helen," she said, "When it gets a little later I am going out. If I can I will try and get down to the other house, but I fear the snow is too deep. You must bide here until father or I come to you. Take care of your food and you will have enough, I hope. And remember, lassie, that the Good Shepherd is folding you, He that laid down His life for the sheep."

"But, Jess," protested Helen, "I shall be afraid here alone, you must not leave me."

"Helen, you are old enough not to fear. You are eleven, a big lassie. If I do not go there will not be enough food for us, and we shall both starve before father comes, Let me wrap you up in the plaids, and I will bide by you till you sleep."

"But you will need your plaid out in the cold wind and snow, sister; do not give me both."

"No, Helen, I shall not need it."

"But, Jess, are you sure you will reach home safely?"

"Yes, Helen, I am sure I shall reach home and mother."

"You mean father, don't you, Jessie?"

"Aye, Helen, I am going to our Father."

"Don't be too long gone, Jessie, I shall be so lonely."

"Lie down now and sleep, little one, and I will sit beside you," answered Jessie.

She sat there for an hour or more watching her sister, and then rose and, with one more prayer for strength, feebly climbed the ladder and crept through the trap door on to the roof among the soft snow. It was still snowing, though not so heavily; the road was completely hidden, and so were the fence tops. Jessie managed to slip off the low, sloping roof to a place where the snow was not quite so deep. She leant against a tree and looked around. She knew she was too weak to go far, but if she could struggle into the fold she would feel better. Slowly and painfully she stumbled in, falling just inside the door. The sheep had eaten most of their food by this time, and came running to meet this new-comer who had often carried more to them. When she fell they drew back distrustfully, but one that Jessie had brought up by hand came and lay down close beside her, and nestled up cosily. Then all was still upon the hillside, and the snow fell noiselessly on.

. . . . . .

"Drive on, man, drive faster!"

Donald Cameron stood in a rough sled drawn by four strong farm horses, and driven by a neighbour of his mother's. When this man had driven him to his home they had been alarmed to find how poorly provisioned the girls had left it, and still more alarmed to find how impassable the mountain road was.

Donald urged the tired man and horses on, and a couple of neighboring shepherds joined them, but the hours passed rapidly and the road was cleared very slowly. At last the mountain hut was in sight, looking like a huge mound of snow. The trapdoor had fallen down after Jessie's departure through it. Now the weary men worked harder than ever, and at last the hut door was reached and opened. Donald had heard Helen calling "Father!" for some time, and he was alarmed that he only heard her voice.

His first words as he clasped her in his arms were—

"Where is my Jess?"

"Didn't she fetch you?" asked Helen.

"No, child, what do you mean?"

"She went last night to fetch you. She had been sick all day and would not eat, and then she said if she did not go for you we should both starve. So she left me her plaid and went."

"O, my lassie!" exclaimed Donald, "where can she be? She will be frozen. How did she get out?"

"By the trapdoor, I guess, because it was open when I went to sleep and closed when I woke."

Donald rushed up to it and forced it open. By the difference in the height of the snow he could see where his daughter had slipped down. He followed and searched until he found a foot-print close to the trunk of a tree. It pointed to the fold, not homeward, and the truth suddenly flashed into his mind. She had not tried to go home. He had been surprised that she should imagine it possible. Helen said she was sick, and would not eat; she had come in here to die, and leave all the food for the little sister entrusted to her care. She came when she no longer dared to trust herself near to the food she needed so sorely. A groan broke from his lips as he pushed through the fold door.

Yes, there lay his darling. A sheep was nestled close beside her. Dead, his own Jessie! He touched her. She was cold, yet was it after all the icy chill of death? He raised his voice in a shout, and in a moment other strong hands were there with blankets and brandy, and the strong hands were very tender as they rubbed the prostrate form. It was a long time before Jessie opened her eyes, but at last she did so with a confused murmur about "Helen" and "sheep" and "the Good Shepherd."

The sheep had repaid Jessie's care by keeping the life in her

body through that night. When she was strong enough for Donald to hear all the story of how she had kept her charge he could only say in a broken voice, "Greater love hath no man than this."

But best of all Helen remembered another who had laid down life for her, and so Jessie's Good Shepherd folded her too.

ETHEL BOTTERILL PATTERSON.

THE INVOLUTION OF A HALFBREED.

First Prize—Undergraduate Competition.

"THE spirit of the great chief, my father, has gone to the Indian's Hunting Ground. I am glad, for he was stifling here," the girl said bravely. "Listen, and you will hear the runner send the death-cry down the river. It is given for a great man only. My father is the last great man of our tribe."

I listened. A tall, lithe Indian had run to the water's edge; he leaned over, close to the stream, put his hand to his mouth and sent the long, weird death-cry down the Grand River. Perhaps two miles below it would be heard by another Indian and repeated. Thus the five tribes of the Iroquois would learn, almost instantly, of the death of their stern chief, Keewosh. He was their last great warrior.

"Neykia," I said, "come. The canoe is here."

The muscles of her upper lip twitched, but her eyes were strong and proud. It was the spirit of her warrior father vieing with the white blood of her gentle mother—the little mother who had loved and left all to marry the iron-willed chief who worshipped her.

The girl looked wistfully at the *Wild Heron*, drawn up on the bank, then raised her head with the proud, gentle gesture I knew so well.

"I must go back," she said, "my mother is alone with the chief. I should not have left her."

I watched her as she went in. She could have been taken for a girl with pure white blood—her features were straight and firm, her nose patrician, her mouth sweet and her eyes gray ; or one could have believed her to be a high-born Indian girl—her figure was that of a live young river reed, her hair was long and blue black, her skin a pale, rich olive, her teeth beautiful and her voice low and calm, but her eyes were gray, that unmistakable sign of the halfbreed.

The chief's estate was left to Neykia. For five years she took care of it and of her mother, and grew to womanhood. She was a delight to the eye—handsome, dreamy, willowy. Then the mother passed away. Neykia made no display of grief. She settled everything, then closed the home. A desire to see more of her father's people was upon her, and she could not stand the big house.

My heart grew heavy when I saw her go. I felt that all would not be well ; and yet—and yet—what ground had I for my fears ? She was strong and pure, and worshipped the white man's God.

In a moment she was gone, gone with the gray eyes that were losing their dreaminess, her straight young body and her strong, dark face ; and all that seemed left to me was the flash of her beautiful teeth as she had smiled good-bye from the train.

Neykia was faithful. She wrote every week and told me what she was doing and seeing. Now she was teaching little red-brown children, again she was broidering with some Indian maiden, and yet again she was making cornhusk dolls, weaving birch-bark baskets or sewing with the long, fragrant sweet-grass for some burdened Indian woman. She was living with the Forest Indians.

"My life is growing into theirs," she wrote. "They are poor, but they do not suffer, they tell me, as the Plain Indians do. I must go to the Plain Indians. They need me."

Again she wrote—on the west-bound C. P. R. Here and there she saw a lonely tepee on the wild, bleak plain. An aged Indian stood in the doorway of one, gazing across at the setting sun. In another were an old man and a girl, the girl broidering a moccasin. "She will leave him soon," Neykia said, "a young Indian's offerings for her were hanging on the ropes outside."

Then began the work in earnest. She wrote letter after letter of what she was trying to do on the plains. Some were bitter. In her anxiety for the Plain Indians Neykia seemed losing her faith in God, if it could have been faith and not the state engendered by environment.

Why was such suffering allowed? she asked.

"My heart is aching—aching—" she continued, "for my people of the plains. I do not understand their language as I do that of the Forest Indians, though their vocabulary, too, embraces only a few hundred words. But I do understand, what the missionaries and government inspectors sent among them do not, the reason these poor people are dying by the hundred of the white man's plague—consumption. They have been deprived of the buffalo, the strong meat of the plains, which their systems demand. For hundreds of years they have lived on this, and their systems demand it. Oh, I tell you, the red men are dying, are dying fast, and I—I am dying with them."

There was more. She spoke of a stalwart white man—a Doctor Gray—who was working for the Plain Indians. She met him often and thought highly of him.

"Ah, Neykia," I thought, "if he should be the 'one'!"

The letters still came, and the last one always spoke a little more highly of the doctor than the one before. Finally she told me they were to be married the following spring. I was glad, but wondered a little.

They worked on together. Then one morning Neykia visited the tepee of an Indian woman whose husband and son had died a few weeks before. The daughter, who had been attending an Indian school, sat on the floor looking stolidly at her moccasins. The woman's face was sullen.

"Why, Pokee," Neykia said in surprise, "I thought you were away at school, learning to read, to sit on chairs and to wear shoes. What is the matter?"

"Pokee no go school now," the woman vouchsafed without looking up.

"Why, Wapee?"

"White man say: 'Squaw-dog, tie my shoe.' Pokee proud. No do. White man say loud: 'Squaw, tie my shoe!' Proud Indian girl no do. White man kick hard. Make black.

Pokee no squaw. Squaw bad Indian woman. Pokee no go school now."

"You mean," Neykia asked, her blood seeming to grow hard within her, "that the white schoolmaster kicked Pokee until she was black because she would not tie his shoe?"

Wapee went sullenly to the girl and bared her thigh. It was black with bruises.

"Never mind, Wapee," Neykia said with set lips, "I shall have the man horse-whipped."

A satisfied glitter came into the woman's eyes. To have the white man whipped—ah, that would be the Indian's revenge. Whipped—a man—whipped!

The doctor would be in his office. He was strong, and would avenge Pokee's cruel insult. Neykia went to him and told him the story. He listened with growing indignation.

"Something must be done," he said.

"Yes," Neykia answered, "he must be horse-whipped. Take a whip with a biting lash and whip him till he crawls at your feet! At once!"

"Neykia! Neykia! dear heart of me!" he stammered, "that is not the thing. Let me——"

Neykia's lip curled slightly. "Coward!" she sneered. "White men are cowards. I will not marry a coward white man."

She took off the ring she had worn for him, laid it on the desk and went out. The man sprang after her, but backed off again. She did not look at him. What he saw was the stolid, unseeing face of a wooden Indian, and he knew—knew instinctively—that threats, entreaties and tears would be hopeless. He sank into his chair, and his head dropped to his desk. After a while he straightened. He was pale, but he was himself.

"After all," he said, but his voice was tired, "it is as well. There might have been children. They would have had Indian blood."

He wrote the department at Ottawa of the schoolmaster's brutal behaviour. His letter arrived with one from Neykia. Both received replies that the case would be looked into. There was a sham investigation, and the schoolmaster was allowed to stay.

Neykia went further west among the Indians. She saw them drunk. One had shot another—his friend—while under the influence of liquor.

"Why did the whites come among us?" she wrote, saying "the whites" for the first time. "The Indians were clean and sober before. They worshipped the Great Spirit and obeyed It to the best of their knowledge. If it were not for my fear of the hangman's rope there would be four or five less white men in the world."

Time went on. For ten years I had not seen Neykia, but I knew that she cared yet for her "little white sister." She was coming back.

"We can go to our island among the Kawartha Lakes and get acquainted over again," I said to myself.

Neykia came. I was prepared for a change, but not so great a one. She was stout, and her eyes were shrewd instead of dreamy. The manner of an educated Indian—a half-breed—becomes invariably light and Frenchy, or slow and heavy. Neykia had grown heavy. At times she scolded, and her voice rasped. One day I watched her walk along the veranda; I started.

"Neykia," I said, "you are getting the Indian trail."

"Yes," she answered, "I am going back to the red blood of my fathers."

The island was lovely. The lake was lovely. We spent day after day together, and I still loved Neykia.

One day she was showing me her Indian trophies. As she handed me a string of white wampum her face became stricken with sorrow.

"It is all we have left," she said. Her voice was reverent. "It is the history of our tribe; in it live the spirit, the poetry and the oratory of our dead race. I cannot read it. My spirit was white when the chief, my father, could have taught me. Now it is too late. No one can interpret it, but I, an Indian, understand it."

With the voice of a white woman who has been through the deeps of a great grief, and who sees in herself the dying remnant of a long line of proud warrior chiefs whose eagle eyes had refused to drop before the incoming white man, she laid the wampum back in its beaded buckskin case. And as I looked at her

my eyes grew wet, for dimly I understood the proud, broken, stumbling spirit of the red man whose earthly paradise had been so rudely taken from him.

She took her turtle from its bag and passed her hand over the checkered shell.

"I carry this always," she said; "it is the guardian of our race." The turtle was the skin and shell, dried, with a few grains of shot inside. A change had come over Neykia. She pounded her knee rythmically with the turtle, and made dull, rattling, musicless sounds.

"It is our national music," she said simply. "We always play this way at our sun dances." She grew indignant. "And white people from the city come and stand and look, and laugh—*laugh!*"

That night Neykia stayed late under the whispering pines. It was dark—very dark. She said she was afraid to be closed in under a roof—she wanted the great, free world to breathe in. The spirits were out; she felt them in the air. Finally we persuaded her to take a tent, and retired.

The next morning was fresh and lovely. I rose early and went up to the bluff. It was covered with pine needles, sarsaparilla plant and Indian ferns, and the breeze through the cedars wafted its perfume to the delighted air. Straight ahead, through the pines that grew down to the water's edge, could be seen fifteen rugged, tree-laden islands. The water was deep blue, and reflected every fleecy cloud on its crystal breast. It was a paradise. Long ago the Chippewa Indians had dwelt there and had given this group of lakes the name that meant "Bright waters and happy lands." When a slender girl Neykia had spent a summer on these lakes, and had become one with the beautiful spirit of the place. She dreamed of the bygone days, and her smouldering eyes told of the romance in her blood. She could almost see, she said, the Indians in their birch canoes slipping through the silent water, their smoking bonfires behind them. Sometimes they went out in the early morning with the white clouds floating above them; sometimes at sunset, their paddles slipping noiselessly into a lake of saffron which turned to orange and blood, a deep wine, or claret. Again they stole out in the evening, with the moon throwing its silver trail across the inky lake. An

Indian girl should have been alone, in her canoe, slipping up the path of the moon. A quarter of a mile away was a larger island. Here Champlain was said to have stopped for a deer-hunt while on his way through the Kawartha Lakes to the St. Lawrence. Great bonfires must have blazed to cook the savory meat.

But that was long ago. Neykia, the slender Neykia, was gone with the romance in her misty eyes.

Skirting the island close to the water, for fear of awaking Neykia in the tent above, I was returning to the cottage. I went softly and heard no noise, but suddenly something made me look at the tent. Protruding through the opening, the canvas flaps drawn tightly around the neck, was Neykia's head. But the face! —it was a wooden thing, moulded in generations of ignorance and superstition; heavy, murderous, without a line of intelligence.

"Who's there?" she asked harshly. There was an unnamed terror in her voice, and the eyes seemed dull with hatred. I thought the black hair grew coarse. The worst that was in the Indian looked down and made my blood creep. Inside, hanging from a peg in the tent pole, was the huge turtle the Indians worshipped. It was to keep off the prowling spirits of the red men who had died on the lake hundreds of years before.

Neykia had become a pagan.

Ah, Neykia! Neykia!

BERTHA JEAN THOMPSON, '08.

MUSIC.

Wonder of wonders untold
To mortals doth music unfold.
From seven small notes
All harmony floats;
The scale a world's passion doth hold.

T. WEARING, '09.

THE POETRY OF WILFRED CAMPBELL.*

THE publication of "The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell" will in the future be regarded as a golden milestone in the pathway of our nation's progress in literature. It stands as a rebuke to that pessimism so often expressed by lovers of literature and art in America. All our men of genius are *not* dead, as reported.

At a time like the present, when the pursuit of material success seems almost to monopolize the attention of all classes, it is reassuring to see put upon the market a handsome volume of noble poetry by a gifted Canadian. We have as yet a small population, and one consisting of people absorbed in duties of a practical nature. The appearance of such a book among us is, therefore, a much more significant event than if it had appeared as the child of an English or American writer. But it is natural to look for good poetry from Canada. "Dark and true and tender is the North." Campbell himself calls Canada "the home of song." If then during a period in the history of our country when its energies must be devoted mainly to practical ends, if at such a time so much excellent verse is produced, what may we expect of the future? What literary gifts may not Canada in the future present to the world, when already, after so brief a history, she has given the work of Lampman, Carman, Roberts, Rand, Heavysege, and others scarcely less important? Although the boundless material resources of our Dominion await development, although so much matter-of-fact work is to be done that the imagination is staggered, yet we are delightfully surprised to know that the litterateur, the sculptor, and the painter have been already conspicuous in the history of our dear land—notwithstanding the recently expressed opinion of Madame Bernhardt.

> "Earth's dream of poetry will never die.
> It lingers while we linger, base or true—
> A part of all this being."—*p. 19.*

*The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell. Cloth, 350 pp. $1.50. Toronto: William Briggs.

We might easily have thought it inevitable that the builders engaged in laying the first foundation courses of our nation's walls would have left to their successors the daintier task of carving griffins and gargoyles for the cornices. But no. These more beautiful stones are in course of preparation, and many are already lying ready for their places.

Action produces its inevitable reaction. In days of intensest commercialism, when men seem in danger of actually becoming less than the material agencies by which they subsist, strong men come forward to echo the question of Christ, "Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?" Indeed, men have an undying love for the beautiful and will always welcome a truly poetic expression of it:

> "Man's material dream
> May scorn its uses, worship baser hope
> Of life's high purpose, build about the world
> A brazen rampart; through it all will come
> The iron moan of life's unresting sea;
> And through its floors, as filtered blooms of dawn,
> Those flowers of dream will spring, eternal, sweet,
> Speaking for God and man."—*p. 19.*

Our poet himself is much given to complaining of the scant hospitality shown by the public to the modern bard,† but we think that a true poet who believes in himself and works patiently and resolutely will certainly find his audience. Wilfred Campbell is a clear case in point. Not all the triumphs of Rockefellers, Morgans and Carnegies shall intoxicate men of talent and genius and quite turn their eyes from the East. There is a law of reaction, we repeat, so that amid the din of beating hammers and the whirr of wheels, the voices of Philosophy, Religion and Art become the more persistent. There comes inevitably an equilibrium when humanity (in which there is more goodness and sanity than it believes) will give a due share of attention to the commercial and the artistic. The progress of the arts toward perfection and of character toward the ideal is far from being incompatible with material progress. The fact is, that the national energy, like the sea, ebbs and flows all along the shore *en masse*. Brilliant literary

†See "The Singer," p. 66; "The Betrayed Singer," p, 89, and others,

eras in the lives of nations were brilliant commercial eras. Is not this true of the "Spacious times of Great Elizabeth" and the not less glorious days of Victoria?

We think ourselves justified in speaking thus hopefully, for Canada, busy as she has been, has found the men and the time to make a grand contribution to English poetic literature, and we think the volume that lies before us, while the latest, is also the most notable work produced thus far by a Canadian poet. We have not the slightest hesitation in predicting for "The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell" a generous and continuous demand. Every Canadian of literary taste will hasten to possess it.

Fifteen years ago it was our privilege to attend an authors séance in Toronto at which Wilfred Campbell read his matchless lyric, "The Mother." Since that time we have welcomed every line from his pen, and our admiration for his work has grown from year to year. Speaking of that poem:—In a home we know, where a little child had but recently made his début, the husband had presented to the wife a volume of Campbell's poems containing "The Mother." Her eyes fell upon it and she began reading eagerly, but presently laid the book aside saying, "I cannot read that; it would break my heart!" Was not that an eloquent though unconscious tribute to the power and beauty of that poem? There are many others in this volume of like quality. As that mother was affected by those verses, so will another reader be moved by the splendid dramatic poem, "Unabsolved"; so will a third be thrilled by his "Lazarus," or a fourth by his "Genius," beginning,

> "I built a house one wondrous night,
> From splendid ruins of my soul,
> And filled it with the sound and light
> That girdles earth from pole to pole."—*p. 94.*

Canada is fabulously rich in every kind of natural beauty and (comparatively) poor in historic association. No wonder, then, if Canadian poets have found their chief inspiration in

> "Nature, the dream that wraps us round."—*p. 93.*

This is remarkably true of Campbell. He has obeyed the prompt-

ings of the genius of the place and has followed the dictum of Emerson: "My book shall smell of the pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window shall interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also."

We confess to liking him best when he is alone with nature and the human heart, and least when he sings his "Sagas of Greater Britain"—always with at least a suggested war-drum accompaniment. Compare such a poem as "The Return of the Troops," beginning,

> "Canadian heroes hailing home
> War-worn and tempest smitten,
> Who circled leagues of rolling foam
> To hold the earth for Britain,"—*p. 331*

with his lake lyric, "Vapor and Blue," which begins—

> "Domed with the azure of heaven,
> Floored with a pavement of pearl,
> Clothed all about with a brightness
> Soft as the eyes of a girl,
>
> "Girt with a magical girdle,
> Rimmed with a vapor of rest—
> These are the inland waters,
> These are the lakes of the west."—*p. 341.*

We are grateful that the Sagas fill so small and the nature poems so large a space in the altogether splendid volume. We would that Campbell had relegated these subjects to the less inspired pens of Kipling or Austin. It is impossible, while the human heart remains as it is, that we shall want nature-poetry in Canada, for, as our poet says,—

> "Here in northern solitudes,
> Sounding shorelands, glooming woods,
>
> "Where the pines their dreams rehearse,
> Is the home of haunting verse.
>
> "Dreams of beauty here inspire
> All the summer's radiant fire,

"In the gleam of leaf and bird,
Ere the Autumn's voice is heard,

"Fluting, soft, her woodland tune
Down the golden afternoon.

"Here that spirit, rare and pure,
Of the muses who endure,

"Dreams with Wisdom's quiet eye
While the phantom years go by."—*p. 93.*

So Campbell calls Canada "the home of song," and his own brilliant work is the best justification for his use of the phrase.

The poems comprising the volume are classified into eight groups. Two of the most important of these are the Sonnets and the Dramatic Verse.

The sonnet is a complicated and difficult medium of poetic expression—

"It is a shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea."

Wilfred Campbell is free in his use of this form, and many of his sonnets show a great depth of spiritual insight. Here is one called—

THE CONSOLATION OF THE STARS.

"Where white Orion rules the hosts of night,
And grim Arcturus wheels his ancient round,
If there be any soul by earth-weight bound,
Let him here come, and if he hath a blight
Of poisoned spirit, let him note the flight
Of these great seers of centuries, without sound,
Patient, orderly, in their mystic swound,
Wheeling forever, eternal hills of light.
Let him here pause; and if he hath a care,
A poisoned arrow rankling in his heart
Of human sorrow, or ill too great to bear,
From off his spirit like mists it will depart,
And in these dreams 'twixt golden dusk and day
Rebuild his soul for its appointed way."—*p. 279.*

Of the dramatic verse there is no space left us wherein to

write. The brief preface promises us the completed dramas in a succeeding book. Until it appears we will reserve any comment excepting this : these fragments are a fine prophecy of what that book will be.

In reading Campbell's poetry it is easy and pleasant to enter into sympathy with the writer's moods. He leads us more clearly to experience the consciousness of being in the presence of a sublime and beautiful mystery—an invisible, immanent, and transcendent Spirit, of which nature is the visible and splendid garment. This is the perpetual theme of the poet. There is in his many-sided treatment of it an inevitable perplexity with its consequent pensiveness ; but there is also spiritual penetration with its attendant power.

B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

DANIEL WESLEY GUNN.

THE festivities of some of us, on Christmas morning, 1905, were sadly interrupted by the news, "Wesley Gunn is dead." After a week's suffering from congestion of the brain he died at his home in St. Thomas, December 24th.

He was born in Sparta, November 7th, 1874. In a corner of his father's farm stands the school where he received his early education. From here he went to the Aylmer Collegiate Institute. This period of his life is marked by his conversion and his resolution to preach. In the autumn of 1893 he attended the County Model School, and subsequently spent a short time in public school work. He matriculated from the St. Thomas Collegiate in 1895, and in October of the same year came to McMaster, but had scarcely begun his Arts course when his father died. He went home to his bereaved mother and sisters, and returned to enter with Century the following year. Throughout the next four years he pursued his work diligently, winning with distinction, on his graduation, first class standing in Special Mathematics. His first and only pastorate was at Birtle, Manitoba, for the summer of 1900.

Having now decided to follow teaching as his life work, he returned to Ontario, and, with Wood and the writer, entered Normal College. There he was regarded as one of the most promising teachers in a class of over one hundred and fifty. The fact that Principal Thompson was anxious to secure him for the Hamilton Collegiate speaks for itself. Three years in the Waterdown High School and one and a half in the St. Thomas Collegiate justified the good predictions made of him. In the spring of 1903 he married Miss Mabel Stewart, of Waterdown, who with a little son survives him.

His college life was varied. While he gave careful attention to his class room work, he still had time for other things. On the campus he was a manly opponent, in the enterprises of his class he was enthusiastic, in his social relations he was always above reproach. It was his nature to look on the bright side of things. He had great love for out-of-doors, bred in him no doubt by the situation of his early home. The old farm lay on the "Plains," at the foot of a commanding ridge wooded with chestnut.

It was my privilege, I think, to know him longer than any other member of our class. A friendship of fifteen years, six of which were spent as fellow-students, cannot be broken without leaving a deep sense of loss. The memory of him will abide with me through life, a stimulus to all that is good and true.

A. C. Newcombe, '00.

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VOL. XV. JANUARY, 1906. No. 4

Editorial Notes.

TO Rev. Mr. Norton's appreciation of Dr. Goodspeed, which appears in another part of THE MONTHLY, we add with great pleasure the resolution of the Faculty regarding the work and worth of our former colleague. His reply thereto is so characteristic an utterance that we have taken the liberty of publishing it. We all knew his untiring devotion to the welfare of McMaster and his real affection for his colleagues: his letter is an evidence of the continuance of the same loyalty to our Alma Mater and of the same kindly feeling towards his fellow-workers. THE MONTHLY speaks for the whole University—Board, Senate, professors, alumni, undergraduates—when it pays tribute to the great service rendered McMaster by Dr. Goodspeed and wishes him many years of happy and successful service in other spheres.

In view of the resignation of the Rev. Calvin Goodspeed, M.A., D.D., LL.D., who for the past fifteen years so ably filled the chair of Systematic Theology and Polemics in this University, the Faculty desire to spread in their minutes the following resolution as a tribute to his worth and work :—

"In Dr. Goodspeed we have found a brotherly man of devout and tender spirit, sound in judgment, rock-like in righteousness, frank and genuine, faithful and true, and these great qualities won for him the profound and affectionate esteem of his colleagues and made him a strong and steady influence for purity of motive and righteousness of character and life among the students.

"He brought to his professional duties a keen, logical mind, l ove for and insight into truth, wide and accurate learning, and an aptness, ability and willingness for class-room discussions that made his teaching exceedingly valuable to those who received it.

"His duties in connection with the Student Aid Fund and the voluntary work of the Fyfe Missionary Society made large demands upon his time and strength, which he met with unremitting devotion and with much practical wisdom.

"The same qualities that made him such a power for good in the University, also gave him great weight in the counsels of the denomination and of the larger brotherhood of those who work for the moral uplift of the nation.

"Dr. Goodspeed's going from us has been a cause of profound regret. Our cordial esteem and prayerful good wishes go with him to the new sphere to which he has been called."

"Dear Brethren,—I wish to express to you my grateful appreciation of the resolution passed in view of my resignation. Knowing myself better than anyone else does, without any cant or mock modesty, I am sure your estimate of both myself and my work is far too high. You describe what I should like to have been and done. The remembrance of any real service done will be an abiding joy. For the most part my association with you all has been very pleasant, and if ever otherwise it was perhaps my own fault. While everything has been done here to make me feel at home, I miss, more keenly than I should like to tell, the old fellowship and the old work. My interest in McMaster can never cease, and I shall rejoice in all real growth and success. You, more than any others, are in a position to develop and shape the life which is to dominate that of the Baptist body in your—our—great country. May you be equal to the opportunity and responsibility. With love to all,

"Your fellow-worker, C. GOODSPEED."

Book Reviews.

UNDERGRADUATE VERSE.*

SIX undergraduates of the University of Toronto have collected a number of their verses and published them under the title "Some Undergraduate Poems." Though the writers have no need to be ashamed of their poetic efforts, they have with commendable modesty concealed their identity by signing only their initials to their productions. One of the best things in the book is the preface, which consists of an excerpt from John Wesley's preface to a collection of hymns, the colossal self-satisfaction of which is very amusing. Whoever is responsible for its inclusion in the present volume shows himself the possessor of a real sense of humor and a power of self-criticism that ought to serve him in good stead in life.

In one of the poems of the volume a poet is represented as addressing the Muses in the language of Burns, and praying for "frien's to read our lays" and "kind reviews well spread wi' praise." With the best wishes in the world to be the appointed agent of Euterpe and her sisters in granting the petition, we are in candor compelled to think that these poems will excite only a languid interest in those who read them. The essential defect is, we think, a lack of strong feeling compelling the writers to utterance. Nevertheless, the writers exhibit not a little mastery of the forms of verse. When they have had fuller experience of life they will have more to say, and with more feeling to utter they will be more successful in winning their way to the hearts of their readers. The latter cannot be expected to find much pleasure in experiments in the rather artificial forms of French verse, of which there are several examples, unless the matter is of such a character as to catch their fancy. It is natural, of course, that undergraduates who have lately come under the spell of Villon, Deschamps, and other mediæval lyrical poets, should attempt to imitate their

*Some Undergraduate Poems. Toronto: William Briggs. 75 cents.

graceful ballades and rondeaus ; but for all that, in doing so they attempt a task in which failure is all but certain. An Austin Dobson, or an Andrew Lang, may capture the secret of those old-world strains and make English readers feel their charm, but only such masters of their art can hope for success. As the late Mr. Henley, who was one of these masters, said of the triolet :

Easy is the Triolet,
If you really learn to make it !
Once a neat refrain you get,
Easy is the Triolet.
As you see !—I pay my debt
With another rhyme. Deuce take it,
Easy is the Triolet
If you really learn to make it !

We should gladly quote several of the poems in illustration of the poetic promise displayed in the volume, but must be content with one—chosen for its brevity rather than for its superiority to others :

VIDI.

I saw a young man ploughing,
Ploughing the field of fate ;
And I ploughed none, but he ploughed on,
Ploughing the field of fate.

I saw a young man resting
From ploughing the field of fate,
And I ploughed on, but he ploughed none,
In the terrible field of fate.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

"God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!"

POT POURRI.—Since the appearance of the December number of THE MONTHLY so many events have taken place in student life that to attempt to systematize the same would be to qualify for the solving of a Chinese puzzle or a lawyer's handwriting. During the interval the students have crawled out of the scholastic shell for a few days, only to return after having feasted on plum pudding, and thereby finding the shell a little tighter than before. Christmas was enjoyed and the two weeks' interim much appreciated. "New Year's" came, and resolutions were tacked up, only to be torn down by some before twenty-four hours had passed. Then the McMaster men and women began burning John D. Rockefeller's specialty, and dreaming of the stars. A few even dared to burn it Christmas night, but they were foolish, and we are confident that John is ashamed of them. Examinations followed——but pass on, iron pen with the stub point; tell of more pleasant scenes! And now everyone is back to the lecture room, drinking deep at the brook, determining to make 1906 one of the very best years in the history of "dear old Mac." Might we say just a word about this column of our magazine? It is your column, student of McMaster. Make it yours—which, being translated, is, contribute to "Around the Hall," whether or not you are on the reportorial staff. We cordially invite everyone to share with us the responsibility of making this portion of the magazine interesting.

MUSIC-LOVING STUDENT—"Come in to the piano and play for me, kind sir." Long-haired musician—"Why do you want me to play for you, son?" "I want to do the St. Vitus dance," mildly responded the music-lover.

CHAPEL SERVICE.—The opening chapel service of the year 1906 was an unusually interesting one. Although the students

were, perhaps, somewhat weary with examinations, there was a full attendance. Chancellor McKay read the Scripture lesson, and prayer was offered by Rev. H. F. Laflamme, returned missionary from India. The Chancellor then extended the privileges of the university to Mr. Laflamme, and, referring to the great esteem in which he is held, called upon him to speak. Mr. Laflamme responded with an enthusiastic and powerful address, telling of the three distinct experiences of his life, namely, his meeting with the Christ, his meeting with the Holy Spirit, and his call to the foreign field. He urged every student to discover the will of the Almighty regarding the investment of life. The singing of "Jesus, Wondrous Saviour," concluded one of the most inspiring chapel hours ever held in Castle Memorial Hall.

Plenty of Mouth.—The capacity of a certain gentleman's mouth in the dining hall is rather great. In order to prove this to his fellow students he spoke as follows one evening at supper: "Kindly fill my glass with milk." "There is only a half glassful in the pitcher," replied the operator of the milk pitcher. "That is all I want," said he with the mouth, "just half a mouthful."

First Theolog.—"How did you make out with the singing in your congregation last summer?" Second theolog.—"I lead the singing myself, foolish one." First theolog.—"What part did you sing?" Second theolog.—"I sang first bass, but the congregation usually made a home run."

Some Personal Words.—The editor wishes to take this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the excellent service rendered by Mr. A. S. Woodburne, editor of "Athletics," in this column of the magazine during the months of November and December. He would like, also, to remind the members of the first year of the fact that the second year has two representatives on the reportorial staff. Those who entertain hopes of being appointed to these positions in "year '09" would do well to hand in any material which they think would be suitable for publication in this column. Every member of the first year is invited to this pleasant and profitable task, for perhaps there is no work in the university's various societies which offers greater reward, or is more pleasant, than being identified with the publication board of The Monthly.

Nervy Nat.—We draw the attention of all lovers of the ridiculous to the fact that the "Nervy Nat" series, which was so popular in the Hall last winter, has reappeared again in "Judge," which may be found in the reading-room.

Irate Sophomore (after the results of the exams. have been given out)—"Zounds! I plugged all night, and got a third in chemistry. Zounds! I did likewise and got a third in mathematics. Zounds! I plugged half the night and got a second in Latin. Zounds! I—" Wicked Junior—"Zounds! I slept all night and got all firsts."

The Debating Club.—Officers for the spring term were elected by the Debating Club on Saturday, December 16th. H. S. Mullowney was elected president; Thos. Wearing, vice-president; A. F. Smith, secretary. These gentlemen are members of Noughty-nine, in which year there are a number of very effective debaters. The following were elected councillors to represent the different years:—R. J. Currie, '06; R. W. Young, '07; H. H. McGregor, '08; J. L. Sloat, '09.

In the class in homiletics, the other day, a budding divine was giving the divisions of a text in which "sleep" was the predominant thought. He had no less than six divisions of "sleep," such as "the sleep of peace," "the sleep of rest," and various other "sleeps." When the professor asked for a criticism, one knowing youth remarked, "He should have added a seventh division, sir." "What would you suggest then?" asked the teacher. "The sleep of the congregation," was the theological reply.

Examinations Beneficial.—Those who are inclined to think that examinations are without benefit would have altered their opinion if they had heard a theolog remark as he came out from the examination room recently, "Well, I would rather preach two sermons than write that examination again." At least the benefit which the congregation would derive is easily seen.

The New Science Building.—The plans of the proposed science building are in the hands of Chancellor McKay. The building will be located behind Castle Memorial Hall, and will contain four floors. The appointments are very complete, according to the plans, and if carried out as specified it will mean that McMaster will have a science department of which every member of the denomination will be justly proud. The students have taken up the work of subscribing funds very enthusiastically, each one feeling it a privilege to have a share in the new building. Here's to the new science building, and may it be ready for use for the members of Nineteen-ten!

Senior (coming down the hall and finding two freshmen fighting)—"Here, children, what do you mean by acting thus in this place?" Winning freshman—"Well, he said, coming down stairs, that he was fresher than I am, and I am going to lick him."

Political Science Club.—The monthly meeting of the Political Science Club was held December 18th, 1905, president G. R. M. Wells presiding. A very instructive address was given by Mr. W. F. McLean, M.P., on "Public Ownership." He discussed it in its various phases, with references also to the telegraph, the telephone, and parcel delivery systems (of Germany and England particularly), showing the benefits derived from their operation by the people. At the close of the address, the opportunity being given, an interesting discussion followed.

A Cut on the Monthly.—The readers of this issue of The Monthly will notice that the edges of the magazine are cut. This is merely an experiment, especially for the benefit of those who find difficulty in using a paper-knife. If this new venture meets with the approval of the readers, it will be continued. If, on the other hand, the patrons of the magazine think that the cut edges do not add to the appearance of the paper, they will be discontin ued. Reader, feel free to express yourself regarding this venture

Ladies' Lit.—The public meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held on Friday evening, December 15th, in Castle Memorial Hall. The large and appreciative audience attested to the kindly feeling in which the L. L. L. is held by outside friends. Miss Grace Stone, '06, the president, occupied the chair. The society was delighted to have an address from their honorary president, Mrs. A. C. McKay. The entertainment was furnished to a large extent by the members of the league, the chief feature being the portrayal of the characters of women of renown in life, history, and literature. Miss Barbara Duncan, '09, presented the work and character of "Florence Nightingale"; Miss Blanche Edy, '08, told the story of the "Women of the Idylls"; Miss Blanche Shields, '07, took as her subject "Helen Keller," and Miss Olive Harton, '06, gave a vivid picture of "Cleopatra." The musical part of the programme was as follows:—Instrumental duet, Miss Rowntree, '09, and Miss Dora McKay, '09; vocal solo, Miss May Lemon, '09; violin solo, Miss Marguerite Cotton; vocal solo, Mrs. Pickard; selections from the glee club. The society is especially indebted to Mrs. Pickard, who, in the absence of Mrs. Lumley, kindly consented to sing. The meeting closed with the national anthem.

In the Ladies' Room.—Puzzled juniorette, after French exam. : "What is the gender for corner in 'the corner of the street'?" Wise freshette—"Both, at night."

Open Fyfe.—The annual open meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held Tuesday, December 12th, in Castle Memorial Hall, president Warner in the chair. Rev. F. Weston, the new pastor of Immanuel Baptist church, took part in the opening devotional exercises, and Miss Helen Carter and the McMaster quartette supplied the musical part of the programme and assisted materially in the success of the meeting. The speakers of the evening were Dr. Keirstead and W. E. Matthews, B.A. Mr. Matthews spoke enthusiastically of the value of McMaster's influence in fitting the student for his life-work, referring to the various factors in a well-rounded education, and also to a strong undercurrent of spiritual life which he himself had always experienced. Dr. Keirstead spoke of the relation of the missionary spirit to our intellectual life in the college. He showed how this spirit saved the student from prejudice, passion and sloth, and how it may be obtained in sympathy with God, with men, and with truth.

Theological Society.—A meeting of the Theological Society was held Wednesday evening, December 20th, at seven o'clock. Mr. A. L. Brown presented a paper on the relation of the Gospel to the needs of the twentieth century, and a lively discussion followed, there being some difference of opinion as to ways and means from the preacher's view-point. The attendance was excellent, and all felt the meeting to be decidedly helpful.

A Series of Letters.—Beginning with this issue, a series of letters will be published in this column. The first of the "Letters of a self-freshened freshman to his father" appears below, and we expect that from month to month the letters of William Green will be printed, as he passes through the trying experiences of his first year in college :—

LETTERS OF A SELF-FRESHENED FRESHMAN TO HIS FATHER.

"McMaster University,
"Toronto, January 20th, 1906.

"Dear Father :—I have been very sick, and as I am able to sit up a little to-day, I thought I had better write and tell you all of the varied experiences through which I have passed since I said 'Good-bye, pa, I shall try and take firsts in everything,' at the station on January eighth.

"Perhaps I had better tell you about my illness first of all, but please, pa, do not mention it to mother. You know I was studying very hard for the examinations, and I sat up late at nights, for, as you are well aware, I am after that Pratt scholarship. Well, I began to feel queer, and then one of the fellows in our room said something one evening that confirmed my belief that I was not well. He is a senior, and I am sure he must know. He has a very nice lamp—a student's lamp—and I have often thought I would like to study with it. Accordingly, one evening after he went out, I got his lamp and it was working beautifully, and I had been studying a couple of hours, when he came in. He did not say anything, because he did not want to interrupt me, I suppose, but he stood looking at me for a long time, and then he said, 'I am afraid that you are troubled with your nerves.' That settled it for me, because he really knows a great deal. So next day I went down town and bought some strychnine tablets. You know I have been studying biology, so I thought I did not need a physician. I took several tablets, and I have been very sick ever since. The doctor said that I took an overdose. However, I had only one more examination to write, and I wrote it before I took the tablets.

"I suppose you would like to know all about the examinations. It is really a terrible ordeal for one to pass through, and only those who have undergone the strain have any right to place themselves in a critical attitude towards examinations. I might say, pa, that the above sentence should have been enclosed within quotation marks, as it is from the lips of the senior whom I mentioned before. Promptly at nine o'clock in the morning the dinner gong rings, but not for dinner, dear father, as it is 'the knell which summons us to heaven or to mince meat,' as the immortal Burns has said somewhere or other. We all wend our ways into the chapel, which is transformed into a temporary examination hall. We get our papers, and then proceed to write on the small tables taken from our bedrooms. (Note—I had to hang my collar and tie over the gas jet while the table from my room was in the chapel, and one night my tie caught on fire. Tell ma I am sorry, for it was that nice green and red and blue one Uncle Cæsar gave me at Christmas.) During the examinations there are two professors in the chapel, one sitting at each end of the room. It bothered me a little at first to watch them sitting there enjoying life, while I was in the 'abject misery' of my papers. I wrote five papers, and I might say that I feel sure that I made a great hit on every one of them. You see, I was sure of it before I went into the examinations at all, and, as you learn in higher mathematics, that is really the principal thing—the mere writing of the paper being a matter of form.

"Anyway, pa, they are over, and I expect by to-morrow to

be in good spirits again. I nearly forgot to tell you about a strange thing which happened the day I came back. You see, when I came last fall, of course I was a freshman and felt rather new, but after awhile I felt more at home. Well, as I was about to say, when I came back there were some new fellows in the dining hall, so I thought I had better be friendly. After breakfast I went up to one of them, and, putting out my hand, said, 'Well, freshie, old boy, I am one too. Welcome, though a little late.' He looked wise and smiled. Then I said, 'I suppose, as you will be with us, you would like to meet some of the chaps in our year.' He smiled again. Just then a senior came up to him and said, 'Hello, old man, back for your M.A. I suppose.' 'Yes,' replied the fellow I had welcomed—but I had hurried upstairs, for one of my room-mates wanted to find out how to translate a difficult passage in Latin.

"Now, pa, I must lie down. With love to all,

"Your educationally-inclined son,

"WILLIE."

"P.S.—Say, pa, I have just found out the results of the exams. I got four firsts, but there was a one on each side of the first. I am sure there must be a mistake. I am going to get the senior in our room to help me downstairs to the Registrar's office.

"WILLIAM."

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: A. S. WOODBURNE, '06.

SOCKER IN THE ORIENT.—Football may have had its birth in the occident, but it is already an adoption of the east. An account of a match in which the Baptist College team of Rangoon, Burmah, was one of the elevens, has a peculiar interest to the reader because of the names of the players. Their men lined up as follows :—Goal, Mg. San ; backs, Mg. Gu and Sheve Thi ; half backs, Than Bu, Pan Po and Sheve Saing ; forwards, San Ye, Mg. Kwa, Kya Gyi, Pan Yau and San Nynn. It is a pleasure in reading the record to learn that "the excellent playing of Pan Po has called forth compliments from many a spectator." Good for you, Pan !

THE HOCKEY SEASON.—This is the season of puck-chasing. But, unfortunately for the hockeyist, the weather man is not handing out enough of zero weather. Thus far the climate has been, for the most part, too mild, and the outdoor rink men have been finding that they were watering the grass when their intentions were to make ice. The O. H. A. have had to postpone several of their matches on that account. And the first of our junior matches has been postponed for the same reason. It seems unfortunate, as it not only prevents the matches being played on scheduled dates, but there has been very little opportunity for practice, which inevitably means a poorer brand of hockey. However, there is sufficient time yet, if the rest of the winter will but be winter indeed.

S. M. MCLAY, '03, is playing forward on the Woodstock senior O. H. A. team.

J. B. MCARTHUR, '05, is playing cover point for the St. Georges (Toronto) senior O. H. A. team.

ABOUT the same number of McMaster students are in evidence on Victoria rink this year—when they have the chance.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR : T. M. DADSON, '06.

REV. S. J. ARTHUR, Theol. 1888, formerly of Erie, Pa., has become pastor of a large church in London, England.

Rev. J. D. McLachlan, formerly of Vankleek Hill, has accepted a unanimous call to the Galt Baptist church.

Rev. J. S. LaFlair, B.A., late of Port Rowan, has become pastor of the Baptist church at Dunnville.

Rev. A. P. McDonald, M.A., late of Dunnville, has removed to the Aylmer church.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. D. W. Gunn, B.A., teacher of mathematics in St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, which occurred suddenly in December.

Congratulations are due to Rev. John Hilts, who was married during the Christmas holidays.

We had a welcome visit from Mr. F. C. Mabee, M.A., during the Christmas season. Mr. Mabee is enjoying the life at Harvard. He gives a glowing account of the success of Mr. R. D. McLaurin, M.A., who has won a high place in the esteem of the university department.

One of our graduates who is becoming well known through his merits is Prof. H. S. Arkell, of Guelph Agricultural College, whose class in stock judging won the laurels at the Chicago contest last year. Prof. Arkell's class from Iowa State Agricultural College won in the contest the previous year.

Some of the members of class '97 are suggesting a class rally for the spring of '07.

George Herbert Clarke, M.A., is contributing to the *Outlook*.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: BESSIE FINDLAY.

MOULTON'S halls were silent for two whole weeks, the girls having departed in all directions to their homes (even so far as distant Indiana), for the Christmas holidays. But on the 4th of January work commenced again, the girls were back, and looking forward to the term examinations.

THE girls are very enthusiastic over the skating rink, which has at last been flooded—and also has frozen. As Jack Frost is making his angel visits few and far between, when there *is* ice the Moulton girls make the most of it. The hockey club has been formed, but owing to the brevity of Jack's visits has not yet had an opportunity of displaying its prowess upon the ice.

THE Rev. Dr. Clark, of Trinity College, who says he is always glad to be at Moulton, lectured in the chapel on December 8th, on the poem "The Ancient Mariner." We were glad, too, to have with us, as chairman, Chancellor McKay. Dr. Clark outlined the life and work of Coleridge, explained the plan of the poem, and then interpreted it as a parable of human life, describing beautifully the pathetic parts.

IN our missionary prayer meeting this month we learnt something of the people in South America and the work being done there, from Rev. A. B. Reekie, the founder of the Baptist mission in Bolivia, who presented to us the various phases of the work and the need for more workers.

A SECOND recital was given this month, on Thursday night, December 11th, when some of the new music pupils tried their voices in public for the first time. Besides vocal there were instrumental selections and recitations.

THE Heliconian Society met as usual on the third Friday in the month, and a very interesting miscellaneous programme was presented. Two former graduates, Miss Stockwell and Miss Helen Drummond, took part, and were welcomed back by all the school, Miss Stockwell singing and Miss Drummond reciting.

One of the most interesting numbers on the programme was a debate, "Resolved, That the myth of Santa Claus should be abolished." There were four speakers on each side: on the affirmative, the Misses Freland (leader), Fletcher, Denovan, and Steele; on the negative, the Misses Munro (leader), Burke, Van-Sickle, and Coram. Even the affirmative were glad when the judges decided that Santa Claus should still remain with us as one of the delights of Christmas. Miss Clara Steele gave a humorous reading, entitled, "Mr. Hurletz's Crist," and Miss Drummond a very pretty piano solo. The Heliconian chorus sang several old English carols.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: NORMAN MCCAUSLAND.

THE new year has opened auspiciously. Quite a number of new faces greet us in the halls, and still the enrolment is increasing.

UNDER the inspiration of "Scotty's" healthy brogue and beaming countenance the boys have taken to singing songs of Scotia. The latest suggestion is:— "Oh where, where, oh where is our hockey weather gone?"

THE recent destruction by fire of the Friends' college in Pickering has made it necessary for their students to seek other locations. We have already welcomed to Woodstock four young men from that institution. Two of them are taking the work of the final year. The graduating class promises to be unusually large this year.

OWING to the remarkably fine fall and winter, the construction of the new gymnasium has progressed quite rapidly. When completed it will be one of the finest in Canada, and will greatly add to the attractiveness of the college.

THE first Friday evening of last month the students, faculty and friends of the college enjoyed a treat in the form of a lecture by Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D., of Toronto. His topic was, "Off Days in a Busy Life," and in his own vivid and matchless manner the lecturer described a number of his holiday trips in Canada and United States, and also in the older countries of Europe. Dr. Thomas will always find a welcome at the College.

THE college evangelistic band commenced the new year with a Friday-to-Monday campaign at East Oxford. Eight of the boys went down, and although the place had not been visited by a movement of this kind for several years, yet the meetings were blessed with God's presence and power, and resulted in a number taking their stand for Christ. The interest awakened was such as to warrant a return of a contingent of nine of the boys the following Friday. The band is looking forward to a term of active work both within and without college halls.

AT a recent meeting of the student body it was decided that this year we substitute for the annual "at home" an entertainment, the proceeds of which should go towards the equipment of our new gymnasium. The programme is to be furnished solely by college talent. At present a committee consisting of C. E. Evans, A. E. Kelly, N. Shaffer, F. T. Campbell, W. H. Firstbrook (from the students), and R. A. F. McDonald, B.A. (from the faculty), have it in hand. The date of the event has not yet been fixed, but it will likely be early in March.

THE hockey season is here, but Dame Winter and the iceman seem to have missed each other this time, and we have seen very little of either as yet. Toward the end of last term the executive of the Athletic association decided to enter a team in the city hockey league, the championship of which we had the good fortune to win last year. E. A. Brock and David Marsh were chosen to the captaincy of the senior and junior teams respectively, while the work of management was assigned to A. E. Fisher. Regular practice hours were secured in Canterbury street rink, and in spite of the uncertain weather the teams have had a work out or two. Among the new students entering the college this term there are several who bid fair to be a strength to athletic life, and Captain Brock is to be congratulated on the energy he has already evinced in mustering and placing his men.

THE societies have all been re-opened and are in full working order again. The following are the officers for the current half year :—

Philomathic—President, W. Arthurs ; vice-president, C. C. Hawkins ; secretary, C. E. Evans ; editor, Chas. Durden ; sub-editor, H. Swann ; marshall, R. D. Freeman ; critic, R. A. F. McDonald, B.A.

Excelsior— President, Ivan Matthews ; vice-president, A. E. Postill ; secretary—Bruce McCrimmon ; editor, J. W. Boyle ; sub-editor, M. E. Lobb ; marshal, A. S. McLean ; critic, J. W. Russell, M.A.

Debating Society—President, Charles Durden; vice-president, C. E. Evans; secretary, W. H. Firstbrook; marshal, H. L. Edwards; committee, A. E. Kelly, E. A. Brock. The interest in the Saturday afternoon debates is very keen, and many of the boys are giving promise of becoming first class extempore speakers.

Insurmountable Difficulty.—The fact that Woodstock College is a preparatory school interferes in a very great measure with her athletic prowess. Young men arrive at the college just at the age when their athletic proclivities begin to assert themselves. They engage in some of the several kinds of sport popular at the school, and eventually become so proficient as to gain a place on one of the representative college teams. It has been the case that they graduate at the end of their first year of athletic usefulness, and the coaches have to begin the following year with a squad of scrubs. Last season's football team was built from a lot of green players who were pressed into the game because the team of the former year was disrupted when the graduating class passed out of the active life of the school. Coach McNeill whipped them into line and they were playing a grand game when the season closed. Next June the majority of the lads on the team will graduate, and Coach McNeill will have to begin anew. Graduates of the grid at Woodstock College have made places on the best college and other teams in Canada. This is true, too, of the hockey players who learned the game on the college rink. When McMaster University was beaten by Woodstock College last season, the writer heard one of the McMaster players consoling his team-mates with, "Never mind. They beat us fairly, and we will have the cream of them for our team next fall." The local school is an academic department of McMaster and many of its graduates go to the Toronto institution. The college is doing a good work in this respect. The true spirit of sport pervades all the contests and the men who graduate are manly men, the athletes a credit to the institution. While it is lamentable that the school should lose the athletes she makes, and just at a time when they might add materially to the trophy cabinet, it should be remembered that the real object of athletics at Woodstock College is not to win laurels for the college, but rather to develop the body with the mind. To know that this is being accomplished it is only necessary to visit the institution, than where it would be very difficult to find a finer lot of young men.—*Frederick Wilson, in the Woodstock Sentinel-Review.*

Here and There.

EDITOR : G. R. M. WELLS, '06.

EXAMS. are come and gone, and their sorrows and joys are, for a time, a thing of the past. Few sorrows exceed that of having to get up a term's Greek in a single day and night, or striving to win a pass in mathematics by substituting a few remarks about weather and other kindred subjects for sines and cosines. Originality is not always a thing to be greatly desired. But, on the other hand, there are few joys more heartfelt than the sound of the gong ringing for the close of the last exam. But, good or bad, the exams. are over, and perhaps that is the best thing about them.

Here are several rules about examinations that have value. First, do the easy questions, then the hard ones, and then the ones you can't do. Or, expressed in other language, first put down whatever you know that has any direct connection with the question under consideration. If you can't do that, then put down whatever else you know which, however directly or indirectly, has something to do with it. If you fail in this, put down something. You know examiners are superior beings, and their overpowering intellect may be able to connect it with the question in point, even when we can't.

Last of all, don't attract the professor's attention by staying in the examining room too long, or leaving too soon, nor by making your paper either very long or very short. In a word, don't make yourself conspicuous—it is the bird of bright plumage that gets hurt.

Always be polite to professors when you meet them on the street about exam. time. But don't be too polite. They may think you are trying to execute a flank movement.

Having done all these things, put your trust in Providence, and don't give up hopes till results are out.

THE editor of "Here and There" turns his back on the exam. table only to find the editorial table heaped high with exchanges. They seem to be in endless number—weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies, Christmas editions, January issues. We can mention only a few.

We like the general get-up of the Notre Dame Scholastic at

all times, but its Christmas number is particularly good. It contains some good stories and poetry, and is eminently readable.

Vox Collegii is from Whitby Ladies' College. Its Christmas cover is artistic and odd.

Acta Victoriana comes out as a magazine which can compare favorably, in point of make-up and material, with any exchange coming to this office, as well as with some more pretentious publications. Acta makes no pretence of trying to confine her columns to the work of undergraduates or graduates, and we find in the table of contents many names widely known throughout Canadian academic and political circles. We must congratulate Victoria College, as we have done before, on her publication. Acta Victoriana is a credit to Canadian college journalism.

We welcome to our midst The Oracle, the publication of Woodstock Collegiate Institute. It contains a couple of creditable stories. Why cannot more of our collegiate institutes issue publications? Surely the training and experience gained in so doing are valuable enough to pay for time and labor expended.

The Collegian, of St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal., in addition to a few other good-humored criticisms, remarks that McMaster Monthly has no exchange editor. Our exchange editor is a very meek, mild man, and so he isn't going to make a scene about it, but he would like to observe humbly, very humbly, that we have an exchange editor, although we do not so name him.

Other publications we gratefully acknowledge are: Queen's University Journal, Ontario Normal College Monthly, McGill Outlook, Mercerian, Vox Wesleyana, University of Ottawa Review, University Monthly, Wm. Jewell Student, St. Andrew's College Review, Trinity University Review, Monroe College Monthly, College Review, O. A. C. Review, Nassau Literary Magazine, Athenaeum, Advance, Mitre, Oberlin Review, and Bowdoin Quill.

We have received an instructive little pamphlet, entitled, "Student Aid at Columbia," being a report of the work of the "committee on employment for students" of that university. This committee consists of representatives of each faculty together with other university officials. The committee was organized eleven years ago by President Low. It was reorganized in 1902, and its work has since then been done in a very systematic fashion.

The purpose of the committee is to secure more or less remunerative work for students who may desire it, as far as this can be done, and also to keep track of amounts earned by students outside of the committee's direction. In both of these it has suc-

ceeded in a large degree, although in the latter there will always be some amounts not reported.

In 1901 the amount earned by the students under the direction of the committee was $4,977.00. In 1902 this became $6,459.68. In 1905 this had increased to the no inconsiderable sum of $43,032.11. The amounts earned by students not working under the direction of the committee varied from $15,664.18 in 1901-2, to $92,436.20 in 1904-5. The different ways in which these sums were earned are almost too numerous to mention. The list of occupations in the year 1903-4 numbered eighty-five. Some of the typical positions reported were—waiter, bell-boy, elevator attendant, janitor, driver, laborer, farmer, conductor, motorman, clerk, stenographer, bookkeeper, agent, athletic coach, restaurateur, launderer, musician, singer, tutor, teacher, sub-editor, lay-reader, missionary, and minister.

The day is past in which lack of means can keep a man from enjoying the advantages of a college course. The road is open, and any and every man who will may give his life that fuller content and wider view point which can be obtained only by systematic study.

"From his moist bed beneath the sand
The clam spouts rapturously, and
"I'm mighty thankful," murmurs he,
"I'm not a lobster in the sea."

From his dark dungeon 'neath the rock,
Where boiling billows break and shock,
The lobster sighs, "How glad I am
That I am not a bally clam."

And you and I who know their ways,
Lift up a solemn hymn of praise,
And say "Oh,—how glad we be
That we are not crustaceæ."

—*McGill Outlook.*

A MOTOR one day suddenly shot out of a narrow lane and overturned the load of hay which Tummas was driving, buried its nose in the stuff, and then, apparently, simply awaited events. The countryman was first on his feet. He gave one glance at the horseless vehicle. Then he set his long arms to work and proceeded to shift the hay at an astonishing rate. "It's all right, my friend," came a faint voice behind him; "there's nobody under the hay. I'm the driver, and was quite alone." But the laborer took no notice. "Oi be lookin' fer the 'oss, not the hass that druv 'im!"

A SMALL parishioner in Aberdeen brought a basket of strawberries to the minister very early on Monday morning. "Thank you, my little girl," he said; "they are very beautiful. But I hope you didn't gather them yesterday, which was the Sabbath day?" "No, sir," replied the child; "I picked them this morning. But they was growing all yesterday."—*Tit Bits.*

THE SMALL SON'S DECISION.—A Baptist and a Methodist minister were by accident dining at the same house. As they took their seats there was an embarrassed pause, the hostess not knowing how to ask one minister to say grace without offending the other. The small son quickly grasped the situation, and half rising in his chair, moved his finger rapidly around the table, reciting, "Eny, mene, miny mo, catch a nigger by the toe." He ended by pointing his finger at the Baptist minister and shouting, "You're it!"—*Ex.*

BLOOM—A SONG OF COBALT.

O! the blooming cheek of beauty, though its full of many a peril,
Where's the miner doesn't love it, for he thinks he knows the girl,
While the bloomer, O, the bloomer! of emancipated She,
May it bloom and promptly wither every seventh century.

O! the early bloom of blossom on the apple tree in June,
Is there mortal having seen it can forget the picture soon?
And the wine of red October where Falernian juices flow,
I have sipped the blooming beaker (in the ages long ago!)

O! the bloom along the hillside shining bright among the trees,
When the banners of the Autumn are flung out to every breeze,
How it blazes—how it sparkles, and then shivers at a breath,
What is it when all is spoken but the awful bloom of death!

O! I've watched the roses' petals, and beheld the summer sun
Dipping down behind Olympus when the great day's work is done,
But to-day I'm weary, weary, and the bloom I long to see
Is the bloom upon the Cobalt—that's the only bloom for me!

—DR. W. H. DRUMMOND, *in Canadian Mining Review.*

THEY were returning from an evening at home, he and she. They had some distance to go, and the mainspring of conversation had broken early in the walk. A few desultory queries and monosyllabic responses had fallen with hollow sound in the deep gulf of silence. He was verging on the frantic, when suddenly his fancy was stimulated by the sight of a cow marching steadily up the street. "Did you ever notice what a kind, motherly appearance a cow has?" he observed. "No," she replied, with perfect innocence, "but I should think it might seem so to a calf." And as he passed along he cast down huge handfuls of his manly locks for the mob to trample under foot.—*Ont. Normal College Monthly.*

LIFE tells a good story of Dr. Jowett, who, overhearing an undergraduate declaiming the praises of the French novel, asked, "What is written above the entrance to hell?" "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here!" was the prompt reply. "No," replied the Doctor, "you are wrong, my friend. It is, 'Ici on parle Francais.'"—*Ont. Normal College Monthly.*

A VERY small boy recently came to his mother, weeping bitterly. "Oh, mamma," he sobbed, "I'm so miserable. I know I'm going to have a wife!" "But not until you're grown up; why cry about it just now?" "No, she's coming at once. Boohoo!" "What on earth makes you think so?" "Because I've such a dreffle pain in my side, I'm sure a rib has been taken out!"—*The Student.*

REVERIES.

Do you know the lure of the half-lit room,
Where the blazing logs scarce pierce the gloom,
At the sunset hour when the shadows go
And nearby things take a strange, weird glow;
When your eyes grow soft and your mazed head rings
With the phantom lilt of the song she sings?

For 'tis then we live in the land of dreams,
And our dreams grow real in the fire's red beams,
Till we wake at last when the tale is told
And the dreams and ashes alike are cold,
But they leave us courage and power and will,
For their fleeting sweetness is with us still.

—STERLING MORTON, *in Nassau Literary Magazine.*

"The buildings of the Yard," said the sport in his daily theme, "bear the marks of the past." "And in that respect," wrote the cynical instructor, "they differ from your themes."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I have concluded to apply my conclusions," said the mule, as he brought an end to the joker with a straw.—*McGill Outlook.*

THE
McMaster University Monthly
FEBRUARY, 1906

THE POEMS OF ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.*

THE appearance of the volume containing the collected poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford marks a red-letter day in the annals of the acknowledged achievements of Canadian women. It is a rare treat in this commercial age to find that opening a book has carried one unexpectedly into a world of fancies and fantasies by a spell no less potent than that which lay in Prospero's magic volume. These poems do not ask our attention, but compel it. This would be true in any land, and is doubly true in a land whose literature is in its infancy because its history is as yet practically unwritten. A strange voice sounds in our ears and we listen inquisitively, but our curiosity is changed to surprise, and that to delight, as we hear the woodland stretches thrill, and the city streets sing through their turmoil ; as we hear the echoes of old Greece and Syria re-awakened, and the songs of young Canada fittingly sung.

The English press notices of Miss Crawford's work have been highly favorable. They have in some instances compared her poetry with the work of the masters of English verse, and it has stood the comparison, being still original, still forceful, still beautiful. She seems to have written to express herself rather than to please a public, and the self that she expresses is clear of eye, rugged of heart, white of soul. As one reads the volume from beginning to end (and there are few who will fail to do so, once

*The Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford, edited by J. W. Garvin, with an introduction by Ethelwyn Wetherald. Toronto : William Briggs.

having begun), the remembrance of who she was and how meagre her opportunities were makes the marvel of her song grow. This was no college graduate. This was no dweller in an old-world city of culture and of libraries. This was a Canadian country girl, cramped by poverty and hampered by adverse circumstances. If she could so rise, and show the way, what may not some of the daughters of the Maple do for the literature of Canada in the days that are to come?

She "learned in sorrow" what she "taught in song." We do not need to read the simple, sad tragedy of her life story to know that certain of her poems tell us unmistakeably that they could only have been written by a woman whose heart had ached. The story of her life would make us very pitiful, did not the strength of her achievement make us very humble. Despite the poverty and narrowness, the sorrow and disappointment of her lot, she was what she was to be, and she did what she was to do. She was too great to be hindered by the limitations of her life. She was too strong of soul to be beaten down by sorrow. We feel that to compassionate her would be like pitying the skylark for being a small, brown bird.

Miss Crawford's verse varies widely in form and in thought. Short poems of the most appealing and inspiring character, and longer ones of noble purpose and power; blank verse of no ordinary merit, and dialect pieces rich in pathos and humor, show the same vitality and freedom.

She is the poet of the pioneer. Her verse is as strong as the robust arms that hewed a way into the heart of the country. Through it all their shines the heroic, uncomplaining soul. She voiced no accusation against the world for any woe of her own. That is not the mission of the singer. The world has never been very friendly to the poet. It does not always criticise or neglect, but when it does not, it lionizes, pets, patronizes. The heart of true friendship is sympathetic appreciation, and that the world has not for the poet. So this singer sang her song bravely, wasting no breath in reproaches, but saving all her strength for her song. Her feet may have been set in stony ways, but her wings were an actual and conscious possession. So to-day we do not picture her as making one more in the ghostly gathering in "Adonais." Her soul survived its disappointments. She had no need to crave

indulgence from her God, though she says, in "Old Spookses' Pass":

"We've got tew labor an' strain an' snort
Along thet road thet He's planned an' made;
Don't matter a mite He's cut His line
Tew run over a 'tarnal tough up-grade.
An' if some poor sinner aint built tew hold
Es big a head uv steam es the next,
An' keeps slippin' an' slidin' 'way down hill,
Why, He don't make out that He's awful vext;
Fur He knows He made him in thet thar way
Somewhars tew fit in His own great plan;
An' He aint the Bein' to pour His wrath
On the head uv thet slimpsy an' slippery man;
An' He sez tew the feller, 'Look here, My son,
You're the worst hard case thet ever I see,
But be thet it takes ye a million years
Ye never can stop till ye git tew ME.'"

This is the poetry of the pioneer, the thought blown across the open plains of the wild, western air. "Old Spookses' Pass" is the best of the dialect pieces, alive with pithy humor, rich in rough philosophy.

One of the finest and most enjoyable features of this class of our poet's verse is the way in which she occasionally gives us, in a terse sentence or two, a complete character sketch, as that of "Old Spense," who—

"Believed in hustlin' in the crop,
An' prayin' on the last load-top,"

and the deacon who

"Didn't, when he sunk a well,
Inspect the stuns an' gravel
Tew prove thet Moses wus a dunce
Unfit fur furrin travel;
He marvelled at them works uv God
An' broke 'em up tew mend the road.
. . . . . .
An' when he saw sum shaller-pate,
With smallest brain possession,
He uttered no philosophy
On Natur's retrogression

Tew ancient types, by Darwin's rule;
He simply sed, 'Wal, durn a fool.' "

or the deacon's daughter whose heart was

. . . . "made clar thru
Uv Californy metal,
Chock full uv things es sugar sweet
Es a presarvin' kettle.
The beaux went crazed fur menny a mile
When I got the kettle on the bile."

She is, again, the true poet of the land whose wealth lies in her wheatfields. Hear how she makes the sheaves in her "Harvest Song" sing:

"The lives of men, the lives of men,
With every sheaf are bound!
We are the blessing that annuls
The curse upon the ground!
And he who reaps the Golden Grain
The Golden Love hath found,"

and how she writes in "Malcolm's Katie"

"The Land had put his ruddy gauntlet on,
Of harvest gold, to dash in Famine's face,"

and again paints for us a picture of—

. . . misty, peak-roofed barns—
Leviathans rising from red seas of grain—
Full of ingots shaped like grains of wheat."

What quaint conceits she gives us in lines such as these—

"The clear moon beat her silver breast
Dove-like against low saffron bars."

and—

"The crackling rice beds scolded harsh like squaws,"

or—

"And love is a cord woven out of life,
And dyed in the red of the living heart;
And time is the hunter's rusty knife,
That cannot cut the red strands apart."

In the dainty little poem, "Said the Daisy," we meet with two more such quaint fancies when the daisy says :

"O never came so glad a morn before !
So rosy dimpling burst the infant light,
So crystal pure the air the meadows o'er,
The lark with such young rapture took his flight,
The round world seemed not older by an hour
Than mine own daisy self ! I laughed to see
How, when her first red roses paled and died,
The blue sky smiled, and decked her azure lea
With daisy clouds, white, pink-fringed, just like me !"

and later—

"I knew my lark's song as he skyward sprang,
But only roses know the nightingales."

Perhaps, however, it is as a painter of word pictures that our poet most excels. She sees with the eyes of a true nature-lover, and tells it all again so that we see it too.

" A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose"

was to her, the yellow, clearest gold, the green, purest emerald. It was something more, but always first the primrose in its natural glory. It was not true in her case as, with all due respect to Wordsworth, it is in some, that the seeing something more obscures the gold and the green without giving much in exchange.

A lover of Tennyson, the great master picture-maker, cannot fail to love her pictures. "Malcolm's Katie" is stored with them. There is the picture of Max, "lab'rer and lover," clearing his farm, cutting

. . . . . "a tree—
The mossy king of all the woody tribes."

" Swift fell the axe, swift followed roar on roar
Till the bare wood-land bellowed in its rage
As the first slain slow toppled to his fall,"

And among the many beautiful woodland sketches, this of autumn :

" In this shrill morn the scouts of winter ran
From the ice-belted north, and whistling shafts
Struck maple and struck sumach, and a blaze
Ran swift from leaf to leaf, from bough to bough,
Till 'round the forest flashed a belt of flame,
And onward licked its tongue of red and gold
To the deep-crannied, inmost heart of all."

When we come to try to single out whole poems for special mention or quotation, the task of selection is difficult. There are those such as "La Blanchisseuse," with the ripple of the rillet running through it as—

. . . . . " it chatters fast
Like a woman with a will:
' Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
Here I come from Picardy!
Hurry off thy wooden shoes,
I will wash thy clothes with thee!' "

and the lilting "Roses in Madrid," in which we almost hear the fresh, young voice of the flower-girl crying her scented wares :

" Roses, Senors, roses,
Love is subtly hid
In the fragrant roses,
Blown in gay Madrid."

"Good-bye's the Word" is a rollicking sailor song, a picture of happy-go-lucky Jack with his warm heart, touching tenderly on the home-life and home-loves, and breaking off abruptly in his happy reverie to remind himself that "Good-bye's the word" just now.

"The Rose of a Nation's Thanks" is a stirring patriotic peal which ought to be well known to the young life of Canada, for its influence could not fail to be uplifting.

Of quite a different fibre are poems such as "The Rose," which is one of the sweetest, saddest and most perfect poems in the book :

" The Rose was given to man for this :
He, sudden seeing it in later years,
Should swift remember Love's first lingering kiss
And Grief's last lingering tears;
. . . . . .

Or, being hard, perchance his finger-tips
Careless might touch the satin of its cup,
Aud he should feel a dead babe's budding lips
To his lips lifted up;

. . . . . .

Or, sorrow-lost in paths that round and round
Circle old graves, its keen and vital breath
Should call to him within the yew's bleak bound
Of Life, and not of Death."

"Love's Forget-me-not" is as sweet and even sadder. It is a love-song of the purest, simplest quality. The lover has brought to his living love violet, rose and heartsease, and in the end he brings to the smiling, soulless clay "True love's forget-me-not."

"The City Tree" is certainly, both for thought and expression, one of the finest of all the poems. The exiled monarch is so piteous in his complalnt—

"I stand within the stony, arid town,
I gaze forever on the narrow street,
I hear forever, passing up and down,
The ceaseless tramp of feet.

. . . . . .

"No emerald vines creep wistfully to me
And lay their tender fingers on my bark;
High may I toss my boughs, yet never see
Dawn's first most glorious spark.

"When to and fro my branches wave and sway,
Answ'ring the feeble wind that faintly calls,
They kiss no kindred boughs, but touch alway
The stones of climbing walls.

"My heart is never pierced with song of bird;
My leaves know nothing of that glad unrest
Which makes a flutter in the still woods heard
When wild birds build a nest.

. . . . . .

"Not mine to watch across the free, broad plains
The whirl of stormy cohorts sweeping fast,
The level silver lances of great rains
Blown onward by the blast!"

And in the end so kingly in his content—

" I see no flowers, but as the children race,
With noise and clamor, through the dusty street,
I see the bud of many an angel face,
I hear their merry feet.

" No violets look up, but, shy and grave,
The children pause and lift their crystal eyes
To where my emerald branches call and wave
As to the mystic skies."

Every hunter and woodsman will love the picturesque "Said the Canoe," and the beautiful, weird "Camp of Souls." Said the canoe :

" My masters twain made me a bed
Of pine-boughs resinous, and cedar ;
Of moss, a soft and gentle breeder
Of dreams of rest ; and me they spread
With furry skins, and, laughing, said :
'Now she shall lay her polished sides
As queens do rest, or dainty brides,
Our slender lady of the tides !'

" My masters twain their camp-fire lit ;
Streamed incense from the hissing cones ;
Large crimson flashes grew and whirled ;
Thin, golden nerves of sly light curled
Round the dun camp ; and rose faint zones,
Half way about each grim bole knit,
Like a shy child that would bedeck
With its soft clasp a Brave's red neck,
Yet sees the rough shield on his breast,
The awful plumes shake on his crest,
And, fearful, drops his timid face,
Nor dares complete the sweet embrace.

" Into the hollow hearts of brakes—
Yet warm from sides of does and stags
Passed to the crisp, dark river-flags—
Sinuous, red as copper-snakes,
Sharp-headed serpents, made of light,
Glided and hid themselves in night.

" My masters twain the slaughtered deer
Hung on forked boughs with thongs of leather ;
Bound were his stiff, slim feet together,
His eyes like dead stars cold and drear."

Fine in its boldness of figure and freedom of expression is the poem, "The Dark Stag." The story of the chase quickens the blood, while the beauty of the rhythm loses nothing from the hurry of the scenes :

" A startled stag, the blue-grey night,
Leaps down beyond black pines.
Behind—a length of yellow light—
The hunter's arrow shines :
His moccasins are stained with red,
He bends upon his knee,
From covering peaks his shafts are sped,
The blue mists plume his mighty head—
Well may the swift night flee !

" The pale, pale moon, a snow-white doe,
Bounds by his dappled flank."

Somewhat like this in thought is "A Battle," which is, perhaps, the best of the shorter pieces of blank verse, very beautiful in its imagery. We read how—

" Slowly the Moon her banderoles of light
Unfurls upon the sky ; her fingers drip
Pale, silvery tides ; her armoured warriors
Leave Day's bright tents of azure and of gold,
Wherein they hid them, and in silence flock
Upon the solemn battlefield of Night,
To try great issues with the blind old king,
The Titan Darkness, who great Pharaoh fought
With groping hands, and conquered for a span.

" The starry hosts with silver lances prick
The scarlet fringes of the tents of Day,
And turn their crystal shields upon their breasts,
And point their radiant lances, and so wait
The stirring of the giant in his caves.

" The solitary hills send long, sad sighs
As the blind Titan grasps their locks of pine
And trembling larch to drag him toward the sky,
That his wild-seeking hands may clutch the Moon
From her war-chariot, scythed and wheeled with light,
Crush bright-mailed stars, and so, a sightless king,
Reign in black desolation ! "

It is impossible to close without reference to two other poems which make a marked impression upon a thoughtful reader. One is "The Helot." Its tragic story forms the proof that there is something in man which will remember and rise to its ideals in spite of opposition or besotment.

> "Comes a day the spark divine
> Answers to the gods who gave;
> Fierce the hot flames pant and shine
> In the bruised breast of the slave."

Even better and stronger, and stranger in the expression of its thoughts, is "The King's Garments." In the poetic painting we see the splendid court scene, the monarch, sick with *ennui*, turning from all that is wont to please, in search of a new sensation calling idly to his seer to tell him what garments kings wear in Paradise. We catch the scorn in the eye of the seer and hear the fearless ring of his voice as he tells of a loom and a Weaver that are well-nigh too terrible for him to mention:

> "Doth Tyrian purple wait thy naked soul?
> O crownèd fool, beyond the Stygian gloom
> That rolls its bitter billows 'tween thy goal
> In Paradise and thee, I see a loom
> And One who weaves thereat! I hear Him cry:
> 'Spare not, spare not, but loudly prophesy!'
> . . . . . .
>
> "To speak of that terrific loom who dare?
> Clearer than crystal, without mote or flaw,
> It stands eternal in celestial air.
> And He who weaves thereat, His name is Law;
> Star-like his fiery shuttles shoot and fly,
> Weaving thy robes of which I prophesy.
>
> "Whence come the warp, the woof? Behold, O king!
> From every deed of thine I see arise
> Long filaments, dusk as the raven's wing
> That blots the melting azure of the skies;
> Thy battles, murders, wine-red blasphemy
> Yield warp and woof of which I prophesy.
>
> "With hand that swerves not, just and most divine,
> Law weaves from these the garments of thy soul,
> Black, black as hell; and thine, O tyrant, thine

To wear them while remorseful ages roll,
Happy if in their mournful folds thou spy
One thread of gold ! Thus, king, I prophesy.

" For Law, immutable, hath one decree :
'No deed of good, no deed of ill can die ;
All must ascend into my loom and be
Woven for man in lasting tapestry,
Each soul his own.' Now, tyrant, dare to die
And claim thy robes of which I prophesy ! "

It is in a lofty moral strain such as this that Miss Crawford reaches the height called genius. All of her poetry pleases ; some of it has the intense and masterful quality which marks exceedingly high attainment.

We have walked with her through the fields and woods of her homeland, seeing many a subtle beauty in the sun-kissed landscapes and the chattering streams which it needed her quick eye and keen fancy to point out. Sometimes she shows us the pictures a little too quickly for us to grasp at once her underlying thought. But even so, her prodigality is better than the paucity of too many writers of the day. Through all that she says her undaunted spirit shines. She lost nothing but gained much from her unregarded life—much of freedom, much of self-reliance, much of power. And we who never knew her make for her a warm place in our hearts, guessing what she must have been from what she has left us.

Ethel Botterill Patterson.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

(Second Prize—Alumni Competition.)

"On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."
—BROWNING: *Abt Vogler.*

COLONEL PLUMMER was an American volunteer officer who had obtained a military title after a very limited amount of campaigning in the war of the secession. To be candid, he was much more of a politician than a warrior, and his victories won on the rostrum were "considerably more remarkable" than those achieved on the field. He was tall, broad-shouldered, inclined to stoutness, and his clean-shaven face was so florid as to indicate over-indulgence in the beverage that made Milwaukee famous. He was, nevertheless, imposing and distinguished in appearance, and so gifted oratorically as to have won the not unusual epithet, "The silver-tongued orator of the West."

His experience had been rugged and had roughened his nature somewhat, yet his literary sympathies were fine, and it was this quality that had first attracted to him Billy Ryerson, a former college friend of mine, at that time a well-to-do mining expert in the employ of the Winchester Company.

At the Colonel's residence on Capitol Hill was a well-stocked and cosy library where Billy and his host spent many long and delightful evenings, when the former was not in the mountains and the latter had no "date." The lecturer's favorite author, strange to say, was Whittier. One would think that the rough experiences of the veteran politician would seem quite to unfit him for entering into sympathy with so saintly and contemplative a writer, but perhaps the very oppositeness of the two worlds in which the poet and politician had lived gave the verses a charm—as opposite natures are said to attract each other. Often during their long conversations the Colonel would lay down his pipe, saying:

"There is a little thing of Whittier's that I happened on the other day, and which I think you will like."

Then he would read, with his great guttural voice subdued, such a poem as "At Last," or "The Star of Bethlehem."

Neither Billy nor the Colonel was religious, but both were hospitable to good and beautiful thoughts, and it may be that the fascination which such poetry had for the rough old politician may have been due to some bitter disappointments he had suffered.

He was a man of intense emotions ; he had a great heart, a great capacity for loving and hating. His love he had lavished upon his delicate wife, now "gone into the world of light." And other hopes had failed : it was said that the governorship of one of the great territories had been lost because a report, too well founded, had reached the President that his nominee was too much the victim of drink. It was a bitter disappointment for the Colonel, and I think shortened his life. But there had come a light of late to his home in the person of Charlotte, his one child, who had been completing her education at Vassar. She irradiated his home with her beauty, culture and gentleness. The finest elements in the characters of both parents were woven into the texture of her own. She was tall, dark and pale, with an expression usually dreamy and contemplative, but often taking on great animation when she was engaged in conversation upon some favorite topic with Billy and the Colonel.

Charlotte had returned in June ; it was now October, but in the intervening summer each had discovered an affinity in the other. Their regard had soon passed through the Platonic to the human stage, and at the time of my visit to Denver I saw that their fates were sealed. Both had enjoyed a generous education and so were enabled to pass without dullness as many evenings as Billy could spend in the city between his prospecting expeditions. He had been employed only a few months by the Winchester Company, but so conspicuous were his abilities that already his salary was advanced to such a figure as to remove any prejudices the Colonel might have harbored on the ground of Ryerson's financial prospects.

Thus, success, wealth, and that crowning happiness of life, an abundant love, given and reciprocated, were his. He was happiest of mortals.

There was, however, one element of discord—there always is—Billy was a Canadian and a Britisher, and as such was strongly

pro-Chamberlain in his attitude to the South African question, which at that time filled the press; the Colonel was American, anti-British and pro-Boer. This was the rock that threatened their ship "Concord."

Every cablegram concerning the South African question aroused Ryerson's instant attention. That intense patriotism that gave such heat to his remarks was a living principle with him. He considered that private interests should never take precedence of those of our country. With him patriotism was a kind of religion. He resolved that if Canada were to organize a regiment for service in the war then threatening, he would return to Canada to enlist. To do this he knew would entail what was to him an enormous sacrifice, and it was such for this reason: No man could possibly esteem another more than the Colonel did his prospective son-in-law, but, as I have said, he was unalterably pro-Boer in his sympathies and anti-British by heredity. That prejudice against things British entertained for generations by so many of his countrymen, amounted to a passion with the volunteer officer. Billy had, up to the present, been discreet enough to let the sleeping dog of the Colonel's prejudice lie, for he knew that he had only to betray his master-feeling in order to alienate utterly the father of the girl he loved.

I met Billy Ryerson for the first time at a meeting of the Canadian Club held in the Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, Colorado, on the evening of Dominion Day, 1899.

To Billy was assigned the toast, "The Land of the Maple Leaf," and he spoke with a seriousness which the boys told me was unusual with him. I remember that he said:

"Though the solution of problems such as may be dealt with in times of peace is a nation's most glorious achievement, yet it may be necessary, as society is now constituted, for the best citizens to take up arms. In fact a war is to-day impending in South Africa, and it seems to me to be Canada's duty and privilege to contribute money and men to a successful termination of it.

"It is true that 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,' but, nevertheless, a successful war is to-day the only guarantee of peace in that country, and though my prospects of success in life in this state are of the very brightest, I would gladly return to Canada to-morrow to enlist in any regiment for

service in South Africa. It is to be a fight for the principle of liberty, and in such a struggle—'*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*'"

It was not long before Billy Ryerson had the opportunity of exemplifying this high patriotism, for on October 11th of that year Kruger declared war upon Great Britain.

. . . . . .

Have you ever seen the sun sink behind the snowy peaks of the Rockies, yourself "bathed in the rays of that great setting flame"? It falls faster and faster, while the dark shadows of the foothills stretch farther and farther eastward, shadows that at last blend into a purple haze enshrouding the wide plain between you and the hills.

Through the glory of such a sunset Charlotte Plummer and Billy Ryerson were returning from a drive to Golden, a village situated among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains about twelve miles from Denver. When they were about half way home they stopped to admire the surpassing loveliness of the scene. Floating over the distant peaks, now sharply outlined against the western sky, there was a slight cloudiness, just enough to catch and distribute the red and gold rays of the sun, who, as he neared the peaks, converted these clouds into a rolling sea of molten gold, and as he sank behind the summits, continued to inundate that cloudy mass with his light, causing it to heave and throb like a sea at sunset time after a storm has passed.

As Billy gathered up the reins he thought:

"Some of my hopes must set this evening like that sun."

After a long silence, for both had been charmed into silence by the splendor of the pageant they had witnessed, he said:

"Charlotte, do you remember the Disagreeable Man in 'Ships that Pass in the Night'?"

"Very well indeed," she replied, "and I liked him too, although he was not so very much like you, Billy."

"Do you recall his remark that 'all sacrifices are easy when one has made the great sacrifice'?"

"Yes," she replied, wonderingly.

"Well," he continued, "to-night, for the first time, I understand that saying."

"I do not quite understand you," she said slowly.

At that moment they were driving past a cluster of "shacks" inhabited by Mexican laborers, when the sound of a guitar, accompanying a fine tenor voice, put a stop to their conversation. Billy reined in the horse, and they paused to listen while that voice sang, with passion, in Spanish, a song by the poet Lago, which may be rendered thus :

"Queen of my heart, a kiss I crave
Perfumed with breath of budding rose
That dews of early morning lave—
Like nectar tasting that o'erflows
The cup a god at banquet knows.

"Queen of my heart, a kiss, once more,
Aglow aflame with love's own fire
Concealed within thy breast. O pour
Therein thy soul, and dead desire
Shall rise immortal from its pyre!"

Both the travellers understood the language and the music, and if Billy had felt it an effort to disclose his intention of going to Canada, it was a task impossible under the spell of that song.

Half an hour later they were at the Colonel's house.

That evening the veteran had an engagement to lecture, and excused himself while Charlotte and her lover lingered over their tea.

"What were you going to tell me to-night when the Mexican sang?" she suddenly asked.

"That I am going to South Africa," he answered.

"What," she gasped, "to fight in a foreign war in which you have no stake! Of what interest are Britons and Boers or their quarrels to you?"

"Of so much interest," he said, "that I must employ what strength and ability I have in the service of my country."

"You are but one—" she objected, as she began to realize the full consequences of his decision.

"That is true," he returned ; "I had thought of that, but a nation is but an aggregate of individuals. The quality of the links determines the strength of the chain."

"My father would never forgive you," she said moodily. "If you carry out the idea we will inevitably be separated."

"That is 'the great sacrifice,'" he said significantly.

"Think of your bright prospects, the distinction you are sure to win in the mining world, and your friends—can you risk all for such a future?"

"To give up *these* is easy," he said, looking into her shining eyes that sparkled against her flushed cheeks like stars atremble in the glow of sunset, "I am willing to do that. Wealth and distinction I have come to desire only as they help to bring me nearer to you. If it is indeed true that Colonel Plummer's prejudice is so deep-seated that anything short of a secret marriage is impossible (a thing not to be thought of) then it is a question of my being able to relinquish the hope of our marriage to go on this foreign service."

"It is indeed a very straight issue," she replied with great coldness.

. . . . . .

When Billy reached Toronto the detachment in which he had planned to enlist had already gone—in fact, the liner that was to convey the men was on the point of sailing from Quebec.

He came on by the night train to Montreal, and the following morning I had two hours of his company. At the end of that time he boarded a St. Lawrence and Adirondack train for New York, intending to sail from that port to England. There would be no difficulty in enlisting there, as recruiting was in progress in every part of the country. The trip down occupied a long day, which he whiled away in reading the latest war despatches and in studying the best map obtainable at that time of the seat of war. He was a graduate of Kingston Military College, and was, therefore, able to form clear ideas of the formidable situation then confronting the commanders. Billy was all eagerness. The train seemed to him to move too slow through the forest-clad Adirondacks. But Utica was reached at noon, and the eastward journey along the Mohawk valley to Albany ended before sunset. Then began the beautiful evening journey down the eastern shore of the Hudson. The sun was nearing the peaks of the Catskills and a bar of purest gold lay across the river, and seemed to sweep along the surface of the water as though pursuing the swiftly moving cars. As the sun sank gloriously behind the purple hills, Billy's thoughts

turned entirely away from the object of his journey to recall that other sunset looked upon two weeks before with Charlotte. Then he lived again through that period of fearful heart-strain, and began once more to wonder whether his enterprise was not a mistaken one———

The wreck of the train that Billy had taken for Albany was one of the most disastrous of the year. You may imagine with what anxiety I read the list of dead and injured in the following morning's *Gazette*.

His name was among the very first of the dead: "William Ryerson, mining engineer, Denver, Colorado."

B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

"E B."

(Second Prize—Undergraduate Competition.)

"STICKY! Sticky! Stic—ky!"

It was a pack of the village boys calling out after poor old Ebenezer Pod. The old man was trudging along the street, pushing a dilapidated hand-cart that was rattling and creaking under a load of vegetables and odds and ends. Ragged, hunchbacked, dirty, his huge ash-colored boots heavily dragging at every step; no wonder boys found it quite impossible to resist the temptation to call out and throw at him. And older folk, who ought to have known better, did not discourage this sort of thing as much as they might, either; in fact, they often laughed when he was pelted. "It's only old Eb," they would say.

"Sticky," it should be explained, was a word used by way of delicate reference to the chief article of the old fellow's diet, for week after week, the year round, he subsisted mainly on bread and treacle. Even on such a feast-day as Christmas, when all his neighbors were celebrating with luxuries, Eb made shift just as usual. And it was not that he liked it particularly—the state of his exchequer decided the matter. Most things in Eb's life were decided in that way.

None of the accepted marks of greatness distinguished our hero; in fact, so evident was their absence, that it was on that account he was distinguished.

It was in a small English village Eb lived—a seaside place, where they earned their living, for the most part, by fishing. This quiet hamlet, like so many of its kind dotted round the coasts of England, was a spot charming by reason of antiquity and simple beauty. A home-like place. A piece of loveliness where gentle Nature had lavished her arts. Yet—as seems proper in this strange world of ours—there was the tragic touch to it all. The terrible Doom Head gave that touch. Its long, irregular line of rocks stretched far out from shore in a series of black points just showing above the waves—and many a luckless boat had these grim, jagged teeth of the sea to answer for. Even in calm weather the waters frothed and foamed round them. Doom Head was well named.

Old Eb had come to be looked upon as one of the established facts of the village; as much so as the clean, white road that ran through it on its way to the next town, or as the old church with its square tower covered with ivy, the growth of generations. Eb being more than seventy years of age, his beginnings were lost in the dimness of the past as far as most people were concerned. It was rumored that he was left an orphan at an early age, but no one troubled very much about whether it was so or whether it was not; and Eb himself never talked. Always busy in one small way or another, poor soul, he went on, monotonously on. Year after year, every weekday, in all weathers, the streets and roads sounded with the same wheezy cries and the same rattling of rickety wheels.

The villagers looked upon this curious character merely as a source of public amusement, a sort of providential relief to the humdrumness of the town. Long ago the village as a whole had delivered its verdict. "He's crazy!" they said. And well might he be if want and a total absence of sympathy could have driven him there. With not even a dog for company, often hungry, always laughed at, jeered and pelted; such was Eb, and his life, if life you could call it.

No, he did not drink. His miserable circumstances were not a consequence of that. He said he could not *afford* beer. That

was what he said about everything. He had not been able to afford to go to school. He could not afford even to smoke a pipe.

When he was a young man—although from that day to this Eb had never breathed a word of it to a living soul—a bright and pretty lass, the daughter of one of the village fisherfolk, had mightily taken his fancy. And what was more, showed herself by no means averse to Eb's significant glances—even if he *was* not over fashionable.

He thought about it a good deal, poor Eb. He was sorely tempted; so much so, that he even washed himself and tried to tidy up a bit. The day's drudging done, at the fall of night he would sit alone on the cliffs in the darkness, and, to the music of the waves falling on the beach, build happy castles in the air. But at length the heavy decision was come to. He could not afford it. So he stifled his feelings and went on plying his trade as bravely as he might; and not a word to anyone.

Yes, people abused him, the boys pelted him, and the small dogs, barking like popguns, ran at his heels. But never, never once, had any heard old Eb curse his lot, or even complain, or blame anybody. In fact, many a time he had been known to go out of his way to lend a helping hand to enemies. Could it be that beneath that coating of grime and rags there lived something of the hero? Or was it all the result of a sort of stoic cast of nature? Or, an indifference to suffering born of suffering itself? Certain it was, whatever it was, Eb seemed to take little notice of the treatment meted out to him.

On the outskirts of the village, perched high on the cliffs, there stood the remains of a stone house of considerable dimensions—all that was left of an ancient manor. Its elevated position gave a commanding view, this way and that, of the sea and coast for many miles. This great house had been abandoned a generation or two ago. The roof was off; the windows and doors nothing better than so many holes in the thick walls. Like the fortunes of the original occupants, the whole place was crumbled to ruin. Doubtless there had been days when these substantial stones echoed with songs and shouts and other sounds of revelry; music and dancing, and many a jest, had made light the hours. But now the old house was like a body from which the spirit has fled, and there swept through the empty rooms only the wild sea-winds. None the less this was where Eb lived.

By the help of planks found on the beach and dragged with much labour up the face of the cliff, together with loose stones collected here and there, and some old sail canvas, poor Eb had contrived to make out of one corner of this sad ruin some sort of dwelling-place. One lonely room, and cheerless enough in all conscience ! But it served as a shelter from the extremity of the elements, that is to say, it kept out the *worst* of the weather. And besides it was rent free. The daylight was let in by a small square window facing the sea—not to mention the numerous chinks in the walls facing every way. Eb's furniture was as severely simple as anything else about him. A plain deal table stood unsteadily in the middle of the floor ; a kerosene box covered with a bit of carpet answered for a stool ; and a heap of straw thrown down at one side against the wall was the bed. Beyond a few rough cooking utensils this was all.

At nightfall to this hovel Eb retreated, and within this comfortless shelter he spent the long hours of Sunday—for with him Sunday was invariably observed as a day of complete retirement from public life. That he never went to church was not because of any antagonism to religion ; far from that—he said he could not afford the clothes. This was how he always came to spend Sunday lying on his heap of straw.

Once, in the hope of overcoming this difficulty about clothes, a parcel mysteriously found its way into his hovel. But, horrors ! he *sold* the new clothes !

Once, the village parson had called. But the interview was not a great success. The good man was shocked at the dirt, and could get nothing intelligible out of Eb. So he reluctantly retired with his mind made up that the village was right when it dubbed the old fellow crazy.

But if it was true that the grown-ups were not in the habit of calling upon Eb, his friends the boys did not neglect him. It was the height of fun for them, on a Sunday afternoon, when the old man was lying on his pile of straw, to climb up, peer in at the little window, and rap on the dirty glass ; it was great sport, too, to throw stones on the roof and, by way of variety, at his door.

One Sunday afternoon a party of these urchins, who had been out to the ruins, came running back with alarmed faces to tell the

village that they thought something must be wrong with Eb, for nothing seemed to stir him. At length the story came to the ears of the parson, so, after service that night, he was seen setting off to investigate.

The evening sky was draped in heavy black, and a cruel wind was cutting across the open country on the cliffs. At last, with greatcoat buttoned high, the parson stood nervously knocking outside Eb's door. There was no response except what sounded like a low moan within : but it might have been the wind. Forcing his way in, the minister struck a match, and holding it aloft made out the form of the old man huddled up on his miserable straw bed, shivering in the cold, and evidently very ill. Slipping quietly out, without delaying a moment more, the parson hurried away for the village doctor, and in half an hour or so both men were bending over Eb who was coughing violently, and by the light of a lantern the doctor was examining him.

" Pneumonia," muttered the physician. The old man turned and looked up—though it is unlikely he could have known the meaning of the word the doctor had used.

" Yes," he said feebly, " I aint got long to go now, sir."

After a spasm of coughing he continued, " Gen'l'men—I've got summat to say—I've to tell a secret. When I was a lad—I."

The cough had returned, and the doctor expressed a fear that the man would never sufficiently recover to make known what he evidently so much wished to reveal.

" Pitiful ! " murmured the parson.

" Years of poverty and exposure," said the doctor.

But presently Eb was able to try again.

" I've 'ad a plan—a great plan, gen'l'men, since I was a lad. Me father was drownded in his boat out beyondt 'ere on them terrible Doom Rocks—an' I was but a little lad—I couldn't never forget when they brought me father 'ome—an' you know brave men 'as been lost there since, too. I thought now as 'ow it was just like this—if they could put a light up on the Doom 'Ead so many poor fellers wouldn't get drownded. I asked them as knowed, an' they said as how it would take nigh on a thousan' pound to put the light up. Says I to myself, ' Now, Eb, that's yourn to do ! ' Folks 'as misunderstanded me all along—these seventy year nigh on now—but I allers prayed for stren'th for to

keep goin' on. Now I'm dyin'—you mus' take up me plan, good gen'l'men, an' carry it on. You mus' put the light to stop the boats goin' down—you will, won't you?"

Thoroughly exhausted by this long speech it was plain the old man was fast sinking beyond all human help. The doctor and his companion, surprised and mystified by the strange story, stood by in silence—a silence made more silent by the breaking of the waves and the moaning of the wind outside.

At length, with a supreme effort, Eb, shaking violently, raised himself on his thin elbows and gasped out:

"Gen'l'men, I've saved the money!—eleven hun'ed pound! It's under this 'ere bed!"

The words cost what little life remained. Eb fell back dead.

"Well!—well!" slowly murmured the doctor; "if I'd only known about this!" And it was absolutely impossible for him to quite keep back the tears.

The two visitors passed through the low doorway in silence, out into the darkness of the cliffs, and slowly walked towards the village. The first to speak was the minister; and his voice showed deeper feeling than he had known for many a year:

"By their fruits ye shall know them," he muttered thoughtfully. Then to the doctor: "Many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first!"

F. S. Beddow, '06.

A WHISPER.

A murmuring brook through the forest bright,
A breaking wave on the ocean's shore,
A sighing wind through the pines at night—
What are they whispering evermore?

A lonely child who seeks his home,
A struggling man in a life of fear,
A soul that longs for the light to come—
All whisper God, could one but hear.

Harry R. Nobles, '06.

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Book Reviews.

A CHURCH ON WHEELS.

This is the title of a little volume published by the American Baptist Publication Society, in which Rev. C. H. Rust tells the story of ten years' work as missionary on one of the society's chapel-cars. The story is written in a simple and straightforward style, and is well adapted to suit the author's purpose, i.e, "to tell the experience of ten years of service in simple language for the purpose of enlightening those who read regarding the chapel-car movement."

BACON'S ESSAYS.

IN reviewing the essays of Lord Bacon, edited by Professor G. Herbert Clarke, we neglected specifically to mention the publishers, the MacMillan Company, New York. We take advantage of the present opportunity to state that the MacMillan Company of Canada has been incorporated, and has begun business in Toronto. The new company will not only publish books for the Canadian market, but also act as agents for the English and American MacMillan firms. Their presence in Toronto will be of advantage to the colleges and schools of Canada.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

"Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate."

COLLEGE DON'TS.—Herewith we submit a college man's Systematic Theology:—

1. Give the other fellow a chance. He is just as good as you are.

2. Don't lend money to a man who thanks heaven that he is not as other men.

3. Don't stand up and bawl out, like that miserable Pharisee, that you are an Alpine peak, while others are just little hills and valleys.

4. Don't despise a man when he is up against it. You may get up against it yourself some day.

5. Don't draw your robes closely about you when you pass another fellow who is sprawling in the mud.

6. Don't despise little things.

7. Don't give too much advice.

8. Don't think that you can run the universe, or the university Perhaps both could exist without you.

9. Don't be a flat-headed tack. It is better to be one with a sharp point if any one is going to use you as a chair.

10. Don't make it necessary that you require an application of salt oftener than once a day.

THEOLOG, debating whether to take pudding or pie at dinner,—"I guess I had better take pie, as I have History of Doctrine after dinner."

Sage Senior—"If you take pudding you will need docterin'."

SNOW WANTED.—The first year have appointed a committee to take in hand the arranging of a sleigh drive. As the weather-man did not seem inclined to snow upon the freshmen they have since appointed a special committee to provide snow for the occa-

sion. Doubtless they will secure the needed article. We might add that neither Eaton's nor Simpson's handle this commodity, although they have extensive lines of everything else.

The Chapel Service.—The words of Chancellor McKay at the opening chapel service of the year were singularly appropriate. In the main the student body of McMaster are appreciative of their privilege in this service. It is one of our opportunities as children of a Christian alma mater. It is refreshing to the spirit to leave the lecture room for fifteen minutes each morning, and to join in the simple service of devotion to the great God of us all. There is often revealed to us the true spirit of the men who lead us in a way that they are unable to do in the class room. There we unite, professors and students, as one university body to offer homage unto our common Lord. We are sorry for those who have not learned to appreciate this privilege, and whose faces consequently are seldom seen in the chapel service. There are also some who have a continual habit of appearing just as the professor commences the reading. Perhaps this is not always needful. It is surely unnecessary to add that the least that may be expected is a reverential attitude throughout the service. We are all liable to thoughtlessness sometimes. Let us give more heed and attend more appreciatively to our opportunity.

Fiction in the Library.—What seems to be a very popular move has been inaugurated in the library. Some two dozen volumes of fiction have been placed at the disposal of the students, and it is understood that more will be added from time to time. The books at present on the shelves are carefully selected works, all of which have come from the press within the last five years. We specially commend "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill, as being a story well worth anyone's perusal. Agnes Laut's "Heralds of Empire" is also a very readable tale of Canadian life, written by a Canadian. It is hoped that more recent fiction will find its way to the shelves of our library, for a selection of books without good fiction is like a dinner without dessert. Although we have a number of the standard works of fiction in our library, these more recent works give a pleasure to reading which is very desirable. The donor of these books is a friend of the university, and we wish to publicly express the gratitude of the students, who appreciate very keenly this thoughtful action.

Sophomore, at supper—"Ginger up, old man, say something funny."

Senior indulging heartily in a large square of 'ye olde fashioned gingerbread,'—"I am gingering up, senseless sophomore."

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.—The debate between University College and McMaster University, on the sixth of February, was won by the representatives of University College. The subject of debate was, "Resolved, that the constitution of the Australian Commonwealth with respect to the senate is an improvement on the Canadian system." Messrs. T. McC. Dadson and W. P. Freeman, B.A., supported the affirmative for McMaster, and Messrs. G. A. Little and J. J. Gray upheld the negative for University College. Chancellor McKay occupied the chair, and the judges were Rev. Father Teefy. Mr. A. H. Colquhoun, the newly appointed deputy-minister of education. and Mr. Alexander Fraser, M.A., Dominion archivist. The debate was opened by Mr. T. McC. Dadson, '06, who in a strong and eloquent speech laid down very clearly the principles of an ideal federal senate in a responsible government. He proceeded to show how the Australian senate fulfilled this ideal, and in an effective and interesting way pointed out in what respect the Canadian senate fell short of this standard. Mr. Dadson brought no little credit to himself for the manner in which he presented his case. Mr. G. A. Little opened the debate for the negative, and at the outset differed from Mr. Dadson's conception of a senate. He pointed out wherein the senate of Canada, on account of the careful selection of tried and experienced men, acted as a restraining force on the lower house. Mr. Little spoke in a very pleasing way, using careful reasoning, and had an effective manner of presenting his arguments. Mr. W. P. Freeman, B.A., was the second speaker on the affirmative, and proved himself to be a worthy warrior. He applied the more theoretical reasoning of Mr. Dadson to the actual conditions, as seen in the senates of Canada and of Australia, pointing out wherein the senate of Australia by its elective system (thus changing half of that body every three years) was much in advance of a senate in which the members remain for life, not as the representative of the people, but as those whom the premier chose to honor. The second speaker for the negative, Mr. J. J. Gray, in a vigorous manner proceeded to show how the senate of Canada fitted naturally into the Canadian constitution, thus making an ideal whole. Mr. Dadson, in a five minute speech, replied to the arguments of the negative. Rev. Father Teefy gave the judges' decision, stating that they had decided the debate on political lines rather than academic, and while congratulating both sides on the excellence of style and matter, awarded the decision to the negative. The musical part of the programme was supplied by the McMaster ladies, who sang in a very pleasing manner the "Chimney Song," and by the McMaster male quartette, composed of Messrs. Buchanan, Williamson, McKechnie and Edwards. Mr. E. A. St.

James, '06, assisted materially by rendering two of the always popular Drummond selections. The debate was an excellent one in every way, and while University College is to be congratulated the Literary Society of McMaster have every reason to be proud of Messrs. Dadson and Freeman, who so valiantly upheld the honors of the green and black. The four gentlemen who have done the work of debating, which means no small amount of hard labor, deserve the heartiest thanks of all who are interested in alma mater. Here's a "cup o' kindness" to Messrs. Warner and Cameron, who defeated the representatives of Knox College, and to Messrs. Dadson and Freeman. University College will now meet Wycliffe in the final for the championship.

A maiden from Annesley Hall
At the rink had a fortunate fall,
For one of our men
Quickly raised her again—
There's to be a church union next fall.

T. W., '09.

Professor, lecturing on storm-matches in chemistry, student asking many questions,— "Professor, if you wished to extinguish one of these matches, could you blow it out?"

Professor,—"Yes, if you had a strong breath."

Examination Curios.—One sometimes reads with amusement the strange mistakes which children are prone to make, but when it comes to an undergraduate class in a university, the humor of it all is ridiculous. One of the examiners in the recent mid-year examinations actually discovered the following absurdities in one set of papers: One worthy wrote "Battle of Arabella" in place of Arbela. Apparently he was acquainted with that very delightful brand of cigars. Probably the same student is guilty of the following: "The Athenians smoked." Another young gentleman used the expression, "Across the Stakes," meaning Styx. "Socrates lived from 499 to 366" was the length of years credited to the venerable philosopher in one paper. Another college historian said, "Chaeroneia was supposed to be an opera or show held every year, free for everyone, and everyone took a great part in the shows." Again the following was submitted: "Epaminondas—this was an opera or show held once a year." Apparently the authors of the last two statements have been patronizing the local theatres rather freely.

Speaker, in heated debate:—"We wish to test this death-penalty here to-night." Fortunately he didn't.

Day of Prayer.—The day of prayer for colleges was observed Thursday, January 25th. In the morning there was a session of the Fyfe Society. After devotional exercises, H. R. Nobles, '06, made a brief estimate of the work of the Torrey-Alexander mission, and Messrs. A. S. Woodburne, '06, and W. E. Matthews, B.A., dealt with the Y.M.C.A. conference at Kingston, held on January 20th and 21st, at which they represented the Fyfe Society. Mr. Woodburne explained the attitude and the work of the Y.M.C.A. in connection with missions. Mr. Matthews presented another phase of Y.M.C.A. activity, that of Bible study, particularly in regard to its value to college students. D. R. Vansickle, '09, contributed to the programme a couple of musical numbers which were well received. The first hour of the afternoon session was devoted to a general prayer meeting led by Chancellor McKay. This proved to be a most helpful and inspiring service. At 3 o'clock the various classes and the faculty adjourned to different rooms, and held prayer meetings, all of which were very encouraging.

Evangelistic Work.—The Evangelistic Band, under the leadership of W. A. Cameron, '06, spent ten days of the month of January with the Baptist Church in Mount Forest. They report a very successful series of services. On Sunday evening, February 4th, the band visited the Weston Road mission, and on February 11th the Olivet Baptist Church. This is a very important department of McMaster's student life, and all of those who engage in this glad service have been greatly used in the work of the Master.

President Trotter.—On January 26th President Trotter ot Acadia University, conducted the chapel service. When called upon to speak, Dr. Trotter indulged, for a few minutes, in reminiscences inspired by the portraits hanging upon the chapel walls. He expressed the idea that McMaster owed much of her success to Acadia University, since a number of her last professors had been educated there. The last call which McMaster had made on Acadia had been the costliest of all to the latter, for it had robbed Acadia of her beloved teacher, Dr. Keirstead.

Public Lecturer at Political Science Club.—"In the olden days when preachers were heretical they used to burn them, now they only fire." The theologs decamped. Then he said, "We have new ideas which resemble the widow's advertisement, 'this hotel will be run by the widow of the late So-and-So who died on a new and improved plan.'"

LETTERS OF A SELF-FRESHENED FRESHMAN TO HIS FATHER. (NUMBER TWO.)

"Toronto, February 5th, 1906.

"Dear Father :—

"So we'll go no more a roving,
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright."—*Byron.*

"I tell you, pa, Byron must have been a freshman, or my name is not William Green. You will excuse my poetic outburst at the very beginning of my humble epistle, but I simply cannot help it. When a fellow is in his first year at college, he is full of poetry. It's a sure sign of development. Now there is the senior in our room—why, he has no taste for poetry at all. He sits and reads Kant all day, and then he gets mad. The other day I said to him, slapping him good and hard on the back, 'Old man, what are you putting through your grinder now?' He looked like a tornado and thundered out 'Kant.' 'Can't,' said I, 'well then what do you try for, a man is a fool to go ahead when he can't.' Then, father, he said something very undignified and quite uncalled for. He jumped right into the middle of the floor, knocked me into the corner of the room, and cried, 'You bothering idiot, I am reading Kant's Critique, and when you have brains enough to do likewise, you will know enough to keep quiet.' You see if he had been reading poetry, he would have been gentle and kind, and, looking at me with a look away over the Varsity campus, would have said, 'Fair youth, I am in the land of dreams, with the gods and goddesses, and singing birds and sparrows.'

"But I see I have drifted away from my subject,—I guess I must be going to be a preacher. You see, I quoted that stanza to you in the beginning to foreshadow, as we say, the coming event. Our year is going to have a sleigh-drive, and this piece of Byron will be appropriate, when we all arrive back the next morning. We appointed a committee to make all the arrangements for the drive. They waited for about a week, and then reported that there was no snow. So now we have a committee to secure snow. The other day I was telling the fellows at the table in the dining-hall all about it, and I concluded by saying, 'Well, it's no matter, anyway.' Just then a junior struck me on the face with a hot pancake. Of course he begged my pardon, or he might have found himself in a sorry plight after supper. There is nothing like a good old sleigh-drive to make a fellow poetical. Just think, I have the fair maiden all picked out who will have the pleasure of sitting beside me. I am going to memorize considerable poetry for the occasion.

"I must tell you about a strange happening in which I figured the other day. One night I went out to call on one of the girls in our year. I thought that, seeing we were in the same class, it would only be friendly on my part. I was sorry that I had burned my tie which Uncle Cæsar had given me; however, I bought a special one for the call. Tell mother that it is very nice, and is very becoming to me. It is blue and yellow, principally yellow. I dressed after supper in my best, and appeared at her home at twenty minutes after seven. After I rang the bell, a maid came, and I asked for her whom I wished to see. She said, smiling, 'Who shall I say wishes to see her?' She seemed so friendly that I thought I had better be free and easy, so I said, 'Oh, tell her it's just old Bill Green from the college.' After a while she came down. Say, father, I don't often lose my head, but something started to buzz the minute she came in. She looked charming, so to speak, and shaking hands said, 'Oh! Mr. Green, this is so kind of you.' I laughed and replied. 'Don't mention it, I thought I would come and see how your cold is.' Then we began to talk. There is no use saying any more, a fellow simply has to go to college to learn how to talk to the fair sex. I was pretty smooth, as the boys say, and I guess I made about as large a hit as it is possible to make in one evening. We talked about everything, and the time fairly took wings. Things were moving along nicely when we were interrupted by her father, who said from the top of the stairs, 'Daughter, could I trouble you for the time?' Now here was my chance to impress the father, so I said loud enough for him to hear me, 'Don't trouble to look at the clock, it is just ten-thirty.' He answered very kindly, 'Thank you, good night!' I am sure he must be a very fine man. I stayed until a quarter to eleven, and then went. You see I would not have stayed so long, but every time I spoke of leaving she always said, 'Don't hurry, Mr. Green, it is early yet.' Of course when she said that I could not tear myself away very well. I think that I shall call once a week after this.

" When I came in after my call, naturally I was feeling rather light-hearted, 'bubbling over with exuberance,' to quote again, and I whistled all the way upstairs. As it was after eleven o'clock, all of the lights were out, and I suppose some sophomore thought he would become fresher than usual. As a result, just as I reached the second landing I was greeted with a shower of cold water. I forgot all about the poetry I had learned, and made a plunge through the darkness, crying out, 'Sneak of a sophomore, slide or I'll slay thee.' I guess he was pretty badly frightened, because I could not find him anywhere. I tell you, pa, after making that call, to have cold water thrown on my

plans made me as bold as a lion and as strong as old 'Flyer' the day he kicked the side out of his stable.

"Now, father, I must close. In my next letter I shall tell you all about the freshmen drive, the rink, and how much I like doing things in chemistry.

" Your poetry-filled son,
" WILLIAM."

"P.S.—Say, pa, I am in hard luck. I just met that girl to whom I was going to recite poetry at our drive, and I said, smiling, 'Might I have the honor of being your humble escort at our drive?' She grinned, father, really grinned, and then said slowly, 'Thank you so much Mr. Green, but really I am engaged for the drive.' Well! Pshaw! O dear! Things do not seem to be coming my way, with the exception of the water the other night. I wish I had never heard of Byron.

" Your son in the blues,
" BILL, in other words,
" Your Blue Bill."

A CRIMINAL COLLEAGUE.—A debater used the following language not long since in an inter-year debate: "Hilda Blake, whom my friend and colleague met in Brandon, when offered life-imprisonment said, 'No, I would rather die.'" He failed to state what term his colleague was serving when he met Hilda.

THE WORDY WARRIORS.—The Debating Club resumed its meetings for the spring term on Saturday, January 27th. The subject of debate was, " Resolved, that the constitution of the Australian Commonwealth, with respect to the senate, is an improvement on the Canadian system." A. B. Farmer, '06, led the affirmative, G. G. Vichert, '08, the negative. Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., made an admirable critic. Mr. J. B. Pengelly, '06, acting in the capacity of judge, awarded the decision to the negative. The debate on February 3rd was on the question, " Resolved, that the government of Canada should own and control Canadian railway systems." H. A. Newell, '09, and L. V. Locker, '08, presented the arguments for the affirmative and negative respectively. Dr. E. H. Oliver officiated as critic, and the judge, Mr. J. M. Warner, B.A., declared the negative victorious.

STUDENT, soliciting advertisement from a local undertaker—"We would like you to renew your advertisement."

Undertaker,—"Well, you college men do not seem to be doing much in my line."

Student,—"O but they are just dying to."

Political Science Club.—On Monday evening, February 5, the Political Science Club was addressed by Mr. John Z. White, the eminent single-tax lecturer from Chicago. He was greeted by an appreciative audience. Mr. White is a clear and forcible speaker, and he brightened the lecture with frequent flashes of wit. His address was a masterly one, setting forth clearly the main principles which he advocates. On the conclusion of his address Mr. White devoted considerable time to the answering of questions propounded by members of the audience. The executive of the Political Science Club are to be congratulated on their choice of speakers, aud it is only to be regretted that a greater number do not avail themselves of the opportunities the club affords.

Immortality in Browning.—The Thelogical Society met on Thursday evening, February 1st, and enjoyed a most interesting paper by Professor McLay, on "Immortality in Browning." It was pointed out that Browning lived in an age pervaded by materialism, but, like Tennyson, while accepting the facts of science as shown by the latest discoveries, he gave them a different interpretation, using them rather to confirm his belief in immortality. With Browning, God and the soul were the two eternal and fundamental facts: for these he never argued. He regarded immortality as an hypothesis; but the hypothesis that best explains the facts of life. After further remarks dealing with the poet's work in general, Professor McLay proceeded to give a masterly analysis of "La Saisiaz," the poem that contains Browning's fullest treatment of immortality. After expressing the thanks of the society to Professor McLay, President New made the announcement that the next meeting of the society, February 15th, would be addressed by Rev. O. C. Horsman, on "The Self-consciousness of Jesus," and the open meeting of the society, March 9th, by Rev. Dr. O. P. Gifford of Buffalo, on "The Church in the Community." Dr. Cross closed the meeting with prayer.

Literary Society Annual Dinner.—On Thursday evening, February 8th, the Literary Society held their annual dinner in Castle Memorial Hall. It was a very pleasant and successful function, and those who were responsible for its success are to be highly congratulated. The long tables were daintily decorated with daffodils and smilax, the soft glow of the shaded candles and the brilliant yellow of the flowers forming a very pleasing combination of light and shade. An enjoyable hour was spent in merry talk over the rich repast, which tempted the most fastidious. When the last ice was eaten and the last cup of coffee drained, President Pengelly assumed the role of toast-master, and proposed

as the first health of the evening, "The King." All present responded by singing the national anthem.

C. E. Burke, '07, stood sponsor to the toast "Canada." The Hon. George E. Foster, who rose to reply, complimented Mr. Burke's speech in no mean terms. After a little pleasantry, Mr. Foster went on to speak of the sacredness of the ideals of youth, which were the possibilities of the future. "Tell me," said he, "what are the ideals and dreams of a young man or woman, and I will tell you what their future is likely to hold for them." He said that a nation was but the composite of the ideals of its young men and women, and he liked to think of it as an incarnation. He could not think of Canada as an entity in itself, but only as a part of the empire. He dwelt on the great debt Canada owed to the mother country, and said it was her duty to inject into the veins of the older country her optimism, and to regenerate it by her youthful vigor. The question for young men in Canada was "What can I do for Canada?" And with the wonderful potentiality of the soil, the incalculable wealth of the lakes, mines and forests, there was a wonderful scope for their ambitions. Mr. Foster doubted if the people of the present generation were equal to their forefathers, whose self-denial was beyond comparison. The increasing materialism of the age threatened to smother idealism, and in no other place could it be better combatted than in such an institution as McMaster University. At the close of Mr. Foster's eloquent address three cheers and a tiger were given for the speaker.

The Chancellor, in replying to the toast of "Alma Mater," proposed by Mr. S. R. Tarr, M.A., foretold marked progress in the development of McMaster. In referring to the present strong financial position of McMaster, he said the trustees might very soon seriously consider exercising the full powers of the charter granted, which included the teaching of law and medicine as well as arts and theology. Owing to the fact that about $100,000 has lately been added to the university funds, and also that the new science building has been so well provided for tenders would be called for it in a few days. The Chancellor thought it would not be at all improbable that with all these improved facilities, and the use of the new hospital, the senate would find it advisable to equip McMaster with a strong medical department. Toward the science building fund, he was proud to say, the students had pledged $1,500. At the close of this optimistic address the students very enthusiastically gave the McMaster yell.

Mr. F. S. Beddow spoke to the toast of "Literature," and in an eloquent address, gave his idea and ideals as to the proper scope and study of literature. He said that we should regard a great book, not from any etymological or grammatical point of

view, but rather to try and get at the spirit of the author and to let this spirit work upon us. Professor Kilpatrick of Knox College responded to this toast, and dwelt on the importance of the double function of literature. First it was national, and no people could rightly be called a nation until they had a literature. The literature of a nation expressed the national type, and was not only a mirror but also a creator. It helped to mould the national character. Again, literature was international in its function, for it was the vehicle of intercourse, and people of all classes came together in the noble commonwealth of letters, which was as real as any earthly dominion. None could afford to despise letters, for acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature removes a man from the narrowness due to specialization in his profession. We have a position as Canadians in respect to literature that we must uphold. The language of Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, and Carlyle has come to us; but we must never degrade it by reducing this pure language to the vulgarity of the street slang. He regretted that there was no national literature in Canada. There were hopeful beginnings, but a deal had to be done yet. There was nature and human life to be studied, and no better place to study it than in this country. Literature was the personal use of language, and it rested with the students of institutions similar to McMaster to create a literature that would reflect honor on the country. "The Ladies" were never more wittily toasted than by C. S. Edwards, '06, and never more gracefully represented than by Miss Olive Harton, '06. Mr. J. M. Warner, B.A., spoke to the health of "Sister Institutions," and was responded to by representatives from various colleges. Mr. Gibson, of University College, spoke for the Toronto colleges, and Miss Annie Windsor, B.A., of class '05, and now at Ontario Normal College, for the colleges outside of Toronto. Dr. Smith, of Central Methodist Church, was called upon as representing the churches. He responded with a brief and humorous address. The function was brought to a happy conclusion by the singing of the National Anthem.

Miss Marguerite Cotton, violinist, and Mr. Donald McGregor, soloist, both well and favorably known Toronto artists, contributed greatly to the success of the dinner with their choice musical selections.

Inter-Year Debate.—On Friday evening, January 26th, the juniors met and defeated the theologs in the second of the inter-year debates. The subject was: "Resolved, that the death penalty should be abolished." Theology upheld the affirmative, and was represented by A. C. Parnall, B.A., and R. Segsworth. A. E. White, '07, and J. M. Telford, '07, spoke on the negative side of

the question. Dr. Ten Broeke acted as judge, and gave the decision in favor of the negative. While waiting for the decision Miss Olive Harton, '06, gave a very acceptable mandolin solo.

First University Prayer Meeting.—The first of the general prayer meetings, which are to be held on the last Tuesday of each month, was led by W. J. Grigg, B.A., on Tuesday evening, Jan. 30th. It is intended that all of the students and professors shall meet in this way once a month. This first service was a helpful one, and it is hoped that all who can will avail themselves of the privilege of attending these meetings.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Editor: M. Blanche Edy, '08.

"Woman must ever be a woman's highest name
And honors more than "lady" if I know right."

OUR DEBUT.—The number of women students at McMaster has steadily increased, until now we feel that we are sufficiently strong and of sufficient importance to have a column of our own in the college paper, where we may record the reports of our various meetings—the Y.W.C.A., the Ladies' Literary League, and the Debating Society; where we may record the ups and downs, the sharps and flats of the choral class; the doings and sayings, wise and otherwise, that occur in "our room," and all else that is of interest to college women. The editor, while responsible to a certain extent, wishes to remind the McMaster girls that the success of this new department depends upon their sympathy and co-operation.

Y.W.C.A.—The executive of the Y.W. is pleased to note the interest the women students are taking in the society, which is evidenced by the faithful attendance at the weekly meetings of most of the members. On Monday, February 5th, the society was visited by Miss Susie Little, city secretary of the Y.W.C.A., who first gave a glimpse of a few of the many interests in which our Nashville delegates are to participate, and then spoke at some

length of the work among the women students in Tokio, Japan, which is carried on by Miss Macdonald, our Canadian representative among the Japanese. Japan's need has never been greater than at present, nor her heart more receptive for the truth, and soon openings will be made which must be filled, and these by our university women. It has been decided to take up a study of our Baptist missions in India, devoting at least one day a month to this study. We are glad to announce Miss Lottie Burke, '06, Miss Anita M. Waters, '07, and Miss Bessie Pugsley, '08, our delegates for the Student Volunteer Convention in Nashville.

Ladies' Literary League.—The members of the L. L. L. wish the readers of the Monthly to keep in mind the reading of the Shakespearian play "As You Like It," which is to be given by the society on the evening of March 16th in Castle Memorial Hall.

The debate between Victoria and McMaster, which is the final of this year's series in the Woman's Intercollege Debating Union, will be held on the evening of March 1st in Victoria College. The subject chosen for debate is: Resolved, "That the Bible shall be introduced as a text book into the public schools of Ontario." Miss Deacon and Miss Kirkpatrick are the debaters chosen by Victoria College; Miss O. Harton and Miss E. Wilkins by McMaster.

Shakespeare's Plays.—Many students no doubt took advantage of the rare opportunity of seeing Shakespeare's plays acted with stage and costumes of Shakespeare's day when the Ben Greet players presented "Macbeth," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry the Fifth," and "Julius Cæsar." Massey Hall, where the plays were given, was well filled at every performance. The very first appearance of the actors carried one back to the world of Shakespeare's time, the world of fair women in their picturesque and dainty gowns, with quaint Elizabethan collars and ruffs, and gallant gentlemen in elaborate costumes and noble courtiers and brave soldiers. There was something peculiarly fascinating in the famous old Elizabethan music used in the "Merchant of Venice" and "Much Ado About Nothing." In Macbeth the weird, haunting harmonies were Scotch tunes of the sixteenth century taken from the Stralach manuscript which contains the oldest Scotch music known. There was very little music in "Henry the Fifth" except that used for military purposes, and scarcely any in "Julius Cæsar" except Lucius' song, which was taken from an old manu-

script dated 1550. Even the stage furnishings, which were very simple, belonged to ye olden time, and by absence of curtain and elaborate scenery, the plays were given newness and dignity lacking in modern productions.

"The Ladies' Room."

How saw you not the inscription on the gate
"Let no man enter in on pain of death?"

This warning is not written in visible letters over the door of the "Ladies' Room," but it must be there, for what else should stop the footsteps approaching the room, and turn the bold stride into a timid knock? For though many pass by, few do knock, and though some even venture to knock, none go in. Once, indeed, some foolhardy freshman did rush in where theologs fear to tread, and entered the Ladies' Room; but if he had raised his eyes from the carpet he would have paid the forfeit of his life amid the medusa-like stares that were turned upon him. I know not how they may prowl there when all is silent and dark in the long evenings, conjuring up familiar forms and sweet voices, but from the earliest "8.15" until the departure of the latest stayer in the afternoon, the Ladies' Room is not for them.

It seems to be regarded by all with a sort of curiosity mingled with awe. Even to knock at the door and speak for a brief (?) moment with one of the occupants of the room requires considerable nerve; and yet the passers-by are never weary of gazing in if the door be open—some mysterious fascination seems to draw their eyes in that direction. A formidable screen of helmet and shield is placed before the door of this fair garden, lest these burning glances light by evil chance on some fresh young plant, and blight its refreshing greenness.

But to the girls this room is a little grateful haven of rest in the busy school. To the timid freshette especially it is a veritable city of refuge; in the halls it is boys, boys everywhere; above, a forest of shoulders towering over her head; below, ever-shifting tracts of patent leather; on every side a hedge of elbows. Once in the Ladies' Room, however, she may breathe freely again, consult The Oracle of the Room as to the state of her pompadour, and issue forth again, smiling and cheerful, even to a mathematics class.

Nought-Nine.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: A. S. WOODBURNE, '06.

THE RUGBY RECORD.—The following is a summary of the Rugby games in which our senior team played during the antumn of 1905 :—October 7th, McMaster, 19; St. Andrews, 1. October 12th, McMaster, 24; Upper Canada, 7. October 14th, McMaster, 11; Trinity, 7. October 28th, McMaster, 1; Varsity, 14. November 2nd, McMaster, 14; Victoria College, 0. November 4th, McMaster, 0; Hamilton Tigers, 32. November 6th, McMaster, 13; Victoria College, 0. November 11, McMaster, 23; Woodstock College, 26. This makes the total number of points scored by the team 105, as against 87 scored by their opponents, in the eight games which were played. Five matches resulted in victories for our men, and three were defeats.

MCMASTER, 3; VARSITY II., 4.—Such was the score at full time in the first hockey match of the season in which the green and black figured. The game was played on the Mutual Street rink Friday afternoon, January 26th. It was good hockey from start to finish, and for an intermediate game an excellent sample of the swift and hard. To say that either team had very much advantage would be to indulge in partiality. Both teams worked hard and earned all that they received. At the end of the first half the score stood 2-1 in favor of McMaster. In the second half Varsity started in to play the game for all that is in it, and soon the score stood 3-2 in favor of Varsity. Shortly after this change Young made one of his brilliant plays and scored, thus tieing the game. Everyone was busy from this point right to the sound of the gong. However, Laidlaw scored for the blue and white a few minutes before time, and although McMaster worked hard the score remained unchanged. Young, as usual, played a brilliant game, although he was checked hard. The Varsity stars were Montague, Kennedy, and Jamieson. The teams :—McMaster (3) —goal, McLaurin; point, Bensen; cover-point, G. C. McEwen; rover, Young (captain); centre, S. R. McEwen; left wing, Jordan; right wing, J. O. Robinson. Varsity II. (4)—Goal, Hall; point, Crawford; cover-point, Montague; rover, Kennedy; centre, Jamieson; left wing, Harris; right wing, Laidlaw (captain). Referee—Roy Thomas. Time-keepers—R. Y. Cary, H. R. Nobles.

GEO. STEPHENS, formerly with class '05, McMaster, is playing point with the McGill senior team this season.

J. B. MCARTHUR, '05, was the referee in the Varsity-McGill senior match on January 26th.

"TO BE CONTINUED."—That is how the last chapter on rugby must have ended. But we litlle thought that it would be continued in the month of January. However, when the weather man continued to refuse to supply any zero weather, the rugby enthusiasts concluded that the virtual meaning was a hint to them. So on January 30th quite a number of fellows resumed their autumn attire, and repaired to the athletic field, where they spent an hour in chasing the pigskin. It is hard to learn from those who were there then whether they played "Burnside" or "scrimmage" rules. It was real rugby, nevertheless, and played in January. On the same afternoon a phenomenal occurrence for the season took place. Varsity III. and Trinity II. played a rugby match, in which the former was victorious by a score of five to nothing. Moral: If you cannot have exercise in the winter, have it anyway.

MCMASTER II., 0; VARSITY III., 5.—On Monday afternoon, February 5th, our juniors played their first match, which was with Varsity III., on Victoria College rink. The game was quite interesting though not very fast hockey. The teams were fairly evenly matched, the Varsity bunch being, perhaps, a trifle faster on their skates. For McMaster, Murray and Chave played the most aggressive game. Nevertheless, our boys seemed unable to locate the net. In the first half Varsity scored twice, and during the second half they scored three times, winning the game by five goals to none. The teams:—McMaster II. (0)—Goal, McGregor; point, Vichert; cover-point, Wells; rover, Murray; forwards, Chave, Moyle, Jackson. Varsity III. (5)—Goal, Holton; point, Gooderim; cover-point, Newton; rover, Campbell; forwards, Morgan, Steward, Scott. Referee—E. R. Fitch.

MCMASTER, 7; VARSITY II., 5.—On Monday evening, February 5th, the boys in the black and green succeeded in turning the tables on Varsity II. at the Mutual St. rink. The game was good hockey from the first toot of the whistle, and was never lacking in animation. In the first half McMaster started strong, and succeeded in scoring twice before Varsity found the net. Then Varsity, for three successive times, scored, and the score at half time stood three to two in favor of Varsity. In the second half the play was very fast and exciting, and especially interesting to the supporters of green and black. During that half McMaster

tallied five times, while Varsity located the net but twice. That left the final score seven to five in favor of McMaster, our men winning the series by ten goals to nine. Of course "Rolly" Young was in the game from start to finish, and they simply could not stop him. Our men all played hard, and the forward line played splendid combination. M. S. McArthur, '05, refereed the match to the satisfaction of both teams. The finals will now be played by home and home games with R.M.C., who defeated Queens II. in the Kingston series. The teams :—McMaster (7)—Goal, McLaurin ; point, Bensen ; cover-point, G. C. McEwen ; rover, Young (captain) ; forwards, S. R. McEwen, Jordan, Ware. Varsity II. (5) — Goal, Hall ; point, Crawford ; cover-point, Nicholls ; rover, Montague ; forwards, Evans, Kennedy, Laidlaw (captain).

George Ade on Football.

George Ade has recently come forward with a few aids to football in the form of a revised code of rules. They are as follows:

Selection of players.—The eleven players constituting the team shall be selected by the Faculty, and the student who has received the highest grade in Greek anthology shall be captain of the team. No student shall be eligible for the team unless he is up in his class work and has an established reputation for piety.

Substitution for "The Toss."—Instead of tossing a coin to determine which side gets the ball, the two captains shall be called upon to extract a cube root of a number provided by the professor of mathematics. The captain who is first to hand in the correct solution gets the ball.

Rotation of Umpires.—After each touchdown there shall be a change of umpires, so that the questions asked of a team may, during the progress of a long and exciting game, cover the class work in zoology, applied metaphysics, veterinary science, Sanskrit and other useful studies.

Offside Plays.—Any player who makes a grammatical error, mispronounces a word or seeks assistance from a fellow student, shall be deemed guilty of an offside play, and his side shall be penalized at least five yards.

Substitution fos Kicking Goal.—After a touchdown has been made the team making it shall be credited with five points and the captain of the team shall translate five hundred words of Caesar's commentaries. If he does so without an error his team is given an additional point, the same as if a goal were kicked. If he fails the ball goes to the opposing team on the 25-yard line.

Resuming Play.—On resuming play after a touchdown, one of the players, to be known as " It," is blindfolded and the other players join hands and circle around him singing :

" London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Brîdge is falling down,
So farewell, my ladies ! "

While the players are circling about, the player known as "It" touches one of the others in a gentlemanly manner and asks him three questions, which must be answered. Then he tries to guess the name of the player. If he succeeds, he picks up the ball and advances it fifteen yards.—*Denver Post.*

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR : T. M. DADSON, '06.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the British general elections, the Manchester University Literary Society held an electoral contest, with candidates from the Liberal, Conservative, and Socialistic parties. Henry Bury, a McMaster man, of class 1902, was the Liberal candidate, and won the contest, gaining more votes than his two opponents combined.

AT the last meeting of the University senate the degree of M.A. was conferred upon Rev. A. G. Campbell, B.A., '97, and J. F. Calvert, B.A., '03.

MR. W. G. Carpenter, B.A., '05, has been appointed acting principal of Bowmanville Collegiate Institute.

THE many friends of Rev. A. W. Marshall, B.A., 1896, of South Australia, will be glad to learn of his intention of visiting Canada in the spring, to renew old acquaintances. Doubtless among these he will remember his Alma Mater.

DURING our Chancellor's recent visit to New York he had the pleasure of hearing Rev. P. C. McGregor, B.A., '99, in Calvary Baptist church. Mr. McGregor is assistant pastor to Dr. P. S. McArthur.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: BESSIE FINDLAY.

REV. J. D. FREEMAN, M.A., attended our regular prayer meeting on January 24th, and addressed us on the subject of prayer. This and the hymns and prayers which followed were a fitting preparation for the services of the next day, which was the day of prayer for colleges. Dr. Farmer, of McMaster, took charge of the morning meeting, at which there was almost a full attendance of the pupils. At the close of this meeting class prayer meetings were held, and in the evening the services closed with a praise and prayer meeting. It was felt to have been a very helpful day to the school.

THE monthly meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on January 19th. The subject taken up was Germany, and the programme was an exceptionally pleasing one. The first number was a German chorus, "Die Wacht am Rhein," by the "Deutches Chor," then a paper on German composers, by Miss Kellock; after which Miss Bromley played a piano solo, showing the style of the modern German school of music. The Misses Kennedy, Shaw, Marsh and Vansickle read, short interesting papers on four great men of Germany. Luther's famous hymn, "Ein Feste Bürg ist unser Gott," sung by the "Deutches Chor," completed the first part of the programme. In the second part Miss Stillwell gave a humorous reading, from Mark Twain, on the German language; Miss Gilday sang a German song; and Miss Almon gave a reading on German customs. The *Heliconian Zeitung* was read by the editor, Miss Rowe.

THE missionary prayer meeting on Jan. 31st was addressed by Miss Wong, a Chinese lady who is taking a medical course at Toronto University. She has been in Canada for four years, and intends to return to China and begin her work there next year. She outlined to us the life of a girl in China, and made her talk vivid by different illustrations from her own life and the life of her friends in China.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: NORMAN MCCAUSLAND.

AT the annual McMaster banquet, on February 8th, the college was represented by Mr. Charles Durden, and judging from his report and also from his happy countenance, it must have been a most enjoyable occasion.

THE college enrolment is larger now than at any time since the historic days of co-education.

DURING the early days of this month we have been favored with the presence of a number of visitors at chapel service. Among them have been Rev. Dr. Waffle, of the First Baptist Church; Rev. H. F. Laflamme, of India; and Rev. John Atkins, of Alvinston. Rev. Andrew Imrie, of Brantford, was a welcome visitor at dinner on Monday the 5th, and in a brief, but much appreciated address, he gave us a glimpse into the great Welsh revival in which he had the privilege of participating for a time last summer.

OWING to the very mild weather in January it was found necessary to postpone a number of our league hockey matches. Early in the season practice hours were secured on the Canterbury Street rink, but even under shelter ice has been soft. On Tuesday, January 30th, however, the college and collegiate teams were dated to play, and they ventured to carry out the schedule. The rink furnished a sheet of principally snow and water, so that fast play was out of the question, but the game proceeded, and when time was called each team had scored twice. With colder weather and a few more practices the maroon and green should be again to the fore. The college line-up was as follows: Goal, Fisher; point, Kinnear; cover point, Brock (captain); rover, Hollingshead; centre, Firstbrook; right wing, Sandercock; left wing, Gustin. Referee, J. J. Gunn. Timers, Messrs. Elmslee (Collegiate) and McDonald (College). Penalty timer, B. Dunlop.

ON Wednesday, January 24th, the college campus was the scene of a lively Rugby match: fourth year *vs.* the rest of the school. A Rugby match in mid-winter is by no means a common

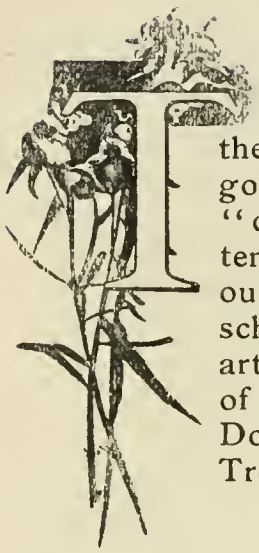
sight; but as the weather was quite favorable and the campus in first-class shape the boys could not resist the temptation. Shortly after 4 o'clock the teams lined up. It was just chilly enough to make it desirable to keep going, and notwithstanding the fact that the boys had had no practice since fall, they played in excellent form. From the commencement the fourth year took the aggressive, yet their opponents—chiefly from the third year—played well. At time the score stood 22 to 5 in favor of the fourth year. J. W. Russell, M.A., acted as referee and R. A. F. McDonald, B.A., as umpire.

THE snappy weather of the last few days has given fresh hope to many a restless youth. C. C. Hawkins, manager of the college rink, has been getting the ice into shape, and now the rattle of skates and hockey sticks has become quite general. With favorable temperature another flooding or two will put the rink in first-class condition.

THE Judson Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting on January 25th, the day of prayer for colleges. Dr. McCrimmon presided. The speaker of the day was Rev. D. Bovington, B.A., of St. Thomas, and he took as his subject, "Prayer." He spoke of the tender memories so inseparably connected with the college, and of the ever-increasing influence that the institution has had upon his own life, as well as upon the lives of many others. Prayer seemed to him the soul's reaching out for God. It is a self revelation and a self realization, opening up a larger vista of self cultivation. The answer lies largely in what we are, and personal contact with Jesus Christ brings into us a likeness to Himself. The better we are the humbler will we be. In conclusion he said, "Put your life in the hands of God, and you will bear to others the impress of the mind of God. Live tremendously; 'do good and let who will be clever.'" The address was thoroughly appreciated by all. The college quartette sang a couple of appropriate selections in the course of the afternoon.

Here and There.

EDITOR: G. R. M. WELLS, '06.



THE Presbyterian College Journal, published at the Presbyterian College in Montreal is a well-gotten-up monthly. It is plain in its make-up—"dour" in fact, and looks its name. In its contents it presents a welcome change from some of our exchanges, in that its articles are serious and scholarly. The January number contains two articles of particular interest, one, "The Ministry of Modern Thought for the Students' Mood of Doubt," by Professor Youtz, and another on "The Trend in Theological Education."

THE Bowdoin Quill, published at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., is a very neat and attractive publication. It is unique in its form, and is artistic and possesses considerable literary merit. The January number contains a story, "Old Smilax," which, evidently a reprint, is the best thing in the number. There is a short sketch on "Robert Burns," which is well written, a couple of short poems, and a story, "The Eventide."

THE University of Virginia Magazine publishes in its January numbers two very good stories, "Midst the Shadows" and "The Man from Peaceful Valley." This magazine always contains good fiction. The January number also contains some more serious articles, which repay reading, one on the eclipse of August, 1905, and another concerning War Poems and Songs of the South.

WE reprint the following clipping from the January Trinity University Review. It contains "news" which will interest all McMaster men :—

"Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, after ten years of active service, has resigned from the chancellorship of McMaster University. He is succeeded by Professor M. S. Clark."

For the benefit of the Trinity University Review we would like to say that Dr. Wallace resigned sometime last April, and that Professor M. S. Clark, although a much liked and respected member of the faculty, is not his successor as chancellor.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges : McGill Outlook, Manitoba College Journal, Acadia University Review, Acadia Athenæum, Columbiana Lux, O.A.C. Review, Queen's University Journal, Presbyterian College Journal, University of Ottawa Review, The Collegian, Wm. Jewell Student, Oberlin Review, University Monthly, Athenæum, Notre Dame Scholastic, Kenyon Collegian, Philomathean Monthly, Monroe College Monthly, and Solauian.

We read with pleasure in the Acadia Athenæum the following lines. They are from the pen of one whose name is still revered in McMaster circles, the late Dr. Theodore Harding Rand :

THE YEARS.

As comes amain the glossy flying raven,
That with unwavering wing, breast on the view,
Cleaves slow the lucid air beneath the blue,
And seems scarce other than a figure gra'en—
Ha ! now the sweeping pinions flash as levin,
And all their silken cordage whistles loud !—
Lo, the departing flight, like fleck of cloud,
Is swallowed quick by the awaiting heaven !
So lag and tarry, to the youth, the years
In their oncoming from the brooding sky,
Till bursts at middle life their rushing speed
All breathless with the world of hopes and fears ;
And, lo, departing, the Eternal Eye
Winks them to moments in His endless brede !

Hardupp—"Have you a five-dollar bill you don't know what to do with ?" Smyke—"Yes, here is one." Hardupp—"Thanks —but, I say, this is a counterfeit !" Smyke—"Well, you asked me for one I didn't know what to do with."

Freshie—"Any sign of my moustache coming, Dolly ?" His little sister—"No, Jack ; I believe you are going to take after ma."—*Tatler.*

O'Dea—Do you know my sister is a duchess now? Brady—How did she become a duchess ? O'Dea—She married a Dutchman.—*Ex.*

At the annual business meeting of a certain country church the annoyance caused by the habit of spitting on the floor was the subject under consideration. The pastor suggested that a couple of cuspidors in the church might solve the difficulty. Thereupon a good old deacon arose and said : " I move that brothers A. and B. be appointed cuspidors for the ensuing year."—*Ex.*

"I heard to-day that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician." "Not at all. I said he followed the medical profession."—*Ex.*

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail.
"Well I never," was his comment,
"Here's a mule that's been in jail."—*Ex.*

It's a wise son that owes his own father.—*Lampoon.*

A SELF-MADE man is often proud of a poor job. . . Look before you sleep. . . Many are called, but few get up. . . Saint heart ne'er won fair lady . . People who love in glass houses should pull down the blinds. . . Let him that standeth pat take heed lest they call. . . Only the young die good. . . A gentle lie turneth away enquiry. . . The more waist the less speed.—*Cynic's Calendar.*

KATHLEEN.

The rose is fair that blooms alone,
But fairer when she wears it,
So has her name a sweeter tone
Because 'tis she who bears it.

The sounds of distant bells at eve,
So soft and clear and golden,
A mem'ry of the dead days leave
As some dim legend olden;

To steal again my heart from me—
And gladly I surrender—
E'en thus her name's sweet memory
Comes in the twilight tender.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

Publication Board of the McMaster University Monthly, 1905-6

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WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER: AN APPRECIATION.

IF we have due regard to the unity between the inner and the outer, we must own that great men purposed to do what they did, and that they did what they purposed.'' These words of the sage, which are not intended to deny the common observation that in every life there are unpremeditated actions and unfulfilled aspirations, but which call attention to the organic unity of character and conduct, of the man and his work, find an admirable illustration in the life of the late President Harper. Pre-eminently he was a worker; he put his whole self into all that he undertook. What he was cannot be understood apart from what he did; no more can what he did be rightly appreciated apart from what he was. Each sheds light upon the other. And yet there was more in the personality than appeared in the deeds. Up to the last year of his life Dr. Harper was thought of chiefly as the Herculean worker, and the attention of an interested public was concentrated upon the brilliant succession of great things accomplished: then a strange but kindly Providence took from him, one by one, his tasks, that the world might the better learn to know and love the man behind the work, that it might turn its gaze from the gift to the brotherly hand that gave it.

A list of the tasks undertaken and carried to a successful issue reminds one of the victories of that brilliant military commander who never stormed a fortress that he did not take, nor fought a battle that he did not win. The building up of the

University of Chicago with its twenty million dollars' worth of property, its three hundred and fifty instructors and four thousand five hundred students; the publication of more than a dozen books of scholarly and largely technical character; the thorough-going reform of language-teaching by the introduction of the inductive method; the bringing about of the "renaissance of Semitic study in America"; the editing of several periodicals; the development into practical efficiency of the system of University Extension by means of lectures and correspondence courses; the founding of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, into which he is said to have put $35,000 of his own money; the taking of a leading part in the organization or management, or both, of such bodies as the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts, the Association of American Universities, the National Education Association and the Religious Education Association—these are some of the most noteworthy of his achievements. Had he been permitted to live out the span of three score years and ten instead of being cut down before reaching his fiftieth year, he would have continued to add to the list. Among his plans he cherished the project of making the University a fifty million dollar institution, and of the books published under his authorship one was the first of a series of three, another the first of a series of four or five, and two others the first two of a series of twelve which he had planned.

The educator-to-be started life with a magnificent endowment of physical and mental energy. A glance over the earlier years of his career impresses this fact. Born in Ohio in 1856, he entered the preparatory department of Muskingum College at the age of eight, and, after carrying more than the required amount of work throughout his course, he was graduated with the bachelor's degree at the age of fourteen, and delivered upon this occasion his graduating oration in the Hebrew language. The next three years he spent as a salesman in his father's store, taking lessons in languages in the evenings from a private tutor. Then, entering the graduate department of Yale University, he received two years later the degree of Ph.D. at the remarkable age of nineteen. Very soon after his graduation we find the youthful pedagogue married and holding the principalship

of the Masonic College in Macon, Tennessee; then, somewhat later, president of the academic department of Denison University; again, in 1879, at the age of twenty-three, professor in the Baptist Union Theological Seminary in Morgan Park, Illinois. During this early period of his life he very frequently stayed at his books all night, taking only one night's sleep in two. After having been called to the Chair of Semitic Languages in Yale in 1886, he was three years later made professor of Biblical Literature in addition to his former tasks, and carried on the work of both departments in a way that won for him a national reputation. Then came in 1891 his removal to Chicago to become president of the university-to-be. From that date until the last year of his life, in addition to giving a most detailed attention to the work of organization and administration, he conducted three or four classes in Hebrew and Old Testament, his favorite hour being 7.30 in the morning.

It was not by any accident that Dr. Harper entered the ranks of the teaching profession. From his childhood he looked forward to this as his life work. He came to regard it as his God-given vocation. "His books," to quote one of his colleagues, "were the books of a scholar, but they were still more the books of a teacher." His executive work was less to his taste than his professional duties, but it was taken up cheerfully as affording the means of carrying into effect his educational ideals. And when last year his physical condition forced him to choose between the office and the class-room, he chose the latter, and through the hot summer months, in the midst of great bodily discomfort, he regularly met his three classes in the study of the Old Testament.

His interests were scholarly. When invited to leave Yale and become president of the University of Chicago, he hesitated for a whole year, fearing lest his scholarly pursuits would be interfered with. On one occasion, having secured temporary release from his official duties so that he could spend more time than usual in his study, he said to a friend: "These hours among my books are the happiest in my life; just imagine it being this way all the time!" It was a constant source of pain to him that he was regarded by the general public as a money-getter, rather than as a scholar. When his recently published "Com-

mentary on Amos and Hosea'' was placed in his hands, he said: ''I would rather be the author of that book than be president of the University for twenty years.''

But while his interests were scholarly, they were in an even greater degree human. The joy of discovery was excelled only by the delight of sharing with his students the results of his investigations. It was this which lent a peculiar charm to his class-room. Away back in the days of his work at Morgan Park he lectured for four hours a day through the hottest of the summer for weeks to students, none of whom missed a lecture. He was interested in persons more than in things. This will probably explain the fact that while history was to him a continual delight, geography was a constant bore. He was a propagandist for what he believed to be truth, because of his confidence in the value of truth for mankind. He studied that he might serve. As the editor of the *Standard* has said: ''His ambitions centred not in himself but in humanity.''

This brotherly interest in all that was human made Dr. Harper a peculiarly generous-minded man. He believed in making the most of the good side of everybody. When misrepresentation and abuse were heaped upon him he never returned evil for evil. As someone said about a year ago, ''When the reconciliation comes, as it is coming, the other party will have nothing to forgive.'' His generous spirit was sure to remove the hostility of those who came to know him personally. He was a great maker of friends. Rev. Johnston Myers, well known as one of the most successful of Christian workers in the United States, is reported to have given the following enthusiastic tribute at a recent meeting of the Chicago Baptist Ministers' Conference, ''The men who have the most severely criticized Dr. Harper have never met him personally. They have never felt the glow of that warm personality filled with the love of Christ. To meet him and talk with him about his views of God and the Kingdom was certain to remove all previous prejudice concerning him. In my opinion Dr. Harper was the greatest Baptist since the days of the Apostle Paul!''

In all his work as a scholar and teacher, as well as in his relations with men, Dr. Harper was singularly open-minded. He was ever ready to face the facts. During a period of his

life to which he always looked back as marking a crisis in his career, while he was teaching at Yale, he worked continuously for days upon the evidence for and against the Davidic authorship of the 110th Psalm, and finally reversed his opinion with all that that involved, because the facts of the case seemed to demand it. The same trait was exhibited in his later days. When the operation was performed a year ago, on recovering consciousness, he immediately demanded that the physicians tell him the whole truth as to his case. He then proceeded to make a thorough study of the best medical literature describing the nature and treatment of the disease, that he might not be fighting it in the dark, but in the open. And when at length it became evident to him that his days on earth were numbered, he turned to the subject of immortality, determined to study as impartially as might be every aspect of the question. This same attitude of meeting the facts face to face he sought to encourage in his students. He did not want them to agree with him in his positions unless and until they had studied the matter carefully and reached the conclusion for themselves. He never caricatured an opposing view, but strove to present as strongly and sympathetically as possible the various theories, that the student might be in a position to choose his ground intelligently. "There are three views on this question" (meaning two extreme views and a mediating position) was an observation which he often made, anxious that all the "possibilities" should be canvassed and their grounds critically examined.

Counterbalancing his open-mindedness was his enthusiasm. His intimate friend, Dean Small, has said of him, "No portrait of President Harper can be quite natural unless it reveals him as an unspoiled boy frankly interested to the very last in every aspect of life." "He seemed to think," so a friend said, of his early teaching days, "that it was his mission to set everybody to studying Hebrew." His optimism was contagious. Believing as he did in the future of the University, he made the hard-headed merchant princes of Chicago so agree with him that they poured their tens and hundreds of thousands into his treasury. His boy-like enthusiasm he retained to the last. On Thanksgiving Day, while the great football game was being played between Michigan and Chicago for the championship of

the West, as he lay upon his couch, he held a telephone receiver to his ear, following every move of the game, and when at last it was announced that Chicago was victorious, raising his emaciated hand, he exclaimed with genuine delight, "Good for our boys!" This enthusiasm was one of the chief attractions of his class-room. The present writer cherishes as one of his most vivid memories of the late President one in which he sees him seated before his class in "Beginnings of Old Testament History." He has just concluded a graphic presentation of the "Kenite hypothesis." And now, with his right hand uplifted and finger pointing upward, a half-playful smile lighting up his broad face, "Now, gentlemen," he says, "whether you accept this hypothesis or not, I think you must admit that it is a very *interesting* one!"

But the most inspiring chapter in the life of this magnetic and masterful personality is that which records the triumphs of his religious faith. It was no accident that led him to make the Hebrew Scriptures the subject of his life-long study, nor was it a merely scientific or historical interest; his interest in the Bible was first of all religious. "After all," he said to his friend Dr. Bitting, one day a year or two ago, "after all, is there anything so perennially inspiring as the Bible? If I were to be compelled to choose between the presidency of the University and the teaching of the Bible, it would not take a moment to decide which of the two to surrender." It was interesting to note how in his Bible teaching he mingled historico-scientific description with religious interpretation. If he believed in a science of history, he believed none the less firmly in Providence. Nor was this religious interpretation confined to the past. He believed in the divine vocation of man. "In all these days," he said, in reviewing his life, "I have never doubted that God has given me a work to do which would go undone if I failed to do it."

His religious interest began early. When a boy of five or six years he had a child's "Life of Jesus," which he called his "good book." His mother said that she could not remember any period of his life when he did not seem to be a Christian. Such, however, was not his own opinion. When a young man of about twenty-one years of age, while teaching in connection

with Denison University, he arose one evening in a college prayer meeting and said, "I am not a Christian. I am not sure that I know what it is to be a Christian, but I want to be a Christian." Somewhere about the same time, so someone tells us, he arose and gave his first testimony in these words, "I am resolved not to be disobedient to the heavenly vision." Soon afterwards he united with the Baptist Church in Granville, Ohio.

The last year of Dr. Harper's life was one of great spiritual development. It was, as his pastor, Dr. Jackson, has said, "the flowering of a life which for years had in it all the elements of vital religion, but which at its close burst forth into spiritual life and beauty." On the morning of the day of the operation a year ago he taught his second son a lesson in Hebrew and his youngest son a lesson in arithmetic; then, gathering his family about him, he read a portion of the Word of God and in a fervent prayer commended them all to the Heavenly Father's care; then he went calmly forth to meet what he had been warned meant probable death. But his life was spared for almost another year. There was still one great lesson for him to learn and teach—a difficult lesson for him, the worker—the lesson that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

His faith was unmistakeably Christian. One day when his pastor was speaking of God's great work in providing salvation for men, he interrupted to say, "It is not God only, but God in Christ." His thought recurred again to the words, "I am the way, the truth and the life." He said that for himself he had found that Jesus was the way to truth and the way to life. On one occasion during the last days, when a few close friends were gathered at his bedside. he said, "Now let us talk with God; let us not be formal, let us be simple." And in his prayer he said, "And may there be for me a life beyond this life, and in that life may there be a work to do, tasks to accomplish . . . and this I ask in the name of Jesus Christ."

The great message of the last months and days was the message of steadfast and buoyant faith in an eternal life. When his intimate friend, Dr. Gunsaulus, visited him and read to him in the midst of his pain the words of George Matheson's hymn,

"O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

"That's the thought," he exclaimed, "read it again!" "I have no idea," he said to one of his former colleagues not very long before the end, "I have no idea what the activities of the next stage of existence will be like, but I have less hesitation taking the next step into the future than I had about leaving Yale and coming to Chicago." On another occasion he said, "It will not be long now until the end comes, and I am prepared, I will not say for the worst, but for the best."

And shall we mourn his untimely death? We must; we cannot help it. But all the more let us not forget how much of life and service was crowded into less than fifty years. "How long we live, not years but actions tell." There is strength and solace in the words which he himself spoke years ago at the funeral of a young friend, "Every life is a complete message. God never stops in the middle of a sentence." "His sun has gone down at mid-day, but the sky of life is flooded with the glory of his faithful, unselfish and invaluable service to humanity."

Douglas C. Macintosh, '03.

University of Chicago.

THE POET AND THE PREACHER.

IN the final analysis the missions of the poet and the preacher are largely one. Both alike seek to influence men through the medium of the truth. In each case, however, truth is presented in different form and the approach to the heart made along different lines. The preacher stands before the multitude and there delivers his God-given message with all the inspiration that numbers afford. The poet sits apart from the throng and there in silence sings his God-inspired strain with only the fire of his own heart to kindle his song. The point of contact with men for the poet is the pen, while the preacher reaches men as much through his personality as through his spoken or written utterances. The poet stands apart from men, looks at them from a distance, studies them from afar, interprets their need and then pens to them his message of hope and cheer. The preacher, on the other hand, moves in and out of the busy mart of life, elbows with the men of the street, meets them in their homes and business places, knows intimately their joys and sorrows and then, from such personal touch, speaks to them from the pulpit the word of life. The message in the poem penned and in the sermon preached may in essence be the same, yet the methods of execution differs as a long range and a short range gun on the field of battle. The poet deals with truth in the abstract, as a standard of life to be accepted, the preacher deals with truth as a law of life to be obeyed. The former appeals to the æsthetic side of the reader's nature, the latter to the moral side of his hearer's life. The poet, by his beauty of thought, form and expression, would woo his reader to the truth, the preacher, with less of this outward adornment, would seek to move men to action.

From what has been said it is evident that the sphere of the poet and the sphere of the preacher to a large extent overlap, for if truth is to have its strongest appeal to men it must reach both man's moral and æsthetic natures. He must see truth not only as beauty but as duty. If then the preacher

would glorify his office he must be possessed with the poetic temperament as well as the qualities which fit him for the work of pastor and preacher. The men of history who, "greeting the unseen with a cheer," have ever been bringing down the walls of Jericho, have been men in whom the poetic instinct was markedly present with the other qualities which fitted them for office. Moses' swan song, Isaiah's golden passional. David's sweet lyrics, the hymns of Luther, Wesley and Bonar, are striking examples. With these

> "Devotion borrows music's tongue,
> And music takes devotion's wing,
> Then like the bird that hails the sun,
> They soar aloft and soaring sing."

A poetic temperament and culture are necessary factors in the making of the preacher of power. Without this we may produce learned and logical discourses, weighted with the strongest and most scriptural theology ever set before men, served with the finest of rhetoric, and yet withal they will lack that carrying and moving power so necessary in the highest type of preaching. True preaching must at least do three things; namely, convince the reason, kindle the emotions, and move the will. A dry theological treatise may succeed in convincing the reason, but it takes the poetic fire to do the other two necessary things—kindle the emotions and move the will. A polished rhetorical sermon void of poetic fire is powerless in bringing anything to pass.

So manifold are the ministries of the poet to the preacher that I can touch briefly upon only a few in this short paper. First of all, he may serve the preacher as a style improver. A careful and constant study of the great poets cannot fail markedly to improve the style of the pulpit orator. Pulpit style is not to be passed over lightly as a matter of little consequence. No man who takes his work as a preacher seriously ever will do this. He who disparages his style disregards the edge of his sword with which he is to do battle. Paul was a master of style. His sermons are models in this respect, showing a vivid imagination, brilliant invention, fervor and depth of feeling, exactness of observation and a rare command of choice words which place

him in the very front rank as a preacher of power. His first recorded sermon is a model of rhetorical and analytical skill. He made his sermons definite, practical, fervid. Every one possesses unity, order, movement, point. Nothing was admitted except on business. The heart, which is the seat of the poetic instinct, lies at the root of all true eloquence, and Paul had a great, loving heart. Many a scholarly preacher does not touch the sensibilities and kindle the emotions of his hearers. The last place for a mouldy pedant and useless bookworm is to stand in the pulpit to speak to living, aspiring men. These formal discourses, which are a species of dried preparations, joined together for the time by arbitrary ligaments, are as meagre and lifeless as a skeleton articulated with iron wires as far as effecting the real purposes designed by the Master in preaching. How different was it with Paul, in whose breast the poetic fire burned and which leaped out in his sermons, giving color, life and power to his messages.

It is the business of the preacher not only to preach but also to preach well, to preach as well as he possibly can. His sermons must not only be shafts in his quiver, but polished ones. We owe it to the Master we serve, to the message we bear, to the men we minister to, to make our sermons the most effective possible. God has no place for the blemished offering in the service of his sanctuary. Sermons that cost little are usually worth less. It is sermons with blood in them, that pulse with life, which come freighted with holy conviction and aflame with fire that count for something and bring about definite results.

Outside of the study of the Bible itself there is nothing that will do more to produce a powerful and pungent style for the preacher than a constant study of the poets. They teach us the right use of words, enrich our vocabulary, furnish homiletical material, widen our vision, and so minister to the deepest needs of the life. The value of the right use of words to the preacher is simply incalculable. The late Herbert Spencer advises his readers in one of his essays to practise "economy in style." And by economy in style he means that we are to choose the most appropriate word possible to express our thought, thus awakening in the hearer the conception desired with the least expenditure of mental energy. It is the failure

of the preacher often to do this very thing that leads his audience to lose interest in what he is saying. But when the thought and the language are perfectly wedded, the hearer is carried along with the speaker and the message becomes much more effective. Here the poet can help us. He teaches us perspecuity in style through the use of simple and choice words.

Again, the poet teaches the preacher to be natural in his address, not artificial. There is nothing strained or artificial about the style of a master in the poetic art. He writes as the bird sings, seemingly without effort. He is at home with words and phrases just as the painter is at home with his brush, the sculptor with his chisel, the musician with his scale. Through these simple words the poet speaks to men and moves them. Line upon line, stanza upon stanza, the poem develops naturally and spontaneously. Unity, definiteness of aim, a fixed purpose mark every poem of worth and should characterize every sermon of value. The sermon, like the flower, must have a natural development, or otherwise it is imperfect and fails of its highest achievement. Just as there is a natural impulse in the rose to bud, in the bird to sing, in leaven to rise, so there should be a natural impulse in the sermon to unfold itself progressively. If what we say in the first division of the sermon might, with equal fitness, be said under the second head, then the sermon lacks the symmetry always evident in a poem of merit.

Another lesson that the study of poetry is certain to yield to the preacher will be the strengthening of his power of conception. The influence of a poem over you is measured by the living images which it brings to your mind. The poets are the masters of the art of strong conception. Without the voice, the eye, the visible presence they stir us through and through simply by the strength of their conceptions. Preaching is simply the imaging forth of ideas already in the mind, and if we would quicken the thought we must strengthen the image. In order to do this successfully there must be absolute abandonment to the idea in hand. "No man," said Edward Everett Hale, "will ever make a success as a speaker until he is willing to make a fool of himself for the sake of his subject." This does not mean that the preacher is to go to foolish extremes, wherever fancy or impulse would lead him, but it means the giving up of

the whole nature to each successive idea, and thereby to make the expression of it as strong as possible. He who would have a vigorous, luminous style will do well to make the masterpieces of the great poets his constant study. They will train the mind to see truth, the heart to feel truth and the lips to express the truth seen by the mind and felt by the heart, and he who knows how to do these three things is a long way on the way to success as a preacher.

LLEWELLYN BROWN, '98.

Cleveland, Ohio.

IDEALS.

I seek not fame:
  I would not strive
For just a name—
  That it might live.

I choose not wealth:
  It need not raise
Its devotees
  To higher ways.

But I would walk
  Upon the hills,
And breathe the air
  Of skies and rills;

And I would help
  Others to climb
To heights where we
  Might dwell in light
    Eternally.

—W. J. G., '05.

DOOLAN, AXEMAN.

(Third Prize—Undergraduate Competition.)

TIM DOOLAN was plain Irish. In fact he was very plain Irish. His hair was brick red, and likewise his freckles. His eyes and nose were small and nondescript. He wore a long-tailed coat, a pair of wide and very short trousers and brogans. He carried a carpet bag, which may have been a la mode in his grandfather's time in Ireland. Certainly nowhere else.

As he wandered with uncertain steps up Yonge street at its busiest hour, a single glance would serve to stamp him as a newly arrived immigrant, even to the casual observer. The bustling crowds jostled him, the noises bewildered him, and evidently he was very much at sea.

By dint of much inquiry of policemen whom he approached with much show of awe, he found the cheap immigrants' boarding house of which he carried the address. Having paid down almost his last dollar to secure lodging, he started out to look for work.

Perhaps he did not realize his own good fortune, but shortly before six he strolled into a store which displayed a sign, "Men Wanted." There he was subjected to a catechism as to his abilities, and, finally, was engaged as an axeman to accompany a surveying party in Northern New Ontario. To be sure he had not the faintest conception of what bush country was, or of what was required of an axeman; but in one of his employments in the Old Country he had been required to split kindlings. He therefore considered himself an adept with the axe.

Early the next morning Tim was at the station, coat tails, carpet bag and all. He was stowed in a third-class carriage with a motley collection of men—some Italians, many newly arrived immigrants from Great Britain and a few Canadians, and all going north to work on railroad construction or on surveying work.

Tim became the butt of the whole party before the train reached Allandale. Much interest was taken in his coat, espe-

cially by a big Scotch-Canadian. On learning from Tim the number of years in which the coat had been in the Doolan family, he requested permission to try it on, and hugely amused himself and the carfull with an impersonation of Tim's grandfather coming home from a "weddin'," much to Tim's bewilderment. He innocently displayed his carpet bag and its much mended contents, which bespoke loving fingers somewhere across the water. But to any sentiment concerning such things the men were callous, and Tim Doolan passed some very uncomfortable hours in the journey to North Bay.

At North Bay the car was attached to the east-bound express and hauled to Mattawa, and thence north to Temiscaming Pier on the Quebec side of the Ottawa.

The scenery, especially along the last few miles of the trip, where the right of way skirts the foaming Ottawa, appealed strongly to Tim's mind. But once embarked on the steamer that plies between Temiscaming and New Liskeard, his joy found vent in words to the amusement of his unsentimental fellow travellers. "Would yez just look at that?" he would exclaim, as the boat swept round a point and revealed the long, narrow lake, island dotted, the high cliffs rising here and there, and everywhere the free wild bush. And then the sun dipped down out of sight somewhere west of the seemingly infinite forest and left his mark in glowing crimson. For a few brief moments the glory lived. What had been a bank of angry clouds became a splendid mass of purples and dark reds. A few fleecy clouds caught the contagion and glowed in borrowed finery. Slowly the crimson shaded to gold and pink, the purples and reds faded, and the sky resumed its pearly grey.

Touched to the depths of his untutored Celtic heart, Tim removed his hat, and left unuttered the wondering words that came to his lips. And the men laughed aloud at the greenness of the "Mick."

The middle of the third day found Tim and half a dozen others with the surveying party to which they had been assigned. He was entered on the lists as "Doolan, Axeman."

A trial was made of the capabilities of the men. The big Scotch-Canadian, MacPherson, swung his axe with the precision and ease of the trained woodsman. It struck just where he

wanted it. The other men showed that they too could handle an axe. It came Doolan's turn. It looked very easy, the way the men had chopped the big gashes in the trees, alternately taking a chip from above and below. His first blow struck straight into the tree, the second ripped off several inches of bark.

"Well, I'll be d——d," exclaimed Johnson, the head of the party. "Who're you?" He turned to his lists and read, "Doolan, Axeman! Doolan, Axeman! Did you ever see an axe before, Mister Doolan?"

"Yis, sorr."

"You did eh! Hold on," as Doolan essayed a desperate whack at the tree, "Hold on, you're no axeman. "We'll make you cook, assistant cook. Will that do?"

"Yis, sorr. Fine, sorr," and Doolan, the look of anxiety gone from his eyes, became thus a member of the surveying party.

At first he was the butt of the whole party. Jokes of all kinds were played on him, some good-humored, some not. But they were all accepted in good part. And despite his greenness before many days had passed, by his good temper and bright Irish humor, Tim had won the good-will of every man in the camp.

The party took the little steamer up the Blanche River, journeying on foot around the big falls to the foot of Long Lake. There they embarked in bark canoes and the journey proper commenced.

For some days they travelled in the maze of waters. Narrow channels joined lake to lake. Sometimes the trees meeting overhead formed a bright green tunnel, the water underneath spangled with blobs and spots of light, which glimmered through the foliage.

The scenery was endless in its variations. Now a little lake with low set, thickly wooded shores, now a larger lake some miles long, always narrow, with water rippling in the sun. Here an immense hill, almost a mountain, its rocks overgrown with birch and jack-pine, soars above the surrounding country. Perhaps cliffs would rise high beside the waterway, fencing it in.

Or rapids, or a cataract would force the party to take long, laborious portages, carrying their goods and canoes.

The simple mind of Doolan was deeply affected by the close contact with nature, as God made nature. At first he loved the wild beauty. But the days of travelling amid changing scenery slowly bred in him a terror of the mighty silent forces whose working he saw everywhere. Nothing could have induced him to go alone into the woods after nightfall. Even in broad daylight he was never separated from his companions when he could help it.

The country to be surveyed was reached and the surveying began. For days and weeks the work went on. Tim did not get accustomed to the woods. He had not the instinct of the bushman. He found for himself terrors in the darkness. Things that flitted and ran and crawled from tree to tree. Many a time he wished himself back on the old sod.

One dull August afternoon, with MacPherson, Tim started out to look for game. They took a small canoe and paddled diagonally across the lake and around a big point and landed. The little lake was not more than half a mile wide. With great good fortune MacPherson killed a large buck in short time, and together they carried it to the canoe. When it was loaded a problem presented itself. It was a small canoe and a large buck. For the two men to get in also would overload it.

"Can you paddle it across, Tim, and I'll walk round?" said MacPherson.

"Me paddle it, sorr? No, sorr; I could not, sorr." For Tim had never acquired any proficiency with the paddle.

So giving Tim instructions to follow the shore around till opposite the camp, MacPherson embarked and paddled away.

Tim, carrying his rifle, started bravely off, following the water's edge as closely as he could. The big point stretched out into the lake. It was surely unnecessary labor to follow the shore all around it. Why not cut straight across? The distance was short. And so he started through the bush. Quickly the woods closed behind him. When he looked back in a few minutes the lake had disappeared. All he had to do was to keep in a straight line, he told himself, not knowing the supreme difficulty of that task. And quite unnoticed by himself he

curved a little toward the north, away from the lake. So he was two hundred yards deep in the woods when he passed the bay at the other side of the point, and at every step he took he left the lake farther behind.

He became first uneasy, then frightened. Slowly a terror grew in his heart, terror of the whispering, moving bush, terror of his own weakness. He suddenly turned and started at a stumbling run on his back trail, as he supposed. Several trees lay fallen in his path and it did not strike him that he had not passed them before. When he had clambered through their branches, all hold on direction entirely gone, he ran at an unsteady gait deep into the heart of the forest. his face to the north. his back to the lake.

The darkness came, and brought terror unspeakable. A breeze had sprung up and the clouds floated across the heavens, hiding and revealing the moon and casting shadows that struck mortal terror into the lost man's soul.

Once he paused in a clump of spruce trees. Something suddenly crashed away, seemingly from his very side. In a paroxysm of fear he threw up his rifle and fired toward the sound. The stillness that followed the report was more terrifying than any noise could have been.

A partridge flushed suddenly right from his feet. Between the trees some distance away he saw a small, lithe body slink. The whoop of a screech owl brought to his imaginative mind thoughts of wolves in pursuit, and he ran as fast as his waning strength and the tangled bush would permit.

Tim interpreted meanings into the things he saw and heard, and these were the keenest of his terrors. The voices of different night birds were to him the hunting cries of disembodied spirits. The white mist arising from a swamp told him that he was in the actual presence of unnamable horrors concerning whom he had heard whispers from his earliest days, and in whose reality he firmly believed. The night breeze swayed the vapors toward him and he ran, making the sign of the cross. The trees rocked at the bidding of the wind, and their leaves spoke to Tim in voices he knew to be supernatural. His terror became so great that death would to him have been welcome, if it but meant escape from these horrors.

Now in the underbrush, now in the more open glades, he found new things to terrify. And at last, almost exhausted, he crouched behind a big rock and prayed to the Mother for the dawn.

The rising sun revealed Doolan, very weak and half crazed. The pangs of hunger and thirst began to add their quota to his sufferings. He came to a marshy spot, and falling on his knees dug a hole with his hands and eagerly drank the muddy mixture that oozed in.

The day was hot and sultry, and fatigue, hunger and thirst, coupled with fear, had almost robbed the man of human aspect. He wandered aimlessly all day. He heard calls far off through the woods and took them for screams of animals.

All day he dreaded above his other sufferings, the idea of the coming night, and a resolve dimly formed itself in his mind.

The day of wandering drew to a close. The dreaded darkness slowly settled down. From no great distance a cry came. Tim smiled softly to himself.

"Yez won't get me to-night," he said, aloud.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

MacPherson and Johnson were next to each other in the long line of men that at intervals of two hundred yards beat the bush for the missing cook. The strain of the twenty-four hours' search had left its mark on them. At intervals they called aloud and their voices were hoarse.

The report of a rifle came from a glade ahead of them. They forced their way through the bush, swearing because they feared.

They found the body lying face downward. Tim had chosen his mark well, and death must have been instantaneous. The features of the bushmen revealed emotion and no attempt at hiding it. Reverently they turned the dead face up, if possible to read there the story of the tragedy. But gone were all traces of fear, of the fear that kills, and on his lips a faint smile, shining through the grime, betokened his escape from the terrors of the dark.

G. R. M. Wells, '06.

IN DREAMS.

"And it was but a dream,
Yet it yielded a dear delight."

The Book.

I SLEPT and dreamed.

It seemed that I was in a garden where there were many children, and they had all wearied of their play and were trying to devise some new means wherewith to amuse themselves. The Father of these children was very thoughtful of them, and he saw that they were grown weary of their games. Now he had prepared a very wonderful game to which there was no end in variety and fancy, and he brought it to them in the garden.

Very glad were the children when they heard of the new pleasure that had been prepared for them. Their eyes grew wide with wonder as the Father showed them in how many ways it might be used, and how there could never be any end to the joy of it. And the children said:

"Hereafter we shall play this game more than any other, and let us call it 'The Game of Words'."

Then each child took some words, and they began to be merry once more.

Some I saw who took the words and built of them fanciful cities and towns and castles and gardens, which they destroyed and rebuilt at pleasure. Others of a more serious turn of mind set about dividing the words into sets and classes. But there were few who thought this interesting. Indeed, to most it seemed very tedious.

Then one cried: "See what I do with them," and he blew the words out into the air and they made a sweet and thrilling sound and vanished away. And those who heard the sound thought it very wonderful.

While all the children were playing lightly with the new game, I saw one with a grave face and thoughtful brow who stood aside watching the game. At last he said to the others:—

"This is a very marvellous gift that our Father has given

us. Let us not always play with it, but let us try if we cannot make of the words something very beautiful that will last forever.''

The other children laughed him to scorn, and told him there was no need to hoard up the words, as the Father had said there should always be plenty. So they went on with their sport.

At last the day was well spent, and the time drew near when they must leave the garden. One after another they sat down to rest until they should be called away. Then in my dream, I saw the child with the grave face come once more among them. He appeared more weary than the other children, yet, I thought, more content. In his hands he bore a work of surpassing beauty, and he laid it before them with sweet humility.

''Behold,'' he said. ''what may be done with our Father's gift. Your pretty plays were sweet while they lasted, but they are soon done. I knew some more perfect thing could be fashioned from the words given us. I have built this. There is no fault nor flaw in it. It cannot perish. It must last forever.''

Then the children were amazed. They knew that what he said was truth. Some began to bewail the wasted day, and some to try in the time that remained to make something that should endure. Then one cried: ''He is more wonderful than any of us. Let us honor him.'' And they ran to gather bay leaves and laurel to bind upon his brow.

But when they returned and would have crowned him, they found the child asleep beside his work, and they could not waken him.

The Singers.

I dreamed again.

I stood in a vast auditorium whither kings and princes with their ladies had come to wonder at a great prima donna. The scene was beautiful beyond the power of words to describe. A thousand lights filled the place with dazzling glory. The air was laden with the fragrance of rare and priceless flowers. On every hand were beautiful women, clothed in gowns of silk and satin and cloth of gold. The coffers of the world had been

opened that jewels might glitter on every fair arm and on each white throat in all that assembly. On an elevated stage in the midst of that blaze of light the singer stood, magnificent in the double beauty of nature and art.

A bird singing artlessly out in the open hushed its song when the first rich, passionate note filled the vast hall, and, overflowing, seemed to vibrate through all space. Now loud and clear and triumphant, again a quavering, homeless echo, that voice swayed the spellbound thousands. There was a storm of applause that seemed to shake the earth. Roses and orchids fell like ambrosial rain at the singer's feet. Jewels and orders crowned her triumph.

But even in that moment of glorious light the scene faded: the loud applause died into silence. And where I had beheld the lofty theatre, I saw now a lowly cottage, round which drifted the fallen leaves. At a western window in the last, tender light of day, a woman was sitting. Her eyes were wondrous deep, and sad with unspeakable sadness. On her soft breast lay a child in pain.

Then in my dream I heard a simple melody stealing through the divine stillness, falling in such exquisite cadences that I hoped never to wake lest it should cease.

Again I looked, and behold, the child lay sweetly asleep in the woman's arms. A tear in which was more heavenly light than in all the dazzling jewels, fell on the child's white brow. And a tender smile hovered on the woman's lips.

Then it grew quite, quite dark, and the scene faded from my sight.

GERTRUDE C. MACGREGOR, '05.

A GERMAN WEDDING.

IT was one of those bright, sparkling days, when all of the wires sing and the cold snaps in the air. A small party of us were bound for a real German wedding in the country. According to the time-honored custom, we went to the home of the bride in the morning, for the celebration continues throughout the day and far into the early hours of the following morning. We were to be the guests of honor, and, keenly sensitive of our position, we looked forward with rare pleasure to the privilege which was ours. We drove hurriedly over the glistening snow, and in a short time drew up in front of a log house which was the bride's home. Everyone was there—mothers, daughters, fathers, sons, sisters, brothers, youths, maidens, and a dozen odd infants. The women talked, the men smoked, the shy lads and lasses laughed explosively, and the infants supplied the shrill minors which were so distinct in the medley of voices.

Within the house all was merriment and jest. There were people in every available corner, two and three deep. Two long tables were spread in the white-washed dining room, and these were bending with the load of great plates of yellow cheese, bowls of sauerkraut, dishes of juicy prunes and stacks of immense buns. In the kitchen the bride's mother, grandmother, and several other ancestors were preparing no less than eight geese for the dinner. Here, also, the wedding presents were displayed—an endless variety of household effects. The bride was a pretty German girl, dressed becomingly and simply, the embodiment of brightness. She smiled on everyone, but particularly upon the fortunate youth who had won her hand and heart.

After the dinner had been served, all of the guests hurried to their sleighs to drive to the church, some four miles away. Before leaving, the pretty little bride donned her veil which, according to the custom, could not be removed until midnight. With this as her only head-covering she drove to the church

and back, despite the zero weather. The marriage ceremony was the regular one used in the German church, but in this strange old chapel it had a quaintness which was beautiful. The earnestness of the clergyman, the reverence of all the spectators, the hearty though slow singing of the musical German hymns—all of these factors contributed to a scene which might easily have been enacted fifty years ago.

About five o'clock, after the return from the church, the bride and groom led the way to the tables, and he who did not eat was foolish, for here was abundance, and the palate of a king would have been satisfied with the fare. The supper having been disposed of, the happy pair led the way to the dance, which was to take place in a log granary.

If all of the scenes of this quaint wedding contributed to bring the past before the mind, the log granary, which had been turned into a dancing room, by all means formed a picture such as one might have seen had he lived seventy-five years ago, when our land was young. The log walls where whitewashed and decorated with evergreen. In one corner stood a spruce decked with shining beads and balls. In another corner a large box stove glowed cheerily with crackling chunks of fragrant pine. The lamps and lanterns cast just enough light to make the place bright, with a subdued shade. The musicians took up their stations on a bench above and behind the stove. There were benches also around the walls for those who preferred to watch, but they were few.

Three musicians, the grandfather, father and brother of the bride, furnished the music for the dance. The old gentleman tucked his violin carefully under his chin, lighted a cigar, and leaning over, as if to caress the instrument he loved, began to play with his eyes half-closed. It was music. The youthful brother manipulated a large home-made bass with no little skill, while the father played second violin. The bride and groom led the waltz. They were perfect dancers, and the free and graceful motion of the two, in truest sympathy with the music, was most delightful.

> " Imperial Waltz ! Imported from the Rhine
> (Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
> Long be thine import from all duty free,
> And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee ! "

At once the floor was filled with dancers. Easy, graceful, musical, innocent, the waltz was picturesque and more than all —natural. This charming scene of the past—the log cabin, the glowing stove, the green branches of the spruce and fir, the dim lanterns and lamps, the sweet music, the naive innocence, the perfect naturalness of it all—was something which a spectator unused to such scenes could not easily forget.

The bride, flushed with excitement, was supremely happy. Someone laughingly called her "Mrs. ———." She turned, and smiling said, with a pretty accent, "Yes, no, not Mrs.—just call me Hattie yet." The dance went on. The music grew sweeter and sweeter. The old grandfather drew the violin closer to him, and called out, "A polka!" All were eager for the polka. The grandmother of the bride watched the dancers for a moment, and then unable to withstand the fascination, jumped to her feet, and exclaiming, "I'll sit no longer yet," went off with her partner into the quickstep of the German polka.

At twelve o'clock the huge wedding cake was brought to the dancing-room, on a table along with home-made wine and cigars. The bridesmaid cut the cake, the veil was removed, and whoever the bride touched was forced to dance with her, upon the payment of the modest sum of fifty cents. Those with whom she danced did not require much forcing, for this custom is looked upon with much veneration. Still the dance went on until the small hours.

> "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
> No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

When morning drew near, one by one the guests huddled together in their sleighs, and sought their homes.

The fire had long since ceased to glow in the great stove, the lamps burned dimly, and the dancers were few. The happy bride, tired but cheerful, bade her guests good-bye and talked to her husband about "such a fine time yet." The morning dawned gray and cold, the bells rang loudly in the frosty air, and the happy people began another day of rural simplicity—of a life which has the peculiar charm of being linked to yesterday, not to the rush and striving of the awful to-day.

Harry R. Nobles, '06.

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Editorial Notes.

OUR University is fortunate in possessing a body of graduates who are loyal to their Alma Mater, and who show their loyalty in the deeds they do. Two years ago the members present at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association resolved to make a contribution to the Library of the University. In pursuance of the resolution then taken, an appeal was made to the Alumni, with the result that over one hundred graduates agreed to contribute one dollar a year for three years to an Alumni Library Fund. Of the amount pledged about two hundred dollars have already been paid into the treasury, and the remainder will be forthcoming when due. The committee in charge are of the opinion that by this time perhaps another hundred graduates may be in a position to co-operate with those already contributing, and in consequence have issued a second circular inviting further pledges. They confidently expect a generous response to their appeal. We trust that those of our graduate subscribers who have not yet contributed to this fund may take advantage of the present opportunity to do a service to their Alma Mater.

One feature of the plan of the Almuni deserves special mention. The books donated to the Library may be used not only by professors and students in Toronto, but also by graduates in any part of the country. They will, in fact, constitute a small but serviceable circulating library, from which, on payment of postage, contributors to the fund may borrow books. The system is already in operation. A catalogue of some fifty volumes has been issued, and applications are being received by the librarian almost every day. A second purchase of books is being made, and a second catalogue will shortly be issued. It is the expectation of the committee that this Circulating Library will prove a genuine boon to graduates who have not access to large public libraries and whose means do not permit many purchases of new books. They feel sure that this feature of their plan will appeal to many graduates who may not need to take advantage of the privilege of borrowing, but who will be glad to help in placing good books at the disposal of those of their fellow-graduates by whom the privilege will be greatly valued.

Book Reviews.

CANADIAN POETRY.*

MESSRS. MORANG & CO. have begun the publication of a series of volumes of poetry and prose similar in appearance and general aim to the well-known Riverside Literature Series. published by Houghton, Miflin & Co.. Boston. The latest addition to the series is a volume of selections from Canadian poets, edited, with notes, by one whose name is familiar to readers of THE MONTHLY, Mr. E. A. Hardy, B.A., formerly of Lindsay Collegiate Institute, and now engaged in important work in connection with the Sunday schools of the Province. Mr. Hardy's name is a guarantee that the selection from the large and increasing body of Canadian poetry is made with discrim-

*Selections from the Canadian Poets, edited with notes by E. A. Hardy, B.A. Toronto: Morang & Co., Limited. Price, 15 cents.

inating taste. No less than twenty-four Canadian poets are represented in the volume. By reading the pieces chosen from these singers, one can obtain a general conception of the range and excellence of the poetic product of Canada. The price of the book—only fifteen cents—puts it within the reach of many who do not possess the larger and more expensive anthology of the late Dr. Rand. Doubtless it will be largely used by the teachers of the Province as supplementary reading for their pupils. It is certainly well adapted for that purpose. In making it available, Messrs. Morang have performed a service to Canadian patriotism as well as to Canadian literature. We heartily recommend the little volume to every graduate of McMaster and every Canadian teacher of literature.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil."

PLENTY OF PREACHERS.—Doubtless there are several who wonder just how many of the students attending McMaster University purpose entering the ministry. From a personal canvass the following figures were collected. Below is given a classification of the undergraduates of Arts and Theology as to their plan of attack: Ministry, 80; Teaching profession, 20; Medicine, 8; Science and Engineering, 5; Business, 5; Journalism, 4; Law, 2; Dentistry, 1; Music, 1; undecided, 19; ladies, unclassified, 34.

PROFESSOR—"What was Mohammed during the early years of his life?" Encyclopedic Senior—"A boy."

ALL HONOR TO WOMEN.—McMaster men may strive in semi-finals and finals, but it seems to be our ladies who nowadays have the happy faculty of bringing championships to the University. Everyone in McMaster is justly proud of the ladies, who defeated the representatives of Victoria College in the final debate of the Ladies' Intercollegiate Debating Union, on Thurs-

day evening, March 1st. A full account of the debate is given in the ladies' column of this magazine. We wish, however, on behalf of all of the students of McMaster to congratulate Miss Olive Harton, '06, and Miss Eva Wilkins, '07 (also Miss Bessie Pugsley, '08, and Miss Waters, '07, who won in the first debate this year), on the very excellent manner in which they brought the championship home with them. This is the second year that the ladies have done this. Last year Miss Harton and Miss Waters defeated St. Hilda's in the finals. Ladies, we take off our hats to you, and keep them off.

ALLITERATION.—When asked for two examples of alliteration a knowing youth submitted the following:—

1. A foolish freshman flailed a feeble frog, but flunked and flopped frightfully with fearful freaks of frenzy when con-fronted by a fierce and ferocious fire-fly.

2. A silly sophomore smiled saucily at a sweet sixteen, but shook savagely his sentimental sister for sitting on a sofa with a solemn senior.

HOW DO THEY KNOW?—"Even to knock at the door and speak for a brief (?) moment with one of the occupants requires considerable nerve; and yet the passers-by are never weary of gazing in if the door be open—some mysterious fascination seems to draw their eyes in that direction." The above is quoted from an article entitled "The Ladies' Room" which appeared in the "Woman's Department" of the February number of the MONTHLY. Query—How do they know?

FRESHMAN (discoursing on other members of his class)—"Now, freshmen are, speaking generally——." Junior—"Yes, they are generally speaking." N.B.—Socrates used the same remark in the year 420 B.C., when speaking of his wife.

HOMILETICS IN THE HEELS.—Theolog at the rink, falling homiletically for the third time—"Shades of Celsus and Origen! my Homiletics does persist in going to my heels instead of to my head. This is 'thirdly' on 'the Fall.'"

A VALUABLE ADDITION.—The complete library of the late Dr. Welton has been presented to the library of McMaster by friends of the university. A number of the books are valuable works in French and German. There have been recent extensive additions to the library in the scientific department of the same, and more will be added in the near future. The department of Old Testament literature has also received valuable additions through the Welton memorial fund.

LETTERS OF A SELF-FRESHENED FRESHMAN TO HIS FATHER. (NUMBER THREE.)

Toronto, March 5th, 1906.

Dear Father:—I was very sorry to read in your last letter that our old cow was sick. I wish that I had been home, for, since studying biology, I feel quite competent to pronounce on all of the ills to which the flesh is heir, whether equine, bovine, canine, or animaline of any description. That just reminds me of a catastrophe which happened in the dining-hall the other day. During dinner a black cat ran in, and I guess it must have been sick, for it tore around and caused quite a sensation, finally jumping into a plate of soup. Someone at our table said this was categorical. Of course there are people who will say anything.

It would have made you feel young again to have been here the other night. As you saw by the papers, we had a bye-election in North Toronto, and the Conservative candidate was successful. About eleven-thirty the night of the election a number of us decided to celebrate. We went out into the halls armed with pitchers, and setting up a war cry, proceeded to water the lawn, so to speak. It was Waterloo all over again, for water flew in every direction. Some of the fellows were afraid of a row, but I never quailed once. In fact, I took a pitcher and ran down-stairs with it, yelling as loudly as I could. I saw a fellow coming toward me, and fearing nothing, I gave him just about as good a soaking as he ever received. Unfortunately it was the High Kakiak, and he used me rather roughly. At least he ordered me off to bed, and that was hard lines upon such an occasion. Of course these are but the ups and downs which one must be prepared to meet in an academic life. I had some ups and downs about one o'clock the other morning that I shall not soon forget. I went down town to see a fellow I used to know in High School, who was in the city for a few days. We talked over old times and the hours went by rapidly. I had forgotten to take a key for the front door, which is always locked at eleven o'clock. When I arrived at the school I began to whistle for a key, as we always do in such cases. It was pretty frosty, and I guess my whistle was frozen before it reached the ears of any of the sleepers above. I whistled all the tunes I knew, and completed the programme with the National Anthem. Then an idea struck me. There is nothing like getting struck with an idea. I thought at once of the fire escape. You know we have one, or rather two, at the back for the theologs. I went around, but found to my dismay that the lowest rung was about fifteen feet from the ground. Now what

is the use of a fire escape like that? Perhaps you could tell me in your next letter. However, I was bound not to be beaten. There are stout vines growing up the sides of the building, so I started to climb up these as far as the escape. As I was about to reach for the first rung the vine broke, and, as we say in chemistry, I was "a precipitate." Just then my genius asserted itself, at least after I finished talking to that vine, and telling the fire escape what I thought of it. There is a very large box at the back of the school. The senior in our room told me that it is one-eighth of a house that the Athletic Association ordered last year to train the Rugby team in. It seems that the order was given for a travelling-box, but the carpenter by mistake made a club house. The Athletic Executive cut one-eighth off and used the rest up at the campus for training headquarters. Anyway, I managed to get the box under the fire escape, and thus I was able to reach the first landing. Then something happened. I must have made considerable racket "in toto," and aroused some low-minded sophomore. Someone came to the window of the second landing and gave me the benefit of a pitcher of water. I fear that my language was rather scientific, so I shall not repeat it. The icicles clung to me in a most weird manner. If I ever get an inkling as to who the villain was, his life insurance policy will fall due at the same moment, and he will get his Post Mortem before he receives his Baccalaureus Artimaeus.

At present I am facing the problem as to what special work I ought to take next year. You see, we begin to specialize really in our second year. The senior in our room is always talking Philosophy, so I have decided not to go in for that. He goes around like an idiot half of the time, holding his head and muttering to himself, "Am I, or am I not?" I told him the other day that if he kept that song up long he would be not. Then he waves his arms and says, "Is that the chair or is it only the appearance—O, where is the chair?" I guess he must take triple X for his cough when he goes on like that. I said to him the other day, "You idiot, if you are seeing double I pity you, but if you are not just sit down and try the chair." "O, frivolous freshman!" he cried, at the top of his voice, at the same time looking about ten miles beyond the Junction, "it is a case of the transcendentally ideal and the empirically real." I think he is sick. Anyway I have decided not to go in for Philosophy, in case I get an attack like the senior.

In my next letter I shall tell you about the other specials one can take. I do not think that I will be a preacher since my fire-escape episode. I have decided that I have not enough language in my vocabulary for such a course.

There is no snow yet, and, applying the same logic, no ice at the rink. I was going to tell you all about doing things in Chemistry, but thus far the Professor has done them all. The other morning he blew up a whole lot of test tubes, breakers, bottles and other things. I am glad to say that no one was injured. There goes the bell, so I must go to chapel.

Your fire-escaped son,

WILLIAM.

P.S.—I wish you would send me another ten, as I have not paid for the McMASTER MONTHLY yet, nor my subscription to Fyfe. The last ten was used for such necessaries as the Mendelssohn concerts, another new tie (white), and a hair-cut.—

YOUR BILL-LESS BILL.

WITH THE DEBATERS.—Impromptu speeches were the order in the Debating Society on Saturday, February 10th, and among those who displayed their oratorical abilities were Messrs. Waters, Wearing, C. S. Edwards, W. F. Edwards, Farmer, Augustine, McGregor, Warner and Jones. Some of the subjects, such as "Plugging," "Old Maids" and "Should Freshmen take ladies to public functions?" gave rise to impassioned flights of fancy.

On the 17th the subject was, "Resolved, that the establishment of a medical faculty would be in the best interests of McMaster University." The affirmative was led by H. H. McGregor, '08, the negative by G. H. Forsyth, '09. Chancellor McKay occupied the critic's chair. Mr. C. W. New, B.A., acted as judge, giving the decision to the negative.

"Resolved, that it would be in the best interests of both faculty and students to have the mid-year examinations before the Christmas vacation," was the subject of a lively argument on February 24th. E. P. Lewis, '09, opened for the affirmative, C. A. Detlor, '09, for the negative. Professor M. S. Clark acted as critic, and W. E. Matthews, B.A., judged the debate, giving the affirmative the victory.

The question on March 3rd was, "Resolved that the influence of the platform is greater than that of the press." T. R. McCurdy, '08, led the affirmative, and A L. Tedford, '08, opened for the negative. Professor W. S. W. McLay made an excellent critic. The judge, T. M. Dadson, '06, awarded the debate to the negative.

INTER-YEAR DEBATE.—The third of the inter-year debates before the Literary Society took place on Friday evening, February 16th. The subject was, "Resolved, that Great Britain

was justified in expelling the Acadians.'' Messrs. Scott and Sloat, of nought-nine, upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. H. B. Moyle and A. B. Farmer spoke to the negative. Rev. I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th., acted as judge, and after carefully analyzing the arguments, awarded the debate to the affirmative. Mr. E. St. James, '06, favored the audience with a solo while the judge was preparing his decision.

Forestry.—A regular meeting of the Political Science Club was held in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of February 19th. Dr. Judson Clarke, who for some time was a lecturer in the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, and who is now in charge of the interests of forestry in the Crown Lands Department of Canada, addressed the club on the subject of ''forestry.'' Dr. Clarke spoke of the forest as a great national resource, because of its value as a source of raw materials, such as wood, bark for tanning, turpentine and related products. He illustrated the increase of per capita consumption and the decreasing supply of wood due to over-cutting, unwise cutting and fire. He showed how the forest acts as a conserver of water for domestic use, irrigation, power and navigation. It also is a preventive of such calamities as floods, erosion and sand-drifting. The immensity and value of Canadian forest resources was tellingly depicted. Dr. Clarke illustrated his lecture by means of a large number of interesting lantern views.

Juniors vs. Freshmen.—The Juniors and the Freshmen met in the last of the inter-year debates on Friday evening, March 2nd. The resolution for the evening was, ''Resolved, that the formation of trusts should be prohibited by the government.'' The representatives of '07, Messrs. McNaughton and Ross, upheld the affirmative, while it fell to the freshmen, Messrs. Mullowney and Scott, to defend the negative. The negative outclassed their opponents in style, and also had the advantage in argument, upholding that the wording of the resolution called only for the prevention of further formation of trusts, and those already formed would be able to continue indefinitely without any opposition whatever. Messrs. C. J. Cameron, B.A., B.Th., J. H. Cranston, B.A., and W. E. Matthews, B.A., acted very acceptably as judges. The decision was given to the negative, so the freshmen hold the inter-year debating championship for the year 1905-06. The year '09 has debated three times, winning each time. Here is a health to them.

Mrs. Goode (a clergyman's wife)—''My husband always says a short prayer before each meal.'' The New Cook (indignantly)—''Well, he needn't take sich precautions phwile I'm at th' range; I'm no cookin' school gradooate.''—*Puck.*

"A Loose Screw."—On Friday evening, February 23rd, the members of the Literary Society, and a goodly number of their friends, had the pleasure of listening to Mr. J. W. Bengough, the famous cartoonist. Mr. Bengough's subject was "The Loose Screw." His lecture was an exposition of the theories and principles of single tax, and was illustrated throughout with very clever and amusing cartoons. The lecturer went very fully into an explanation of this theory, which is at present engaging the minds of many students of civic politics. At the conclusion of the lecture, a hearty vote of thanks was moved by C. E. Burke, '07, and seconded by J. M. Warner, B.A. President Pengelly occupied the chair.

Homiletics on Toast.—"Ye spirits of the preacher, will my Homiletics never leave me? I have divided my toast into three slices, ate my breakfast food in three sections, and now its up to me to drink three glasses of milk or one glass in three mouthfuls."

Parson—"Good morning, Mrs. Stubbins. Is your husband at home?" Mrs. Stubbins (hanging recently patched trousers on clothes line)—" 'Es 'ome, sir; but 'e's a-bed." Parson—"How is it he didn't come to church on Sunday? You know we must have our hearts in the right place." Mrs. Stubbins—"Lor', sir, 'is 'eart's all right. It's 'is trouziz!"—*Punch.*

His Reasons.—A Southerner was telling of an old colored man in his neighborhood who first joined the Episcopal Church, then the Methodist, and next the Baptist, where he remained. Questioned as to the reason for his church travels, he responded: "Well, suh, hit's dis way: De 'Piscopals is gemman, suh, but I couldn't keep up wid de answerin' back in dey church. De Methodis', dey always holdin' inquiry meetin's, an' I don't like too much inquirin' into. But de Baptis, suh, dey jus' dip an' are done wid hit. I's a Baptis', I is."—*Washington Star.*

Dilating on the necessity for precise instructions, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, at a London dinner, told an amusing story relating to the Soudan Railway. To an official, he said, there came a telegram from an outlying station, "Stationmaster has died. Shall I bury him?" The reply was sent, "Yes, bury stationmaster; but please make sure he is really dead before you do so." In due time came back the message, "Have buried stationmaster. Made sure he was dead by hitting him twice on the head with a fish plate."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: M. BLANCHE EDY, '08.

"Woman must ever be a woman's highest name,
And honors more than 'lady' if I know right."

INTER-COLLEGE DEBATE.—On Thursday evening, March 1st, the final debate of the Woman's Intercollege Debating Union for 1905-06, took place in the chapel of Victoria College. Miss Cullen, president of Victoria Ladies' Literary Society, occupied the chair, and the meeting, which was open to the public, was largely attended.

The subject for debate was: "Resolved, That the Bible should be introduced as a text-book into the public schools of Ontario." The affirmative was upheld by Miss E. Chadwick and Miss A. Deacon, of Class '06, Victoria College; while Miss O. Harton, '06, and Miss E. Wilkins, '07, of McMaster, supported the negative. The judges were Mr. W. J. Holmes, Mr. H. J. Crawford, teacher of classics in Jameson Avenue Collegiate, and Mr. R. A. Gray, teacher of mathematics in Jarvis Collegiate.

Miss Deacon opened the discussion, speaking of the good effects on the public morals that would follow the use of such a text-book and tracing many crimes to the lack of such teaching in the schools. Miss Harton, after very ably refuting her opponent's arguments, pointed out the danger that would be involved in the union of Church and State, and showed what the State was doing as an educational factor. Reference was also made to the religious instruction of children at home. Miss Chadwick dealt with the Bible chiefly as a text-book in literature and history, and Miss Wilkins showed very clearly the practical difficulties involved in using it as a text-book.

Mr. Holmes, who gave the judges' decision, commented very favorably upon the style and eloquence of the speakers. After an admirable summing up he said that the affirmative had not refuted all the negative arguments and that more conclusive points had been made by the speakers on the negative. Then the hall rang with "Boom-on-Mac."

Mrs. Scott-Raff gave an interpretation of "Pippa Passes," and the musical part of the programme was supplied by Miss Mary Gail, of Victoria.

We are indeed proud of our debaters, who have won the championship of the Debating Union not only this year, but last year as well.

Y. W. C. A.—A new feature of our meetings is the study of missionaries and their work, and a committee has been appointed to arrange the study systematically. This committee consists of Miss Johnston, '07; Miss Stone, '06; Miss Macintosh, '08; Miss Lemon, '09, and Miss McLaurin, '09.

The last two meetings have been of missionary character. At the first Miss Johnston gave a brief summary of the Telegu work up to the present time; Miss Macintosh outlined the history of our Cocanada mission, while Miss Stone gave the names of the missionaries who are there now. Miss Moule read the life of Mr. Timpany. At the last meeting much was contributed to the interest of the programme by each member giving the name and mission station of some missionary. Miss Shields read a letter from Miss McDonald, the foreign secretary of the Y. W. C. A., who is doing such noble work among the women students of Japan.

This new study is very interesting and we expect to obtain a good deal of information from our monthly missionary meetings.

L. L. L.—A meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held on February 16th, when most of the girls assembled to hear the debate: Resolved, "That the Bible should be used in the public schools of Ontario as a text-book."

The affirmative was ably presented by Miss MacPhail, '08, and Miss Gray, '09, and the negative by Miss Macintosh, '08, and Miss Etta Pugsley, '09.

Miss Harton opened the programme with a mandolin solo, and while waiting the judges' decision the Misses Murray gave an instrumental duet. Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., and Mr. J. M. Warner, B.A., acted as judges, and after speaking of the good qualities of the debate and the excellent delivery of the debaters they gave their decision in favor of the negative. The meeting closed with "Thy Praises McMaster."

Despondent Sophomore.—"I simply can't remember my Latin vocabulary."

Ingenious Freshette.—"You should try the plan of connecting the Latin words with English ones that sound like them, it's a fine plan. For instance, I always remember 'sinister' by 'spinster'—they both mean 'left.'

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: A. S. WOODBURNE, '06.

McMASTER, 5; R. M. C., 13.—The first of the finals in the home-and-home games for the intermediate championship of the Intercollegiate Union was played in Kingston on February 12th. The result of the match, as indicated above, was a victory for the soldiers. The game was a splendid exhibition of fast hockey, although there was an unusual quantity of sprawling done. In the first half the soldiers had much the better of the play, and managed to notch up seven goals to their credit. The large score was partially due to the fact that Jordan injured his knee, and was unable to play part of the first half, and when he did return to the ice he was crippled from doing his best. Gordon McEwen was "sent to the fence" for two minutes for using too vigorous a method in checking one of the Cadet rushes, and while he was there he had to endure the chagrin of watching the soldiers score four times. The score at half time was seven goals to one against our men. In the second half the boys in green started out with great speed and agility, and for a time played rings around their opponents, with the result that the score soon stood nine to five. That ended their vigor, however, and the next four goals went into the McMaster net. Thus the final score stood thirteen to five in favor of R. M. C. The Cadets are deserving of praise for their speed and combination, especially Hale, whose work contributed most largely to their victory. For McMaster, until the second half, combination was rather noticeable for its absence, which proved a weakness. The work of Gordon McEwen was especially good, and he succeeded very frequently in upsetting the military plans for charges on our goal.

The teams: McMaster (5)—Goal, McLaurin; point, Bensen; cover-point, G. C. McEwen; rover, Young (capt.); centre, S. R. McEwen; wings, Jordan and Ware. R. M. C. (13)—Goal, Carruthers; point, Rhodes; cover-point, Browne; rover, Powell; centre, Watson; wings, Coristine and Hale (capt.). Referee—"Marty" Walsh, Queen's Univ.

McMASTER II., 0; ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, 7.—Seven to nothing—such was the dose which the St. Andrew's boys administered to our juniors at Mutual street rink, and on the same

day that the seniors met defeat in Kingston. Assuredly the fates were against us on February 12th. Someone must have insulted the goddess of the mathematics or of the classics—if there be such deities. No one ever hinted at the improbability of St. Andrew's winning on merit. The boys are fast and play well together, and are deserving of the junior championship which they have won. The game was theirs all the way, and only for the splendid work of McGregor in goal the score might have been worse. In the first half they located the net four times, and in the second half they added three more goals.

The teams: McMaster II. (0)—Goal, McGregor; point, Vichert; cover-point, Wells; rover, Murray; centre, Chave (capt.); wings, White and Jackson. St. Andrew's College (7)—Goal, Warden; point, Tovell; cover-point, McGillivray; rover, Bowell; centre, Crossen (capt.); wings, Bronson and McDonald. Referee—J. Sifton, Varsity.

McMaster, 7; Varsity III., 3.—An exhibition game was played on the afternoon of February 16th between our men and Varsity III., in which McMaster was victorious by seven goals to three. Varsity III. were strengthened by the presence of Kennedy and Harris, who played on their intermediate team. The game was not fast at any stage, yet it gave both teams a good workout. The score at half-time stood four to one, and the final score seven to three in our favor.

The line up: McMaster (7)—Goal, McLaurin; point, Bensen; cover-point, G. C. McEwen; rover, Young; centre, S. R. McEwen; wings, Ware and Murray. Varsity III. (3)—Goal, Halton; point, Ranny; cover-point, Nicholls; rover, Pollard; centre, Harris; wings, Foster and Kennedy. Referee—R. Y. Cory.

Geo. S. Stephens, formerly '05, was elected president of the Intercollegiate Hockey Association at the annual meeting recently held in Montreal. Congratulations, George!

Nought-six, 5; Nought-nine, 4.—The first of the inter-year hockey matches was played on the afternoon of March 1st, when the seniors downed the freshmen by the score of five to four. The game was marked by several things, among which were the cheering of the freshmen when their gallants scored, the sober silence of the seniors on similar occasions, the presence of one senior on the fence most of the time, continuous sprawling of everybody on the ice, and the absence of combination whenever it was possible to omit it. Murray played the fastest of anyone on the ice and scored all five goals for Nought-six.

The teams: Nought-six (5)—Goal, Fox; point, Wells; cover-point. Chane; rover, Murray (capt.); centre, Edwards; wings, McKinnon and Whane. Nought-nine (4)—Goal, McLaurin; point, Forsythe; cover-point, Jury; rover, Detlor; centre, Ritchie; wings, Newell and J. O. Robinson (capt.). Referee —R. W. Young, '07.

The Senior Championship.—Queen's University have again captured the honors in the senior Intercollegiate series. Their team is a fast one, and made for themselves a good record in the season that has just closed. Varsity was defeated in both games, and McGill was defeated by ten goals in the Kingston game, though Queen's met defeat in Montreal by one goal. The champions pluckily challenged for the Stanley cup, but were unable to lift it from Ottawa.

McMaster, 14; R. M. C., 15.—There were only twenty-nine goals scored in the second of the finals in the intermediate series which was played in Mutual street rink on March 2nd. And the visitors were fortunate enough to receive a majority of one out of the number. The game was never lagging in interest. and was a splendid exhibition of the winter sport. McMaster was unfortunate again in the absence of Bensen, who was out of the city, and consequently the defence was very much weakened. However, the boys played well, and there was little "sleeping at the switch" on the part of anybody. "Rowley" Young was easily the best man on the ice, and seemed to be able to zig-zag through the Cadets quite at pleasure. Hale was the star for the soldiers. The individual playing of the McMaster men rather excelled that of their opponents, but they did not play together quite so well, partly owing to the shifting of the positions of the players. Shot after shot was sent in the direction of the Cadets' net, and only the excellent defence prevented a very much larger score. In the first half the scoring was even, six goals for each team. In the second half the game progressed as in the first; first one side and then the other scoring. After ten minutes' play in the second half Murray was taken with a cramp in the leg and had to go off, Rhodes going off with him. When the gong sounded for time the score stood fifteen to fourteen in the Cadets' favor. There was a good deal of tripping and hard checking done, especially by the visitors, there being no less than eighteen penalties, eleven for the R. M. C. and seven for McMaster. "Stan" McArthur refereed with entire satisfaction.

The teams: McMaster (14)—Goal, McLaurin; point,

Young (capt.); cover-point, G. C. McEwen; rover, Murray; centre, S. R. McEwen; wings, Jordan and Ware. R. M. C. (15) —Goal, Carruthers; point, Rhodes; cover-point, Browne; rover, Powell; centre, Watson; wings, Coristine and Hale (capt.). Referee—M. S. McArthur, B.A.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: T. M. DADSON, '06.

THE HARVARD CLUB of Toronto recently gave a luncheon to Professor Seholfield, at which all the prominent university men of Toronto were present. Our Professor McLay is president of this club, and Mr. R. C. Matthews, '01, is secretary.

We learn that the names of B. R. Simpson, B.A., '99, and S. T. Foster, B.A., '96, are added to the list of McMaster graduates in Chicago University.

The McMaster contingent in Chicago have formed themselves into an association called the "Chicago McMaster Association." We are glad to see McMaster graduates keeping together and cementing the friendships made in their alma mater. The first meeting was held in the home of Dr. Hugh McKechnie, Woodlawn Avenue, on February 2nd. Among the initial members are: Robert Routledge, R. H. and Mrs. Mode, John McLaughlin, Perren and Mrs. Baker, J. F. and Mrs. Viehert, S. T. Foster, D. C. McIntosh, R. B. Simpson, Rev. G. T. Webb.

We have pleasure in recording the nuptials of two McMaster graduates. The event took place in December at the residence of Hon. John Dryden, Prince Arthur Avenue, Toronto, when Miss J. E. Dryden, B.A., '00, was married to Professor E. J. Zavitz, B.A., '03. The bride was supported by her sister, Miss Elsie Dryden, and the groom by Mr. M. S. McArthur, B.A., '05. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church. Mr. and Mrs. Zavitz are residing in Guelph, Mr. Zavitz being professor of Forestry in the Ontario Agricultural College.

An event of interest to the McMaster circle occurred on the evening of February 28th at the home of Mrs. Henderson, Huron Street, Toronto, when her daughter, Miss Isabelle, was united in marriage to Rev. A. L. Huddleston, B.A., B.Th., pastor of Wentworth Street Church, Hamilton. The ceremony was performed in the presence of about sixty-five guests, by Rev. Professor Cross, of McMaster. The event was very happy, and the young couple received exceedingly hearty congratulations. Many beautiful and costly gifts testified to the esteem in which the bride and groom are held by their friends. Mr. Huddleston and his bride left on the late train for their home in Hamilton.

Mr. J. H. Cranston, B.A., '05, is to be congratulated on his appointment as private secretary to Mr. J. E. Atkinson, managing director of the Toronto *Star*. Mr. Cranston bids fair to hold a prominent place in the journalistic world.

It was with regret that we learned of the death of Mr. Harry Smedley. Mr. Smedley spent one year in McMaster with class '05, and during that time gained a high place in the esteem of the students. He was sent in 1904 as a missionary to the Upper Nyanza, Africa. While there he contracted consumption and in a short time succumbed to the disease. Mr. Smedley entered heartily into all sides of our student life. He was prominent in our missionary society and also was an enthusiastic rugby man. There are many in McMaster who will feel his loss.

A member of our MONTHLY board has received word from our former business manager, Mr. T. E. Meldrum, '02, now in Manitoulin. We are glad to hear of the success of his work there, and from our knowledge of Mr. Meldrum's work on the MONTHLY staff, we are satisfied that his church in Manitoulin has a capable and enthusiastic head.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: BESSIE FINDLAY.

IN February second a recital was given by the music pupils under the direction of Mrs. Bradley and Miss Hallworth. A marked improvement was noticed in both the singing and playing. Several of Mrs. Arnton's pupils gave recitations, which added to the enjoyment of the evening.

The weather has been so changeable all winter and the ice so uncertain that for a time it was feared the annual skating party would have to be omitted this year. But on the day appointed, February 9th, the Clerk of the Weather having favored us with plenty of frost, our fears were allayed. The guests were received in the drawing-room by the principal, Miss Thrall, and at about nine o'clock the skating commenced. The bright moonlight, the music and the perfect condition of the ice, all contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. After an hour and a half good skating, we all returned to the drawing-room, where the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent.

We have had a great many special treats this month. First the Mendelssohn choir concerts, two of which were attended by the girls, then the violinist, Moskowski, in Massey Hall on February 25th, and Mr. Bengough's lecture at McMaster. All of these were greatly enjoyed by a large proportion of the school.

Mr. Saunders, of London, who is interested in Moulton, and has for several years visited the school, gave us an interesting lecture about birds on February 15th. Mr. Saunders has made a careful study of birds for many years, and has collected some beautiful specimens, with which he illustrated his talk.

The regular meeting of the "Heliconian Society" was held on Friday evening, February 16th. We were sorry to have to accept the resignation of Miss Grace Moseley, the secretary, who has left the school. Miss Lucie Bailey was elected to the office for the remainder of the year. The programme commenced with a piano duet, by Miss McKay and Miss McLay. Mrs. Arnton gave a reading from "The Little Minister," which was heartily encored; Miss Menzie, a former president of the Heliconian, sang a solo, and several of the members of the society were called upon to give minute speeches on some of

the difficulties which were to be overcome in the college life. After a piano solo by Miss Spenser, the final number on the programme—an extract from "Scenes in Clerical Life," by George Eliot—was given by a number of the members of the society. The Heliconian paper was read by the editor, Miss Rowe, and Miss Munro gave the critic's report.

Our Missionary prayer meeting on February 21st was addressed by Miss Norton, one of our teachers. She gave us a very interesting and instructive map talk on home missions, pointing out the different phases of the work and the present need of the missionary board.

On February 25th a party was given to the preparatory class, which was greatly enjoyed by the younger pupils.

Here and There.

EDITOR: G. R. M. WELLS, '06.

WE live in a golden day of a golden age. By that we mean more than merely to say that the Springtime of the year is the season of enthusiasm and hope and joyous ambition, or even that the Springtime of life holds elements and emotions which one instinctively knows will atrophy with the passing of the year of life. We mean even more than is implied in the combination of these, the Springtime of Life in the Springtime of the year, when the fancy of the healthy young man (and, we presume, of the young woman also) turns naturally to things of more moment than Exams. and Degrees.

What we mean is that we live in the golden age of the world, in its Springtime. To students the centuries that are gone by, comparatively speaking, have been dark ages. The ages that are to come are to be those of the uplifting of the world and of mankind. The present is a bright time for schools and scholars of all subjects. Medical men can study and dissect to their heart's content without fear of process of law or of public opinion. Science men of all classes have most elaborate equipment and laboratories without number. Arts men have such facilities for study and such inducements to high scholarships as were beyond the wildest dreams of educators of a hundred years ago.

One of the most characteristic signs of the times in matters educational is the widespread prevalence and success of co-education. Hardly a prominent centre of learning exists in America where co-education, to greater or less extent, is not a rule.

The particular side of co-education which appeals to us is that evidenced by the publications coming to us from women's colleges. We do not receive very many of these; we wish there were more.

The best of the women's publications are as good as the average from men's colleges. They are less excellent than the men's best. This may be accounted for by the fact of the larger number of men's journals which we receive. It may be that we are unfortunate in the samples of woman's effort which come to this office. We state the relative excellence of the two classes of journalism as it appears to us as a fact, and do not meddle with the cause.

We shall mention more particularly a few of the publications from women's colleges that we have the pleasure of reading:

The *Monroe College Monthly,* published by the students of Monroe College, in the far Southland of Georgia, is attractive in outward appearance, and neat in its workmanship as a whole, that is, in size, paper and mechanical style. It is one of the few that make any serious attempt at publishing articles of the more literary sort. In the last two numbers there are some good articles on subjects of interest, and some readable short verses. Evidently the *Monroe College Monthly* pays no very great attention to fiction. While an all-round journal doubtless is most acceptable from a theoretical standpoint, we must admit that for ourselves the more serious articles are of much greater interest than the half-baked, abortive fiction which is far from uncommon in college journals. "The Holy Grail as a Motif in Literature, Music and Art" gives a most fascinating subject a broad and instructive treatment. A very short paper on "What the Greeks Knew About Music" is good enough as far as it goes for one to wish it were much longer. "Tennyson as a Poet of Nature," albeit a somewhat hackneyed subject, reveals a knowledge of Tennyson and goes to prove that the writer has caught something of the spirit of Tennyson.

The Sibyl, of Elmira College, is another well edited and well managed journal. It also aims at higher things in a literary way than mere jingle or pseudo Anthony Hope sentimentality. It publishes some things, however, which have little or no literary value. The tendency upward is visible, but is not always worked out. *The Sibyl* illustrates what, it seems to us, is an

evil of very many college journals, and of which our own skirts are not altogether clear. That is, an inclination to run too much to departments. It is necessary and right that there be space, and abundance of space, given to college news, but for a journal which hopes to circulate at all outside the circle of the student body, one-half or more of its pages devoted to departments seems to us to be entirely too much.

Allisonia comes to us from the Maritime Provinces. Its cover, type, paper and general style are more than usually attractive. The January number contains a paper on Kipling, saying the usual things in the usual way, and articles and verse of interest chiefly to those well acquainted with Mt. Allison. There are three full-page sketches which are good, especially that of the "Reception Girl."

Moulton Haliconian and *Vox Collegii* come from so much nearer home that we scarcely have the temerity to criticize them. They come from Secondary Schools and have not the material to draw from that others from Colleges and Universities have. But for good and sufficient reasons we are always glad to see them.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following publications, besides those mentioned above: Queen's University Journal, Acta Victoriana, Manitoba College Journal, Ontario Normal College Monthly, McGill Outlook, Trinity University Review, Lux Columbiana, Acadia Athenæum, Vox Wesleyana, University Monthly, Wm. Jewell Student, Bowdoin Quill, Notre Dame Scholastic, Kenyon Collegian, Athenæum, College Review, The Collegian, Oberlin Review, Nassau Literary Magazine, University of Virginia Magazine.

When lovers meet on fields of green,
To dance and sing and crown their queen,
Their hearts are glad for springing May,
And then Dan Cupid has his day.

But when the fleeting summer goes,
And naked winter dons her snows,
The dreamy lovers watch the yule,
While Monarch Hymen has his rule.

—E. B. MURRAY, *in Mercerian.*

Our negro laundress works also for some of our friends. Soon after their daughter had announced her engagement, I said to the negress, "Virgie, have you seen Blanche's fiance?" "Lor', I don't know, honey," she answered, "it ain't in the wash yet."—*Ex.*

Editing a college paper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-headed. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens. If we do, we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes, they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes, they say we have a pull. Now what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did.—*The Tech.*

"Motor-Car,
On the hum,
Sudden jar,
Kingdom Come."
—*Man. Coll. Journal.*

My maid Norah went to consult a fortune teller and returned wailing dismally. "Did she predict great trouble?" I asked, sympathetically. "Och, men, sich therrible news!" moaned Norah, rocking back and forth, wringing her hands. "Tell me," I said. "She told me that me father wurks hard shovelin' coal an' tendin' foires." "But that's no disgrace nor sorrow," I said, a trifle vexed at such affection. "Och, mem, me poor father!" sobbed Norah. "He's bin dead noine years." —*Nassau Tribune.*

O, wad the profs the giftie gie us
To mark oursel's (e'en tho' they fee us),
It wad frae monie a pluckie free us
And supplementary.
What cramming, plugging then wad lea'e us
And warkin' ment'lly.
—*Acadia Athenaeum.*

Father's Forgotten Classics.—John was home from college for the Christmas holiday, and one of the things that struck the impressionable young man was that Dora Mason, the daughter of a near neighbor. had. during his absence, changed from a tomboyish schoolgirl into a very beautiful young woman. His father had also noticed it.

"Have ye noticed how old Joe Mason's daughter's shot up, John?" he asked his son. "Seems to me she's getting quite a handsome young critter!"

"Father," said John, enthusiastically, "she is as beautiful as Hebe!"

"She's jolly sight purtier than he be!" objected the old man. "Where's your eyes, boy? Joe's got a face like an old barn door! It's her mother she gets her looks from!"—*Answers.*

They met on a bridge. Each held out his hand, and they shook, and instantly realized that they were utter strangers. Had not one of them been a genuine Hibernian the situation might have been embarrassing. "Begorra, that's queer," says Pat. "When we were so far off that we couldn't see each other, I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, and now we're here together it's nayther of us."—*Tit Bits.*

There was a young maid of Japan,
  Who married a Hottentot man.
Now she being yellow and he a black fellow,
  Their children were all black and tan.

—*Ex.*

Little Girl (entering grocery store)—"Ain't you got no aigs?" Grocer—"I ain't said I ain't." Little Girl—"I ain't ast you is you ain't, I ast you ain't you is, is you?"—*Ex.*

SHE HAD SEVEN.

(With apologies to Wordsworth.)

I met a little college girl.
"A few years old," she said,
Her step was light, her heart awhirl,
And books far from her head.

Freshmen and theologs, little maid,
How many may you have?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And smiled, the little knave.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Five call on me,
On different nights, each rings the bell,
And two I've sent to sea."

"You say that two have gone to sea,
And five call oft on you,
Yet you have seven! How can this be?
Pray tell, for this is new."

Then did the college maid reply,
As smiles lit up her face,
"Why, don't you see, you silly guy,
Two more will take their place."

H. R N 06.

IN MARCH.

Never a world so bare, so bare,
  Since first our world begun,—
A rumbling sky and a sighing air,
  And never a splash of sun!

Never a day so dull, so gray,
  In all the dreary years;
A weeping breeze, through the barren trees,
  Is weaving a mist of tears;

And all the trees are bare, so bare!
  And the rain is never done!
And there's never a leaf nor a flower fair,
  And never a streak of sun.

—MARY ELLIOTT, *in Metropolitan Magazine.*

COLLEGE HONORS.

"Dear father," writes a college son,
  "I'm working day and night;
Have taken the first place in Greek
  And passed exams. all right.
Allowance seems a little small,
  Was pretty short last week."
The sire's reply was brief and terse:
  "You don't need cash for Greek."

Again he writes: "Dear father, I
  Am chosen in debate
'Twixt Yale and Harvard, you can bet
  I feel 'tis something great.
I'm hard up, would be much obliged
  If something down you'd chalk."
Father's reply again is brief:
  "You don't need cash to talk."

The latest letter reads: "Dear Dad,
  I'm on the football team,
Am quarter back, must hustle, though,
  And don't have time to dream.
I need spot cash." The Dad replies:
  "Enclosed check bears my name,
Just fill it in; your ma and I
  Will come up to the game."

—*Brooklyn Life.*

OUR WOMEN DEBATERS

WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIP IN THE WOMEN'S INTERCOLLEGE DEBATING LEAGUE, '05-06

ANITA M. WATERS, '07

BESSIE M. PUGSLEY, '08 OLIVE HARTON, '06 EVA WILKINS, '07

THE
McMaster University Monthly
APRIL, 1906

WHAT M'MASTER MEANS TO THE STUDENT FOR THE MINISTRY.*

SO MANY are the processes operative in the evolution of a McMaster "theolog" that any brief statement of them must be incomplete. Moreover, some of the special phases of a college course which best meet his needs, he shares more or less, with those fellow students who are fitting themselves for other vocations. However, it will be my endeavor to bring under brief review a selected few of those potent influences which our institution offers the prospective minister. If any one has failed to find these as he has pursued his course, he has missed what are not only to one, but to many, the richest and best gifts of his Alma Mater.

When at last the day breaks which marks the beginning of the realization of his dreams and long-laid plans, and he enters McMaster, the student for the ministry finds himself in a world of thought and ideals whose chief purpose is, on the whole, akin to his own. In his days of castle-building this freshman, probably after no little struggle, resolved to turn aside from the so-called secular interests of life and to thrust himself into the greater intellectual, moral and spiritual endeavors. In our student-body, though made up of men preparing for many different spheres of service, the theolog soon feels that there is a common striving to enter in at the narrow

* An address before the open meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society of McMaster University, December 12, 1905.

gate of things; an earnest enquiring after explanations, and a seeking for the richer and better ways. The query, "How much is there in it?" is seldom heard among a group of our men. Life in its more abundant form is the general quest. In such an atmosphere the newcomer is at once reinforced and soon finds himself at home. The general tone of culture which characterizes McMaster is of positive value to the ministerial student.

Then, again, the residential life affords him a community wherein is a magnificent opportunity for the development of his powers and manhood. In the literary and social, as well as in the distinctly religious exercises, man touches man. Each passes for exactly what he is worth. Nothing is disliked quite so much as affectation and cant. In the rub-close process a fellow comes into some possession of other men's spectacles and so benefits in the realization of the gift long ago coveted by Burns. Amid these rugged, robust relations the qualities which grow especially well are those the minister most needs in his dealings with men; such as virility, naturalness, frankness and grit—a quartette of virtues suggested to the writer by one of our foremost young preachers as constituting no small contribution towards a strong, conquering manhood.

Moreover, in the daily contact with classmates the theolog is gaining invaluable knowledge of men and their ways. He sees how others look at things and how they do things. In the conversation and the study, as well as in the fun and the feeding, our man, whilst seeking his own symmetrical development, is at the same time gathering a mass of live information. In due time he will enter upon his work with this unwritten book as his indispensable ready-reference, without which any young minister, be his mastery of the prescribed book-stuff ever so complete, must surely labor against great odds.

The courses at McMaster are splendidly adapted to his purposes. The course in Arts is well fitted to the needs of the man who is to be a leader of thought and action among the people. Its broad, general character gives him a view of the vast tablelands of knowledge. He is enabled to get his little boat away from its native creek out upon the high seas where

he may pass swiftly from headland to headland and catch a glimpse of the outstanding movements of men and affairs. The ministry of to-day seems to be calling not so much for the man of detail, who spends all his days with punctuation marks and accents; but rather for the man who is more at home with great strokes and sweeps, who is eager to measure unfenced stretches and able to catch on the wing the meaning of things and declare it to men. To enable students to meet this call McMaster's Arts course is singularly adapted.

I shall not venture any reference at this time to the theological course, lacking, as I do, the "historic perspective." But this I will affirm, and in so doing am sure that I express the conviction of every man registered in theology, that the course of studies we have been pursuing for the past seven months is proving to be the flower and crown of it all.

What do McMaster's instructors mean to the student for the ministry? One vision that can never fade through the years is that of the long, dark line that forms upon the chapel platform from morning to morning and joins the student-body in the reverent and devout worship of their fathers. The Christian manhood of the professoriate, dominating all departments of our work, is a daily and mighty inspiration to the man who is seeking the same sort of manhood for himself, and equipment for the great work to which he has laid his head and hand and heart. Especially in the search for truth does the Christian teacher mean much to the theolog. There come times when he fears that the very foundations are giving way under him. He is ever coming upon facts which shock his earlier conceptions of God, of man, of the world and of the Bible. Confusion and dismay ensue. From the class-room he comes into the chapel perturbed and restless. His professor reads the Scriptures and prays. The troubled student listens, and presently thinks, "Why, he believes in God, he believes in Christ, he knows the Saviour!" And then, raising his head, he beholds his teacher, with face strong in prayer, in childlike communion with his Father. That is enough. The distressed mind is relieved and the troubled student says, "I guess it is all right after all!" So, gathering himself together he starts afresh with stout heart and brave spirit to find, as the days

go by, that although some things must go, better and greater things abide; a greater God, a greater book, a greater world, a greater need of man for the greater God.

One Sunday afternoon, in late autumn, a Woodstock College student wandered over the rocks of Muskoka looking for a little school-house where he was expected to conduct a service. It had long passed the appointed hour. Sleet had fallen and rendered the trail indistinguishable. In his journeyings he came upon a settler's cottage where he made known his plight. The mother of the home at once offered to guide the dejected missionary toward his destination. On the lone wayfarer started, guided at first by the kind voice and then by the waving of an apron, until, in the dusk, for night was now settling in, his eye caught a dim light far in the distance. For this he made, and to his great joy found it sitting in the window of the school-house where the hand of an aged deacon had placed it.

The student for the ministry in these days soon discovers that many of the old trails of his fathers have perished. Pick and spade, scientific research and careful investigation have made the way a little strange. But all who enter McMaster are assured of Christian guides who, ever true to the kindred points of heaven and home, endeavor to direct those whom they teach toward that school-house of truth whose light is none else than He whose life is the light of men.

Then, too, the man who faces the Canadian Baptist ministry with all, and without all, which that involves, has at once and always the compelling knowledge that nothing less than a perpetual sacrifice is the price of his Alma Mater's presence in the world. Let it be told plainly that to-day glad and soulful service is being rendered by good and wise men at their own material loss for the sake of the truth they believe and the institution and country they love. This knowledge alone is sufficient to send forth every true son of McMaster with a bigger chest and to lead the earnest young minister to feel that he would rather spend his days upon the frontiers of our work, if need be, than wield the sceptre of a prince.

What does McMaster give to the student for the ministry? The best that she gives to every graduate who will take it. Out

of her life there emerges a something which it is hard to define. You cannot touch it, you cannot box it up, and yet one ever feels it about him and knows it to be the most real and abiding of all. It is the McMaster fireside, the McMaster life principle, the McMaster consciousness, the McMaster ideal.

The McMaster fireside—in the glow of which a fellow warms his chilled soul and goes back again to do his work in the world. A great home-circle, in which the life-principle for his thought and conduct becomes intensified. His home, where the McMaster consciousness is ever present, and where the parental and filial relationship is always close and warm, and quick. His home, from whose portals he ever beholds the McMaster ideal, the one fixed star of his firmament, by which he seeks to guide his life and than which there can be no higher —*ta panta en Christo sunesteken.* Whatever may be this something which we would like to define, this pearl of great price, we know that it is McMaster in the widest sweep and fullest significance of her revered and beloved name. And in the day of the great home-coming, when she will send for her sons and daughters from far that they may all sit down at the same table, the heralds of the cross will not be the last to arrive or the first to leave. Nor will their voices, mellowed in the battle and the breeze, drag when we shall sing "Thy praises, McMaster"; with full hearts they will follow with the rest when the eldest son leads in the prayer that the light of heaven may ever rest upon her in whose halls we learned the truth, and by whose inspiration we shall be striving to do the work of the days, to the honor of Him in whose name she was founded.

W. E. Matthews, '05 (Arts).

ALLUS VANCE, GENTLEMAN.

THE school-house yard at Birch Lake needed a new fence badly, and Fred was building it. It was a peculiar kind of fence—an invention of Fred's. The frosts always lifted the posts so badly up on that clay land in Algoma that he had hit upon the idea of sawing the eight-foot cedars in two, laying half on the ground and spiking the other part to it. Fence-building was an important part of Algoma life, and everybody in the settlement was interested. The student preacher thought it would be a good thing for him to be able to talk about it, too, and so, being also interested in Fred, he had strolled into the school-yard to see about it.

One thing that interested him in Fred was that left ear of his. It had always been of a peculiar shape—flat and inartistic. It was not anatomy, however, that the preacher-to-be cared so much about, but that scar and the place where the piece had been torn out. He had wondered about that, but had not asked anyone at first. The other day, though, he had heard about it. It had happened in the old school-house—the one that had been torn down a couple of years ago to make room for this. ("This" was a frame edifice, the pride of Birch Lake, and the envy of other districts where the educational buildings were of logs.) There was a political meeting and a fight. The Liberal-Conservatives and the champions of Reform—well, as the student's informant said, "had mixed it up about as rough as usual," and a neighbor's teeth, in the interests of pure politics, had gripped Fred's ear. Of course the neighbor had had to stay in bed a couple of weeks after Fred got through with him. It settled the burning questions of the day for a little, but was not so strikingly unusual up there after all.

Well, the student had asked a question or two about the fence which showed that he was improving. (He knew cedar from hemlock now.) Fred was "chatty," as usual. He was in the act of carefully sawing a brace for a corner post when a

step in the yard made them both look up. Coming round the corner of the school-house with a care-free, ambling gait was a figure the embryo divine didn't know. He swung along up to Fred, through piles of lumber and heaps of posts, with his eyes utterly regardless of his path, his feet knocking against bits of block and sawdust heaps, and his mouth going in the same half-controlled, automatic way: "S-say, Fred, ol' man, cu-cud yu give er l-lend a feller a ch-chew of tubacca? That feller Hay-Hagan wouldn't give a feller a st-stra-aw without payin' fur it." (Hagan was the postmaster and storekeeper.) It was evident that this was not stuttering so much as that the force behind the man's words fluctuated, almost quite subsiding once in a while, and then they had to come out in this broken fashion. It did not seem due to laziness so much as to mere carelessness. Quite a break might come between syllables, then a lurch of the head would throw out the rest of the word and a few more.

Fred pulled a black plug out of his pocket and handed it over. "Hello, Allus," he said, "where'd you come from?"

"Allus" wrenched off a huge chew and worked his jaws on it a moment, then, with a pitch of his body towards Fred, handed back the tobacco.

"Oh, I've been over he-helpin' the wi-wimen clean up the church. Ca-carryin' water for them." (This was the Methodist church a couple of miles away. They had recently had a tea meeting.) "But I thought I'd qui-i-it, and let the young fe-ellus have a chance. Ha, ha! Ye-es, give the young fe-ellus a chance!"

Then Fred introduced his companion, and the student learned that this was Allus Vance.

"A pre-ee-eacher, eh? Well, cu-cum and see me. I can gi-give you bre-ead, and tea-ea, and shu-shugar to put in it, too. Goo-ood-bye. Good-bye, Fred. That's gu-gude tubacca." Allus lurched around and moved off.

An odd figure, certainly. Somewhat under medium height, rather lean, with a long black beard and small eyes, deep set under shaggy brows; a soft felt hat, sadly faded (it was just thrown on, and the brim flopped down nearly all round, leaving one little part sticking up just because it happened that

way); a cheap gray and red flannel shirt with no collar, and a pair of trousers many sizes too wide and long and turned up nearly a foot. One could take his attention from the strange, swaggering gait long enough to observe these details.

Fred had been the student's informant about many of the people, and now he was asked:

"Well, what about that fellow, Fred? He's the oddest-looking chap I've seen in the settlement."

"Well, he's just as odd as he looks. I shouldn't wonder if you want to know about him pretty bad. But I've got to quit now. Come around for supper and wait till I've done the chores and I'll tell you all about him."

The invitation was accepted, and that night Fred told the story. I am giving his narrative in the main, though the student had heard it also from others before he passed it on.

This part of the North Shore had been settled about twenty-five years. About five years later a young fellow had come in to the Iron Bridge settlement, some fifteen miles away on the Government road. The settlers were all from a township or two in the County of Grey, and had known each other before, but the newcomer was an entire stranger. He never spoke of his past, though, of course, the usual questions were asked. In time his reserve and occasional melancholy were taken for granted and passed unremarked. The district needed a school teacher, and as he possessed a certificate he was engaged. His character seemed irreproachable, he proved a satisfactory teacher, and the trustees kept him on. Out of his salary he gradually saved enough to put up a house on a farm lot he had secured cheaply. Then he married—a sweet, pretty girl, who stood high in the esteem of the settlement. In the simple, unsentimental way of the settler Fred had made it plain that the home had been full of love and very happy. There was one child—a girl. When she was four or five the mother contracted a fever, and after a long illness, in which she had been tenderly, unwearyingly nursed by her husband, died. Almost crushed for a time with his grief, Allus' heart had finally found a relief by pouring out all its thought and affection on his little girl. He was father and mother to her. They lived alone, yet the child bore every evidence of the tenderest care, even that of

a woman's. Allus took her to school with him and, in fact, she was scarcely ever out of his sight.

The years passed—Allus still teaching and his little daughter growing up and becoming strangely winsome and beautiful. She returned her father's affection to the full extent of her young heart, and even the most stoical of the settlers felt how strong was the bond between these two.

One summer Saturday—little Maud was about ten at the time—Allus had gone for his mail, and Maud to pick berries for dinner in the patch near the house. The neighborhood had always been considered safe, and she was accompanied, too, by Bruno, a large Newfoundland which had been hers for some years and was devoted to her. Allus returned in a couple of hours, but his little Maud failed to greet him, as was her wont. Going into the house he found that she was not there, and, already a little anxious, he decided to seek her in the patch, thinking that she might have delayed in order to fill her pail. He went, calling her name. There was no reply. The patch was not large, she must surely hear him if she was there, and yet, though he had come right to the bushes and was shouting, she did not answer. Nor could he hear the bark of Bruno, and he knew the dog would hear him and answer if he were there. Giving way to his alarm, Allus rushed back to the house, thinking that she might have returned from another part of the patch as he was entering it. Maud was not there. He rushed again to the patch. But only an echo spoke to him—the woods giving back his frantic "Maudie! Maudie!" She might have gone to Redmond's, he thought. They were the nearest neighbors, a quarter of a mile away. There he ran, but they had seen nothing of Maud. The kindly Redmond went back with him, and together they looked and called—in vain. Then Redmond went to call the other neighbors to join in the search. The nearest ones came, and runners went for others, till fifty had assembled. With keen eyes and sympathetic hearts they searched the woods for miles around. They found Bruno—dead, with a knife wound in his breast, but of the child nothing, though they procured lanterns and lit fires and hunted far into the night. The next day they returned, and the next, and next—some of them. Then the hopelessness of it seized upon all, for

not a single trace of the girl had been discovered. It was recalled by one family that they had noticed an Indian, the morning that Maud disappeared, skulking along the trail that led to the Vance home. His connection with the disappearance of the girl was surmised, and later it became generally believed that the savage had kidnapped her. The wound in Bruno's heart could have been inflicted as the faithful dog had sprung at the Indian's throat.

Allus seemed dazed. It was many days before he had ceased to wander with peering eyes over the woods, but even he gave up at last. Then everything in life seemed to be gone from him. He would sit in the house with bowed head and hopeless, unchanging face, never caring for himself—even to prepare his meals. The Redmonds at last induced him to live with them for a time; then he took to boarding round. He kept on with his school.

One week he was at Carson's. Once in a while Carson came home drunk when he had gone to town. He was naturally kind and considerate to his family, but was known to have been abusive when liquor was in him. He came home that way one night while Allus was there. His little daughter—about the same age as Allus' lost child—shrank frightened from him, knocking a dish from the table. With an oath he seized a thick cane, declaring he would "teach her to run away from her father." He had struck the trembling child twice—cruel, unmerciful blows, which he would not have inflicted on a dog when sober—when Allus burst into the kitchen, wrenched the girl from his grasp, and in a quiet, set voice demanded that the beating should cease. Carson stopped, but only to spring, infuriated, at the man who had interfered. He was powerful, but Allus fought with the strength of the hero. The struggle was terrible. Finally Carson lay on the floor, a leg broken, and Allus staggered a few feet away, but only to fall, stunned and bleeding from a terrific blow on the head, inflicted by the stick with which Carson had been whipping his daughter.

Carson's leg set, but Allus' wound, coupled with his state of mind, was far more serious. Brain fever set in, and for weeks he lay in delirium, talking to his girlish wife, calling his lost daughter, struggling again with Carson, but never, even

now, referring to his earlier days. No one ever knew of them.

He recovered in time—that is, the fever left and he faced the world again. But it was not the man of old, and even yet not the creature that the student preacher had beheld in the school-yard. He was sombre and forgetful, sinking into an utter disregard of everything. He gave up his school. By degrees the past seemed to disappear utterly—perhaps what little care he had left was to help it to go. He sold his farm and came down to a little unused shack in the Birch Lake district, and had been there ever since, growing steadily more careless, more uncouth, "until," as Fred said, "he became what you have seen to-day. He works a little in the shanties sometimes, and always has 'bread and tea' enough. His time is spent in just living. Go over and see him."

So one afternoon the young divine extended his trip to Allus' shack. It was a beautiful August day, and he found Allus sitting on a stump not far from his hut. He was vacantly gazing about him and diligently chewing a huge cud of tobacco. The student noticed the same hat and immense trousers, and thought it was the same shirt. Allus' greeting was cordial: "Cu-cum right in, pre-ee-eacher, and ma-make yourself at home."

The preacher would have immensely preferred staying outside, but had learned that it was always pleasing to the settlers to go in for a while.

"Well, you're a pre-ee-eacher, eh? Not many pre-ee-eachers ca-calls here."

The student, with the warmth of youth, thought that they should. But the call was difficult. Allus either couldn't or wouldn't talk of any but the most ordinary things—"that new fe-ence that Fred was bu-ilding," and kindred topics. But when the poor fellow had gone outside to get a stick of wood, so that he might light a fire to make some tea, the collegian lifted inadvertently the cover of a Bible on a box beside him, and saw—small, old-fashioned pictures of a young and pretty woman and a smiling baby girl.

The shadows were falling when the student reached home that evening. But as he turned in at the door it was not the

beauty of the North Shore night that filled his mind. Rather was there still before his eyes the lurching form of Allus Vance standing in his strange garb at the door of his shack and saying: "Cu-cum again, pre-ee-eacher. Cu-cum again!"

W. J. Grigg, '05.

SPRING SONG.

The crocus is springing,
The red-throats are singing,
The harebells are ringing
Close to your ear.
Wild dogwood glowing
White petals throwing,
Daffodils blowing,
Say spring is here.

The brooklet is leaping,
The plump pebbles sweeping,
The green leaves are peeping,
Orioles swing.
Hear the winds playing,
See the vines swaying,
All of them saying,
Look! It is spring.

Bertha Jean Thompson, '08.

AN IMMUTABLE DEITY.

"OH Monsieur Wilson! Monsieur Wilson! Some-t'hing mos' terrible was happen."

"What is the matter now, Joe?"

I looked up from my work. The depot manager had asked the question. He was looking intently at Joe Sarrasin, who had just entered the room. Joe was all a-quiver with excitement.

"Oh, Monsieur Wilson, one beeg accident was happen at Leduc's."

"Speak up, Joe. What is the matter with you? Out with it."

When you spoke to "boss" it was well to speak to the point.

"Oh, Monsieur Wilson! Oh, Mother of Mary! I was just come from see death at Leduc's. Dead on dere bunks, Monsieur. Tout le monde! Monsieur, tout le monde!"

"What do you mean? you fool. Don't stand there crossing yourself. Tell us what has happened to you," Wilson interrupted.

Then Joe told us his story.

Joe was our choreboy. Leduc was a jobber for the concern. His camp was fifteen miles up the La Haise River. He had a little farm there, and besides himself he had working his son and four hired men—lumber-jacks we call them. Just about the beginning of March Leduc had sent down word with a culler that he had not sufficient pork and hay to last the season. As all the keepovers and shanties had already been stocked and the carters laid off, Wilson had had Joe hitch up one of the teams at the depot and start up with a load of provisions. Joe had left yesterday morning, and we did not expect him back until late in the afternoon, and here it was just eleven o'clock. The boss rose and stood looking at Joe from under bushy eyebrows. Joe in beefskin moccasins, long blue stockings and well-worn coon coat, looked the hardy fellow he was, and pointed his story with rude gestures.

"You know, Monsieur, I lef' here early yesterday morning with one beeg load for Leduc's. Well, Monsieur, de road was very heavy and I make slow tam. T'ree, four times I mus' get out an' shovel an' tramp de snow. Very hard job. Well, 'bout t'ree o'clock I come to dat beeg march cake.* You know where she is Monsieur, two miles dis side Leduc. De road she was feel up an' I must tramp, tramp all de tam.

"Den, by gosh, I see wolf track. Dat make me scare, an' I t'row my coat on de sleigh and I work hard. You know where dat beeg white birch stan' before you come out de march cake? Yes. Well, I get dere when I see one wolf run from someting on de road. De horse d'ey turn up dere ears and make noise with dere nose. I have my good rifle with me dat Boss Parkaire geev me when she was boss de concern. I see that she have plaintee cartridge for sure, and I go on, tramp, tramp on de road. Den I was see one ting I no like to see. De wolves dey had got Leduc an' dey had keel heem and eat heem and eat his horse. An' all dat was left was de jomper he ride in and some bones.

"Oh, Monsieur, I feel scared, den I rush my horses. The sun she was near go down. You know, Monsieur, an' I was good two miles from Leduc's. An' Monsieur, before I got dere she was dark an' I hear de wolves howl an' I got more scare an' when I got out de march cake I put de whip on my horses; for I know it is all up for you, Joe Sarrasin, if de wolves get you. So I get dere, but my God, Monsieur, de whole place was dark, no light, no noise, at all, at all. Den I have awful scare; specially since I hear de wolves still howl all round. Den one of de horses in the stable make noise and I put in my team tout de suit and I stay dere in de stable all night, I was so scare.

"Dis morning I feed all de horses and geev dem water also Den I go to the house. Everyt'ing was quiet but the sun he was rose up, so I open de door an' go in. Monsieur, de water, he was froze on de pail an' de kettle she was crack for de ice an' de stove she had no fire. I climb de ladder, and, Monsieur, w'at you tink I see? I saw dem all dead! De whole family! An' Monsieur, I climb down as quick's I can. I hitch up to

* Swamp or bog.

Leduc's bob-sleigh and I put on de whip an' I drive here as fas' I know how."

Wilson had let Joe tell his story in his own way, and I could see that the whole thing bothered him. But all he said was, "Very well, Joe, put in your horses and get something to eat. Here, you, Mack" (turning to me), "you better hitch up Darby and drive down to St. Eléonore and get Dr. Laframboise and Father Sicard. I wonder what has happened at Leduc's?"

I drove down and got the two men. It was a frequent occurrence for the two to be sent for at the same time; the one to care for the body and the other to give repose to the soul. They put up at the depot for the night. In the morning the four of us drove to Leduc's.

We found things as Joe had described them. Upstairs in the little log shanty were six frozen corpses. They were those of the four men, Leduc's son and his wife. They might have been dead a couple of days. Leduc himself had perished by the wolves. We verified that part of Joe's story coming up.

The three small rooms were soon explored, I remember distinctly. The doctor, who was also the deputy coroner, by reason of his position, was the first to speak. When he spoke in French he turned his phrases deftly, but when he spoke English his sentences sounded stiff and pedantic. He now began, and I saw once more how powerfully fatalism influences the mind of the French-Canadian:

"Gentlemen," he said, "to me this is a most indeterminate mystery. I have no conception as to what caused the death of these individuals; but, as there is no appearance of foul play, I will not hold an inquest. Their death is evidently due to the will of an immutable Deity. I, for my part, will not seek to enquire into it."

"Doctor, you are right," said the priest. "They are dead. They have died without absolution. Nothing but prayers and masses will help them now."

"That is the proper view to take, gentlemen," said Wilson.

Wilson was pleased with the outcome. His firm always strove to keep things quiet along the river. They wanted no reporters going through their limits and seeing how they ran

their business. The affair promised to blow over without a sensation.

"By the way, Father," continued Wilson, "do you know where these fellows come from?"

"Leduc and his family are strangers in these parts. Joachim Campeau and Pierre Blais belong to my parish. The other two live at Sequin's Lake," was the reply.

"Very well. I will tell you what we'll do. We will take the bodies of the men down with us to-night. To-morrow I'll send my men up for Mrs. Leduc and her son, and we'll see that they are buried. About the money, we will pay the men for a full winter. What was coming to Leduc on his logs I will give to you, Father, to expend in masses for him and his family. I guess they need them. How will these arrangements suit?" He looked up.

The doctor nodded and the priest said, "It is the best that can be done, Mr. Wilson."

Next morning I was sent up with Joe for the two bodies. I went rummaging around through the house before shutting it up. I happened to look into the pork barrel. A couple of pieces of the meat had a peculiar appearance and I wrapped one of them in a bag and carried it down with me to the depot.

When the "break up" came, a couple of weeks later, I took it with me to Black Valley, and gave it to my old friend the doctor for analysis. The next time I saw him he told me about it.

"Did you eat pork like that up at the depot?" he enquired.

"No," I answered.

"I fancied you did not," he said.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing," he replied, "it was full of what we call *cadaveric alkaloid.*"

"What is that?" I had a strong idea of what it was.

"Humph! Cadaveric alkaloid is a powerful poison formed by the decomposition of meat, and will kill a man in from three to thirty hours."

* * * * * * * * * *

And cadaveric alkaloid, I suppose, is another name for "the will of an immutable deity."

DUNCAN A. MACGIBBON, '08.

THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION.

AS a detailed story of the trip to Nashville and the Convention would be impossible in this place, it will only be attempted to mention the more striking features of the great gathering and some of the impressions received from it.

For the journey we from Toronto had a special train of our own, or perhaps it would be more correct to say ours was the "Canadian train," as the delegations from Queen's, McGill, Dalhousie and Acadia Universities were along with us. The time so spent together gave opportunity for the formation of a Canadian *esprit de corps*, in which all distinctions of class or college were obliterated. This time of leisure, both going and returning, was a sort of transition period from the busy activity of college life to the still busier—if possible—activity of the Convention, and a transition which gave some chance for quiet, this especially during the "quiet hours" or simple devotional service held several times during the trip. But though we were on serious business and did not scruple to tell the world so—having streamers bearing the Volunteer watchword, "THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD IN THIS GENERATION," running the whole length of the train—we were by no means a long-faced crowd, and typical student jokes were of frequent occurrence. College yells of all sorts, from that of the S. P. S. men, whose motto is "quietness and peacefulness" (?) to "Hurrah, for Mrs. Annesley." were in order at all times of the day and night—an inspiration that even produced a yell for " '06, McMaster," composed on the spot.

On our arrival at Nashville, which, by the way, is a city of some 150,000 inhabitants, and the capital of Tennessee, we received a true Southern welcome. When it is considered that Toronto patted herself on the back when she entertained about 3,000 in 1902, and that Nashville received nearly half as many again and did it as a matter of course, one has some idea of what hospitality means in the South. People everywhere

seemed to keep "open house," families in very moderate circumstances taking eight delegates and then holding parties in their honor. The Convention City and vicinity had many spots of beauty and interest, the old home of General Jackson is near by and Civil War associations are many.

But after all the Convention was the centre of interest. The Fifth Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, as it was officially designated, surpassed its predecessors—great as they were—in its attendance and the representative character of its personnel: 3,060 students from 700 institutions (as compared with 2,200 from 453 institutions at Toronto in 1902; missionaries from 29 different mission lands; representatives of 195 different missionary agencies, with a total of 4,200 accredited delegates); these are figures that speak much of the increasing interest of America's students in world evangelization, and of the distributing power of the gathering.

The year 1906 is the twentieth anniversary of the formation of the movement, and some statements made in the survey of its history during this time by Mr. Mott put so well the aim, methods and results achieved that I will give them verbatim. As to the purpose of the movement: (1) To lead students to a thorough consideration of the claims of foreign missions upon them as a life-work; (2) to create and maintain an intelligent, sympathetic, active interest in foreign missions among the students who are to remain on the home field in order that they may back up this great enterprise by their prayers, their gifts and their efforts. . . . Its highest ambition is to serve the church. . . . Because the Volunteer Movement is a movement and a movement for foreign missions, the principal proof of its efficiency is to be found in the going forth of its members to the foreign mission field. It is gratifying therefore to note that the movement has on its records the names of 2,953 volunteers who, prior to January 1, 1906, had sailed to the mission field. And above all the movement insists that each volunteer should come to know in actual, personal experience day by day Jesus Christ as the only sufficient Saviour and the Spirit of God as the only adequate power in Christian service." Surely this reveals an aim worthy of the prayerful support of every

Christian and results which call for thankfulness to God. So much for the motive behind it all, the underlying thought, for the realization of which the Convention was called.

In accordance with Mr. Mott's declaration that "The one word which sums up our great need and ambition is that the individual members of this Convention yield themselves absolutely to the will of God and the domination of Christ," the whole programme was moulded and under its compelling power was born a unity that buried all differences and made us all one family in no mere verbal sense. This unity of desire bred a sympathy and a spirit of comradeship that was most inspiring. One felt himself a part of a great multitude, nay, an organized army under the Great Commander, and in the feeling there was strength.

It was characteristic in the latter connection that the vitally close relation between the work at home and abroad was strongly emphasized. Many ways in which the home worker was essential to the success of the foreign work were pointed out, as well as the fact that the church must be missionary to realize its nature. Bishop Gailer put it epigrammatically thus: "Because God is what He is, to be baptized into Him is to be baptized into redemptive service for the world." The two branches of the church's activity were seen to interlace to support each other and depend on each other.

Growing logically out of such a conception was the necessity for what is fundamental to any intelligent activity—a vision of the world-field. And this was perhaps the feature, intellectually speaking, of the Convention. We were made to see things as they are. Many veterans in foreign missions were present. Some had gone through perils innumerable, but as they stood before us and in straight-flung words gave the message it was no tale of perils passed through—no time for that—but an attempt to utter the cry for help, each call seeming more imperative than the last.

Separate meetings were devoted to each of the great fields, when their needs and outlook was presented. As Zwemer pled for Islam in its aggressiveness, as Barber, Gailey and Helm urged the claims of the students of India, China and Japan, Bishop Hartzell and Dr. Shepherd told of the dark-

ness still on the Congo, Donald Fraser from Livingstonia, and scores of others spoke in burning words of the desperate need of the Gospel on their fields; as these things were told one must needs open one's eyes and see whether the sight was pleasant or no.

But if the conditions are very dark it seems as if the opening years of the century were to be characterized on the other hand by doors, formerly closed to all efforts, opening on all sides. Now in many places missionaries are eagerly welcomed and even pleaded for, and in many places there are the beginnings of mighty movements towards Christianity. Only recently a native Indian missionary society was organized in the library of Wm. Carey to carry Christ to regions untouched by mission agencies. The literati of China are waking up and taking up modern thought; 30,000,000 Japanese have given up their old religion and have nothing but materialism in its stead. Africa is now open for work in almost every part.

Tremendous opportunities lie ready to be grasped by the Church of Christ to-day, tasks whose very seeming impossibility constitute an appeal to the heroic.

Verily a battle-cry was sounded, a cry of hope and victory and advance. No pessimism was there, but an optimism born of experience of the power of the ever-glorious Gospel of Christ to save men and nations, of a knowledge of the increasing response to the Gospel message and of the vision of open doors on all sides. As news of signal triumphs for Christ was given again and again the words of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" seemed realized in a deeper sense than they were meant.

> "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
> His truth is marching on.
> I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps.
> They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damp,
> His day is marching on."

But hark back again to the "one word" of Mr. Mott. Entire submission to the claims of Christ to sovereignty in personality and relationship and activity: this was the capsheaf of the whole. The masterly presentation by Robert E. Speer

of "The inadequacy of the non-Christian religions" was followed immediately by an opportunity to pledge support to a forward movement for Christ. From the sermons Sunday morning, the climax of the whole in impressiveness, placing side by side unexampled privilege and tremendous responsibility, from the clarion calls of need which were flung out from the news of open doors—doors, which, if not entered now by us, would be by others and our chance taken away—from the solemn calling of the "Roll of Honor," of those devoted servants who have laid down their lives for their Master; from all these rang out the call to the students of North America and the individual Christians of the churches to open their eyes to what God is doing, to put ourselves in line with His great purposes, to enthrone truly in our lives and take our share in the glorious work of winning our generation for Christ.

> "He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
> He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
> Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet:
> Our God is marching on."

H. B. Moyle, '06.

A VISIT TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE most interesting of Southern sights to the Nashville delegates was the visit to Mammoth Cave. We changed cars at Glascom Junction, where everyone rushed to be the first to reach the two little rickety cars which were waiting to receive the eager crowd. They were filled to their utmost capacity, and this necessitated one man's making use of the window, some even suggesting a seat upon the roof. After riding over eight miles of rough road we reached the Cave, and started with our party of about one hundred and a faithful guide who had spent eighteen years in explaining to such as us the mysteries of this great curiosity—one of the seven wonders of the world.

We entered the gaping mouth, from the top of which a delicate stream flowed, and with lanterns in hand hastened after our guide. The first stand was made in an immense cavern, where, although at first dazzled by the flicker of forty or fifty torches, we had our first glimpse into the mysteries of the Cave. It was an enormous room with vaulted roof and walls of rock. We then passed through long rocky avenues, entering large areas where an army could be comfortably stowed away, and again passing through such narrow passages that one fat man would find difficulty in wedging his way. In Gothic Avenue we saw our first stalactite, called "Oak Tree," then we entered the "Methodist Church" and then "Booth Amphitheatre," with tier upon tier of rocky seats. We made a stop at the "Bridal Chamber," with its altar, while the guide told us of the three marriages which had taken place in this room. The first one was that of a bride who had promised her father she would never marry a man on the face of the earth. She thought the difficulty was solved by marrying in Mammoth Cave, three hundred feet below the face of the earth. The said marriages were now forbidden by the authorities: they did not believe in such low-down marriages.

We then passed on through "Broadway," "The Grand Arch," "The Narrows," to the statue of Martha Washington, past "Giant's Coffin" to "The Star Chamber." This was perhaps the most beautiful illustration of all Nature's handiwork in this wonderful creation. When all torches were extinguished, except a few which the guide held in his hand, we looked up, and in the dim light could see hundreds of what seemed twinkling stars upon the black ceiling. It was the sparkling of the rock which caused the delusion.

Two very interesting passages were "The Fat Man's Misery" and "Tall Man's Misery," the latter being especially full of misery, for we had to walk about a quarter of a mile with our backs almost broken. However, "Great Relief" was near at hand, and we were able to realize, probably for the first time, the true meaning of relief.

After reaching "Bandit's Hall" we made our way toward "The Corkscrew," a fitting climax to the afternoon's adventures. In it we climbed an ascent of one hundred feet in two

hundred and forty. Gentlemen of the party stationed themselves at different turns in the screw to light up the way and assist the ladies up the dangerous ascent. A conversation was overheard which took place between a young lady and a Methodist preacher of the party. She was remarking upon the fact that a great deal of the Cave had been blasted. In his reply he said he thought the most blasted part was "The Corkscrew."

The end of "The Corkscrew" brought us almost to the entrance again, and although weary in body we were convinced in mind that the four hours in Mammoth Cave were profitably spent.

ANITA M. WATERS, '07.

Book Reviews.

COMMENTARY ON GOSPEL OF MARK.*

There is no other Commentary on any single book of the Bible that is so valuable and generally serviceable to pastors, Sunday school teachers and other Christian workers as Dr. Broadus' Commentary on Matthew. It is thoroughly reliable from the standpoint of scholarship and exegesis and covers all the main questions that come up in the study of the first three Gospels. The present volume may be regarded as a supplement to that. The contents first appeared in the New York *Examiner* as "Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1882." It has the same marvellous combination of scholarship, simplicity and sanity which marks the volume on Matthew. No mistake can be made in getting it.—J. H. F.

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* Commentary on the Gospel of Mark. By John A. Broadus, D.D., LL.D. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

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VOL. XV. APRIL, 1906. No. 7

Editorial Notes.

INASMUCH as the May issue of THE MONTHLY will be a Graduating Number edited by the graduating classes in Arts and Theology, the present number is the last to appear under the direct supervision of the Publication Board for 1905-06. We therefore use the opportunity to give some information concerning THE MONTHLY and its future. Thanks to the energy and faithfulness of the Business Manager, Mr. W. L. McKinnon, '06, and his assistants, Messrs. J. M. Telford, '07, and W. B. Waters, '08, our magazine has had the most successful year financially in its history. During the early years of its existence various causes made it difficult for the business managers to do more than keep down deficits to the lowest possible point. Six years ago, when Mr. T. E. Meldrum was appointed to the position of business manager, he had to face a debt of over three hundred dollars. During his three years of service he wiped this out and handed over to his successor a small surplus. Mr. H. W. Wright continued the good work and left to his successor a surplus of over two hundred dollars. At the close of the present year, notwithstanding a

large increase in expenditure due to the rise in the price of printing, Mr. McKinnon is able to report a surplus of over four hundred dollars. Between the close of the financial year (March 12th) and the end of the term, payments of over three hundred dollars will have to be made. To offset these, however, there will be receipts of over one hundred dollars. We shall, therefore, be able to begin the publication of our sixteenth volume with a surplus of slightly over two hundred dollars. Our graduate readers will, we are sure, be glad to learn these facts, and will recognize that the undergraduates of the present are evidently sustaining the reputation of their Alma Mater. For our present prosperity we owe a debt of gratitude to those who planned wisely for THE MONTHLY in the early days, and who, in spite of financial difficulties, sustained our college magazine at a high standard.

With reference to the literary quality of THE MONTHLY we can say nothing. Our readers are the real judges of that. We, the editors and reporters of 1905-06, have striven to the best of our ability to sustain the reputation our magazine has enjoyed in the past. Our one aim has been to make THE MONTHLY a worthy exponent of the life and thought of McMaster University. We trust that the verdict of our readers will be that we have had a fair measure of success in that endeavor.

The managing editor has acted in that capacity for the past ten years. Increased responsibilities in other directions have made it unwise for him to retain office for a longer period. During his term of service his relations with the students have been uniformly happy, notwithstanding the fact that his position necessarily laid upon him the somewhat invidious task of rejecting manuscripts and supervising all copy handed in for publication in every department of THE MONTHLY. It is a source of satisfaction to him to know that the Faculty and the various boards of student editors have stood by him loyally and have made his work easy. He has found pleasure in his work as editor, and now retires from it with happy memories of his association with the students of a decade.

THE MONTHLY has now almost completed its fifteenth year of publication. During the years of its existence it has established traditions that have become an essential part of our uni-

versity life. These the undergraduates prize and are ambitious to hand down to their successors. The experience of the past has shown that the undergraduate editors are capable of bearing an even larger responsibility than has hitherto been theirs. With a view to entrusting them therewith, a change has been effected in the constitution of THE MONTHLY whereby a student becomes managing editor. He will share the responsibilities with a consulting editor appointed by the Faculty and may take advantage of the advice of the professor of English Literature, who will act in the capacity of advisory editor. The change has been brought about in the happiest manner possible; there has been no agitation to ruffle in the slightest degree the harmony of the relations of Faculty and students. The suggestion of some change in the direction indicated was casually made and was cheerfully accepted. Pleasant consultation followed, plans were thought out and finally accepted by Faculty and students without a dissenting voice.. It is the unanimous opinion that under the new order THE MONTHLY will continue to prosper and worthily represent the University. At one time it was hoped that the new arrangement might come into effect during the present year; had it done so Mr. W. J. Grigg, B.A., the assistant managing editor, would have had the well-deserved honor of acting as first managing editor from the ranks of the students. It was impossible, however, to effect the change as early as was hoped, and therefore the new régime will not be inaugurated until next October. Mr. A. S. Woodburne, '06, has been chosen as Editor-in-Chief. Well qualified by experience and ability to fill the position, he will enter on his duties with the good wishes of the Faculty and his fellow-students.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

" Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

EXAMS.

What makes you burn the midnight oil,
And round your head wet towels coil,
As Morpheus' wiles you try to foil?
Exams!

What takes you early from your cot
Into a room that's far from hot,
And makes you plug—willing or not?
Exams!

What makes you always sweat and grind,
And in your life no sweetness find?
And makes you to earth's pleasures blind?
Exams!

Exams! That make a student's life
One weary round of toil and strife,
Until he'd really like to knife——
Each Prof.

But ah! this pleasure may not be,
And so, to trouble you and me,
We'll have to face the tragedy——
Exams!

J. D. C., '07.

ECHOES FROM NASHVILLE.—Tuesday, March 13th, was devoted by the Fyfe Missionary Society to the hearing of reports from the delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention in Nashville. The two sessions of the society were most helpful, and gave a much-needed impetus to the missionary life of the school. The delegates were as follows: Miss A. M. Waters, '07; Miss L. C. Burke, '06; Miss B. M. Pugsley, '08; R. C. Bensen, '06; J. M. Warner, B.A.; C. L. Timpany, '06, and H. B. Moyle, '06. All of the delegates were enthusiastic in speaking of the convention, of southern hospitality, and of the trip. Miss B. M. Pugsley gave an interesting account of the trip and of the first day of the session. Miss Pugsley presented her report in

such a way that she transferred her own enthusiasm to her audience. C. L. Timpany, '06, dwelt particularly upon the exciting trip of Dr. Shepherd up the Congo. H. B. Moyle dealt with the sessions of Friday and Saturday evenings. At the afternoon session of the Fyfe, R. C. Bensen, '06, gave an enthusiastic report of the morning sessions of Friday and Saturday. J. M. Warner, B.A., gave a very interesting account of the Sunday meetings. Rev. H. F. Laflamme, who attended the convention, spoke on some of the difficulties which the missionary must be ready to encounter. His address was illustrated with personal experiences from his missionary life in India. Rev. A. B. Reekie, of Bolivia, also said a few words, making an appeal for South America.

Bigamy Severely Punished.—On March 10th a mock trial varied the usual proceedings of the Debating Club. A large audience filled the court room. The court was constituted as follows: Judge, H. R. Nobles, '06; Clerk, H. S. Mullowney, '09; Crier, C. D. Jones, '06; Constable, L. C. Harkness, '08. The prosecuting lawyers were L. V. Locker, '08, and C. A. Detlor, '09. The lawyers for the defence were W. F. Edwards, '08, and G. Vichert, '08. The prisoner, the Rev. "Jeremiah H." Scott, '09, was arraigned upon the charge of bigamy. E. C. Davis, '09; G. H. Forsyth, '09, and L. D. Jackson, '08, admirably made up as the delinquent clergyman's wives, gave touching testimony about the reverend gentleman's amours, and W. B. Waters, '08, as the Irish father of the second wife, created much amusement by his excellent make-up, and his witty contest with the lawyers. Other witnesses called were G. S. Jury, '09; D. A. McGibbon, '08, and R. G. Saunders, '08. In concluding, Judge Nobles sentenced the prisoner to do penance for his crimes by spending one night a week in a barrel of apple-sauce until he should succeed in cultivating an appetite for that delicious college dainty.

The Last Lit.—The last regular meeting of the Literary Society for the year 1905-06, was held on the evening of Friday, March 23rd. Owing to the fact that the freshmen were all away looking at the only snowfall of the season, the attendance was smaller than usual. However, those who were there enjoyed a rare treat. In fact, in the opinion of a great many it was one of the best, if not the best, Lit. of the season. The programme consisted of an all-star cast. C. S. Edwards, '06, Miss Eva Wilkins, '07, and H. R. Nobles, '06, all gave very humorous readings; Mr. A. E. White, '07, a couple of well-rendered solos, and Misses Grace Stone, '06, and Anita Waters, '07, a piano duet. Mr. Nobles gave an impersonation, in cos-

tume, of Josiah Allen in Toronto. Mr. Edwards and Miss Wilkins were seen to good effect in humorous selections and were forced to respond to encores.

Parliamentary Proceeding.—On Saturday, March 17th, the Debating Society resolved itself into a Mock Parliament. The presiding officers were: Governor-General, J. Currie, '06; Speaker, H. S. Mullowney, '09; Sergeant-at-Arms, L. D. Jackson, '08; J. B. Pengelly, '06, acted as Premier; A. B. Farmer, '06, leader of the Opposition, introduced an amendment to the Revenue Bill to the effect "that the whole revenue, Dominion, provincial and municipal, be levied from a single tax on land values, and that all other forms of taxation be abolished." This was seconded by L. V. Locker, '08. The amendment was discussed and then the Legislature adjourned till the following Saturday. Dr. Smith made an excellent criticism of the proceedings.

The bill again formed the subject of debate on March 24th. On a division of the House the measure was lost by a narrow margin. Mr. W. A. Cameron, '06, acted as critic.

The elections for the fall term took place on March 31st. The new officers are: Hon. president, G. H. Campbell, M.A.; president, A. B. Farmer, '06; vice-president, A. W. Ross, '07; secretary-treasurer, R. B. Ritchie, '08; representatives from the years—N. E. Challen, '07; R. G. Saunders, '08; A. F. Smith, '09. Appropriate speeches were delivered by the winning candidates. The retiring executive are to be congratulated upon the high standard maintained throughout their term of office, and we wish the Debating Society a future career of usefulness under the new directors.

Fair One—You are awfully quiet to-night, Mr. Green?
Freshman—Yes, but you know still waters run deep.
Fair One—Dried-up streams don't make any noise either!

Literary Society Elections.—The elections of the Literary Society took place Friday evening, March 30th. Several of the offices were keenly contested and almost every member of the society exercised his franchise. The following were elected: President, D. J. McPhail, '07; first vice-president, W. B. Waters, '08; second vice-president, Miss L. Moule, '07; recording secretary, N. McNaughton, '07; corresponding secretary, P. Lewis, '09; treasurer, J. Cohoe, '07; secretary of committee, O. E. Routledge, '09; curator, H. Forsyth, '09. The retiring president, J. B. Pengelly, '06, installed the president-elect and the latter welcomed the new executive. Those who have held office in the Lit during the past year deserve the

many good things which have been said about them, and many more which have been left unsaid. The year has been an excellent one in every way, financially as well as socially, and those who have had the lion's share of the work are entitled to the heartiest thanks of all who have been thereby benefited. May the new executive take long strides and thus keep up the pace!

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S OPEN MEETING.—Dr. O. P. Gifford, of Buffalo, delivered an eloquent address on the "Obligation of the Church to the Community," in Castle Memorial Hall on March 9th. The distinguished divine spoke at the invitation of the Theological Society, who were happy in securing him for their open meeting. Dr. Gifford defined the church as an organized, vitalized, regenerated body of Christians who, by reason of the indwelling of truth and light and wisdom and power, become to the whole community the great central influence making for the uplifting of the moral, educational, social and industrial life of the nation. The speaker declared that the church was the centre from which had radiated civilization, and its mission was to spread the truth, ideals and laws essential to its perpetuity. "What we need to-day," said Dr. Gifford, "are men who can live nobly, think clearly, but struggle tremendously to make everything in and around us a tribute to Christ." President New, of the Theological Society, occupied the chair. During the evening Mr. E. St. James, '06, read Drummond's "Curé of Calumette." Miss Helen Ferguson contributed to the success of the evening by singing two solos, which were well received. The Theological Society have every reason to be proud of the excellent evening which they provided for their many friends.

THOSE WHO HOLD THE REINS.—This is the season when the students' thoughts lightly turn to elections, among other things. Those who will be responsible for the conduct of the freshmen next year and who will see that everyone is in bed by eleven o'clock are the following well-known gentlemen: High kakiak, J. M. Warner, B.A.; first vice-kakiak, O. C. Gray, B.A.; second vice-kakiak, C. L. Timpany, '06; secretary-treasurer, Gordon Ferguson, '07. The various years have yet to appoint their representatives to the executive committee of the student body, and then all will be ready for the life of the hall for 1906-07. May it be glorious.

ATHLETIC ELECTIONS.—A full account of the elections of the Athletic Association is given in another department of the magazine.

LETTERS OF A SELF-FRESHENED FRESHMAN TO HIS FATHER.
(NUMBER FOUR.)

Toronto, April 5, 1906.

Dear Father,—I have not very much time at my disposal just at present. I am in training. In other words there is a gentleman (?) in the near vicinity who must apologize to me, or be prepared to receive the thrashing he deserves. He is one size and a half larger than I am, so now I am in training. I expect to be too strong to work in about ten days, and then the enemy will be forced to meet me in the open. Now, pa, don't think that I am descending to the common level of the rabble. Far from it, for this is purely a matter of honor, and as one gentleman (that's me) is insulted by another gentleman (?) (that's the other fellow), as a matter of course the one gentleman (that's me) must seek to uphold the honor of his fathers, in fact, of the whole noble line of ancestors. This was how it happened. It snowed for our drive, and as time and snow were precious we had to hurry. I confided in a certain party and told him that I was going to ask another party towards whom I had cast a few odd glances to accompany me. So I did, and she informed me that she had an escort. That was throw-down number two for mine. All of my Green blood boiled, for, father, you know a Green can throw down but he cannot be thrown down. The worst is yet to come. When I arrived at the sleigh the night of the drive, who should sit opposite to me but the lady who had handed me the cracked ice, and the party to whom I had confided, both of them grinning just like our pumpkins used to smile after the old cow that died got loose among them. If that was not cut steel and iron filings I am not a scientist. Needless to say, my mind was occupied with thoughts of sweet revenge, both going and coming.

The time draws near for examinations again, and then back to the stumps for more air. I have had a great many tempting offers to engage in work for the summer, but I spurned them all, for I am going home. I suppose our friends will be glad to see me again and hear about all that I have learned. I shall be glad to teach them all a few lessons. There was a gentleman came up to my room the other evening, and he wanted me to engage in the view business. I told him that I always did hate dogs, and that I preferred agricultural pursuits. Then he wanted me to go to England, but I told him that when I was planning a trip around the world I preferred to take the same without a black box of samples under my arm.

I have settled at last upon my special course. Science, rare old science, for William Green. I had a long talk with

the Senior in our room about this. To tell you the truth, I opened up my heart to him and told him several things about my hopes and ambitions. I decided not to take mathematics, because, as is well known, it knocks the poetry out of a man, and I am naturally poetical. Then there is classics—well there are nightmares, too. History and English did tempt me for a time, but as I am more or less of a poet myself, I feared that the English would give too many suggestions, and I want to be original. Moderns are all right, but if I went in for that course I would never be satisfied unless I finished up in France or Germany, and as I could not decide which it would be I left it at that.

I was down in the laboratory the other day, and a number of us were doing experiments in chemistry. The professor had give us a certain combination to work out, and I made the discovery first. That settled it. The professor came over to the place where I was working and said, "Well done, Mr. Green, you are a scientist." I knew by the way that he looked at me that there was something in store for me. I felt very queer—in fact, father, to be very confidential, a sense that I would some day be a great man came over me, and in my excitement I smashed a beaker and a couple of test tubes. I confided in the Senior in our room and told him that perhaps I might some day be the Chancellor or the Governor-General, or fill some great office in the land. He told me not to lose any sleep over it, because our present Chancellor looks pretty healthy, and the Governor-General's job is not a desirable one at any price.

Science for your son, father—that is our motto. Hereafter when you picture William Green, Esq., in your mind, just imagine him in a forest of tubes and bottles with a long coat on, a blow-pipe in his mouth, in an atmosphere of sulphur and H_2SO_4, and smoke and gases, and then you have a photograph of him who is a delver in the mystic realm of glorious science. I was talking like this to the Senior and he was interested too, when suddenly he said, "Have you a fit, Bill, or are you in the blues?" The shallowness of some minds, the cold, hard intellecualism (you'll find this in Webster) of a man who cannot see things in vision, the mechanical working of some men's heads —these things give me stomach trouble. Now, dad, I want you to clear out the grain bin in the barn, for I am going to pursue some scientific investigations there during the summer. Who knows—I may start an air factory, or invent a rain machine, or do something that will cause a sensation. Of course you will find me somewhat changed. My hair is long, and I shall want to be by myself a lot. For exercise I purpose a series of heavy weights. You see, science teaches us that exercise on

the wood-pile is injurious, and that haying affects the brain. I must be careful, so keep me away from the wood-pile; in fact, it would be better to have it all cut before I arrive home.

I guess I had better close. I am so busy now I shall be unable to write any more. I wish that I could be home for the pie social in the church. I would be pleased to give them a short address on "Wonders and Marvels of the World Scientific," illustrated with lamp-light views and air. Give my best to all the neighbors. Your loving son,

BLOW-PIPE BILL.

P.S.—Science takes money. I need another tie, as I am dipping into society somewhat, and also a frock coat. You know I want to make a hit when I arrive home.

Yours for the hit,

WILLIE.

PROFESSOR MCLAY'S RETIREMENT.—A more extended reference to the retirement of Professor McLay from the chair of managing editor and the consequent changes in the organization of THE MONTHLY board will later be made. For the present we wish to say that when Professor McLay announced to the Publication Board that, on account of increased duties, he would be unable to continue his position as head of the magazine, that body was so reluctant to entertain the idea that a special committee was appointed to interview him and ask that he reconsider his decision. But as Dean of Arts his responsibilities are greatly increased, and he was firm in his conviction that one of the students should occupy the post which has been so well filled by him for eleven years. To say that THE MCMASTER MONTHLY occupies its present position among other college publications largely owing to the careful and continued labor of Professor McLay, would not express in a fractional way all that he has been to the magazine. At this time we merely wish to state the regret felt by all of the undergraduates that Professor McLay has been compelled to sever his connection as managing editor of THE MONTHLY. He still continues to occupy a seat on the board. To Mr. A. S. Woodburne, '06, falls the responsibility of occupying the editorial chair. He is a tried man and is well fitted for his appointed task.

"GRAFT."—The final meeting of the Political Science Club was held in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of March 19th. The club was favored with an address on "Graft," by Dr. Oliver, our popular lecturer in History. He treated the subject in its wider significance, clearly showing that it is one ele-

ment in human nature, and as nearly all of the members of the club are only human the deduction was clearly seen. The lecturer handled his subject with skill, and those who were present enjoyed a profitable hour.

Some New Quills.—Those who will look after the interests of The Monthly for the year 1906-07 are as follows: Managing editor, A. S. Woodburne, '06; business manager, J. M. Telford, '07; editor Around the Hall, D. A. McGibbon, '08; Woman's Department, Miss M. B. Edy, '08; Athletics, J. D. Craig, '07; Our Graduates, W. E. Matthews, B.A.; Here and There, M. H. Long, '08; reporters, N. McNaughton, '07; F. Weston, '08; W. F. L. Edwards, '08; Miss Elsie McLaurin, '09; P. Lewis, '09; T. Wearing, '09; W. Westell, Theo.; assistant business managers, W. B. Waters, '08, advertising department, and H. H. McGregor, '08, subscription department. The consulting editor from the Faculty is yet to be appointed. Professor McLay, as occupying the chair of English, also has a seat on the board.

A Successful Year.—The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of The Monthly from a financial point of view. Under Mr. W. L. McKinnon's able and energetic business management there is a balance of $469.60 in the treasury for the year closing March 12, 1906. Mr. J. M. Telford, '07, and Mr. W. B. Waters, '08, have been faithful to their duties and deserve the warm words of praise which have greeted them from many sources.

If good wishes for success were the criterion, every student in McMaster would pass the coming exams as far as the staff of "Around the Hall" is concerned. Here's the best we have that all readers of this column may come through the ordeal successfully.

The many friends of T. Wearing, '09, regret the severe illness through which he is passing. Although in McMaster but one year he has won many friends who pray that the Giver of life may restore him to his usual place again. He is in the hospital at Barrie, and is suffering from typhoid-pneumonia.

A Correction.—Through a printer's error a number of quotations found their way into this column in the March number. They belonged to the department. "Here and There."

An Apology.—Through an error the debate of March 3rd, as reported in the March number, was awarded to the negative. The debate was won by the affirmative, led by T. R. McCurdy, '08.

THURSDAY, March 29th, the Theological Society closed up its work for the year. Nominations were held on Monday, and on Thursday the following officers were elected for next year: President, W. E. Matthews, B.A.; vice-president, W. P. Freeman, B.A.; secretary-treasurer, A. L. Brown; representative to Athletic Association, C. S. Holman. The representatives to the other societies will be elected in the fall. With this capable executive it is confidently expected that large strides will be taken next year in giving the society a larger and more helpful place in the life of the college. A great advance in that direction has been made this year under the guidance of President New and the other members of the executive.

POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.—Election of officers for the Political Science Club for next year was held in the chapel on Thursday, April 5th. The following were elected: President, A. B. Farmer; vice-president, M. Long; secretary-treasurer, D. A. McGibbon. Dr. A. L. McCrimmon, M.A., LL.D., retains the position of honorary president of the club.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: M. BLANCHE EDY, '08.

"Woman must ever be a woman's highest name,
And honors more than 'lady' if I know right."

REPORTS OF THE CONVENTION.—A meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Sunday afternoon, March 18th, in the University Chapel, where the Moulton College students and many other friends assembled to hear our delegates' reports of the Nashville Convention. Mrs. A. C. McKay presided.

Miss Bessie Pugsley, '08, was the first speaker, and gave an interesting account of the trip before describing the meetings of the first two days. Wednesday, the first day, was mainly introductory, and prepared the delegates for the great things that were to follow. On Thursday, sectional missionary conferences were held, and in the evening two notable addresses were made, one by Bishop Thomas, of Gaylor, who showed that the Christian religion is the only absolute religion, and the other by Mr. Speer on the subject, "Non-Christian religion in-

adequate to meet the needs of men." Miss Lottie Burke, '06, then reported the meetings of Friday and Saturday, laying particular emphasis on the value of home study in connection with foreign missions. The importance of the Student Volunteer Movement in the evangelization of the world was dealt with and mention made of the fact that 4,500 student volunteers have gone out as missionaries. Messages received at the Convention from Asia, Africa, China, Arabia, India and many other countries revealed unprecedented opportunities for missionary work.

Before the next report was given Miss Kennedy, '08, sang the Convention hymn, "Tidings of Peace." Miss Waters, '07, then told of the Sunday meetings and the Y. W. C. A. conference. There were 500 representatives at the conference and appeals were made for workers in the foreign field by missionaries and association secretaries. On Sunday afternoon there was a meeting of all the women delegates. The last session, Sunday evening, was probably the most impressive. The statistics of the Convention were given and Mr. Mott read the honor roll—the names of the student volunteers who have died on the foreign field. The volunteers who are to sail this year told where and why they were going.

Our delegates brought home with them the inspiration derived from hearing such great speakers as Bishop Thoburn, Mr. Karl Fries, Rev. Donald Fraser, Mr. Mott and Mr. Speer, and from their vivid and detailed reports we have caught a little of the spirit of the Convention and have begun to realize what this great world-wide movement really means.

Miss Eva Wilkins, '07, has been elected president of the Ladies' Literary League for the year 1906-07. The other officers will be elected in the fall. We expect that the prosperity and popularity of the society will continue under the able leadership of Miss Wilkins.

Y. W. C. A.—Miss Bennett, of Ottawa, a student volunteer, addressed the society on Monday afternoon, March 26th. As it was known that Miss Bennett proposed spending her life in the foreign field, her words came with much weight. The chief thought presented was the reasons why we as young women should consider the question of foreign missions as a life-work. Miss Bennett expects to sail for Formosa this coming fall. The officers elected for next year are: President, Miss Anita M. Waters, '07; vice-president, Miss Anna McIntosh, '08; secretary, Miss May Lemon, '09.

"As You Like It."—A reading of this play of Shakespeare's was given at the open meeting of the Ladies' Literary League on Friday evening, March 16th. Miss Grace L. Stone, '06, president of the society, occupied the chair and made a charming little speech of welcome to the appreciative audience that more than filled Castle Memorial Hall. The characters were: Orlando, Miss Dora McKay, '09; Adam, Miss Barbara Duncan, '09; Oliver, Miss Elora Alway, '08; Rosalind, Miss Eva Wilkins, '07; Celia, Miss Blanche Edy, '08; Touchstone, Miss Emma Kennedy, '08; LeBeau, Miss Blanche Shhields, '07; Duke Frederick, Miss Anna Macintosh, '08; Duke Senior, Miss Hattie Rowntree; Amiens, Miss May Lemon, '09; First Lord, Miss Annie McPhail, '09; Corin, Miss Hope Gray, '09; Silvius, Miss Louise Moule, '07; Jaques, Miss Olive Harton, '06; Phoebe, Miss Elsie McLaurin, '09; Jaques de Boys, Miss B. Duncan, '09. The picturesque groupings and splendid impersonations displayed much ability, especially in view of the fact that the girls did not have the aid of scenery or costumes. All wore white dresses and college gowns. Mrs. Fenton-Arnton very kindly trained the girls in their parts, and the success of the presentation was largely due to her assistance. The musical part of the programme was supplied by Miss May Stockwell, who sang very sweetly. Miss May Lemon, as Amiens, sang the interspersed songs of the play, and Miss Lilian Murray, '08, provided Elizabethan music during the play. The ushers were the following ladies: Misses Hitchon, '07; Waters, '07; Pugsley, '08; Cummings, '08; Murray, '09; Edy, '09; Farmer, '09, and Pugsley, '09. The evening was a marked success and the general opinion was that the entertainment was one of the best ever provided in McMaster.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: A. S. WOODBURNE, '06.

THE MATTHEWS CUP.—The Sophomores are the proud possessors of the Matthews Cup this year. On the evening of field day they looked very unlikely when they had but five points to their credit. Yet, nothing daunted, they resolved to show the other years that they were by no means out of the running. And so they won out first in Rugby, then in socker, and again they are in the lead in hockey. So that in all they have sixty-five points to their credit, a lead which cannot possibly be overcome. Noughty-eight has the advantage of a large year, and another enviable advantage in the possession of a number of good sports. The addition of Jordan to their ranks has meant much for them as a year. They deserved to win, and we congratulate them.

NOUGHT-EIGHT, 5; NOUGHT-SEVEN, 4.—The Inter-year hockey match between the juniors and sophomores, which was played on March 13th, was the most keenly contested of the season. At half-time the second year men had two goals, and their opponents none. But in the second half the juniors were successful in evening up, so that at time the score stood two all. Four periods of extra time were played—two of ten minute duration and two of four-minute duration—before the game was decided, with the result that Nought-eight won by five goals to four. Jordan figured very prominently for the sophomores, scoring all five goals. Young (2), White and McNaughton scored for the juniors.

The teams: Nought-eight (5)—Goal, McGregor; point, Vichert; cover-point, Moyle; rover, Ware; centre, McKechnie; wings, Jackson and Jordan. Nought-seven (4)—Goal, Ross; point, Young; cover-point, G. C. McEwen; rover, S. R. McEwen; centre, Craig; wings, McNaughton and White. Referee —R. C. Bensen, '06.

NOUGHT-EIGHT, 4; NOUGHT-SIX, 1.—Again the sophomores were the victors on March 14th, in the game with the seniors, thus winning for themselves the inter-year championship in hockey, and also the Matthews cup, emblematic of the inter-

year athletic championship. Neither team displayed particular brilliancy in the final game, yet the interest was at intense height because the game decided the issue of the cup. As it was, the best team won, and its supporters celebrated by chanting the strains of "There's a Matthews Cup in Sight for Noughty-eight," which they revised from the song of Nought-five.

The teams: Nought-eight (4)—Goal, McGregor; point, Vichert; cover-point, Moyle; centre, McKechnie; rover, Ware; wings, Jackson and Jordan. Nought-six (1)—Goal, Fox; point, Bensen; cover-point, Wells; rover, Murray; centre, Chave; wings, Edwards and McKinnon. Referee—G. C. McEwen, '07.

The Annual Meeting.—The annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held in Castle Memorial Hall on March 15th at 1.15 p.m. President E. R. Fitch, B.A., occupied the chair, and after a few remarks concerning what the retiring executive had endeavored to do, Secretary D. Buchanan, '06, submitted the annual report. The report showed the total receipts for the year to have been $692.37, and total expenditures $665.51. Much credit is due the retiring executive for their untiring efforts in the interests of the association. The report contains a number of interesting comparative statements and reflected more credit on Mr. Buchanan. The election of officers then took place with the following results: Hon. president, Prof. J. Ten Brocke, Ph.D.; president, H. R. Nobles, '06; vice-president, S. R. McEwen, '07; secretary-treasurer, A. E. White, '07; business manager, G. C. McEwen, '07; representative to Emblem Committee, G. C. McEwen, '07. With such an efficient staff to officer the Athletic Association we shall expect an unequalled year, 1906-07.

McMaster, 1; Victoria, 1.—On the afternoon of March 20th McMaster and Victoria faced the puck. Some called it a hockey match, others a game of old-fashioned shinney. Probably it was a little of both, and not much of either. There was ice and grass in spots, which made the game at least amusing from the spectator's standpoint. Just after play commenced Jordan located the Vic net by a shot from the wing, and soon the score was evened and there it stayed. Short time was played in the second half owing to the condition of the rink and the game postponed.

The teams: McMaster (1)—Goal, McLaurin; point, Bensen; cover-point, G. C. McEwen; rover, Young; centre, S. R. McEwen; wings, Jordan and Ware. Victoria (1)—Goal, Rutledge; point, Robertson; cover-point, Stockton; rover, Green;

centre, Oldham; wings, Knox and Davidson. Referee—Broadfoot, Varsity.

Track Captain.—The executive committee of the Athletic Association has re-elected Mr. G. E. Thomkinson, B.A., as track captain. Election for a second term is surely a recognition of worth.

McMaster, 0; Victoria, 2.—For the first time in many years McMaster suffered a defeat in hockey at the hands of Victoria on March 23rd. The game was very exciting, though the brand of hockey was not the best. The ice was not in good shape, and the rink not large enough to admit of much speed or combination. Some of the boys in green and black were slightly off color, while the wearers of red and white played hard throughout. In each half Victoria tallied one goal, while none of the McMaster shots penetrated the net. The Vics have a good team, and won the match on their merit. We have the stuff, however, when the boys are in good form. Thus endeth the hockey chapter for 1905-06.

The teams: McMaster (0)—Goal, McLaurin; point, Bensen; cover-point, G. C. McEwen; rover, Young (capt.); centre, S. R. McEwen; wings, Jordan and Ware. Victoria (2)—Goal, Rutledge; point, Robertson (capt.); cover-point, Stockton; rover, Davidson; centre, Oldham; wings, Green and Knox. Referee—O. Workman.

Football Captains.—The Athletic Association executive have made the appointments for the captaining of the football teams for next season. The Rugby team will get their signals from R. C. Bensen, '06, and the association team will be captained by A. W. Ross, '07. The outlook for a brilliant season when the fall term opens is the best. We shall miss two or three familiar countenances on the gridiron, but the most of last year's Rugby team will return. There is every reason to believe that the intermediate inter-collegiate championship will be landed next fall. Here's to the men who will chase the pigskin! May "they follow up hard" and "tackle low"!

Won Their Emblems.—The following gentlemen have been granted emblems by the committee during the year which has closed: N. McNaughton, '07; A. E. White, '07; E. C. Fox, '06; H. H. Murray, '06; A. L. Tedford, '08; N. S. McKechnie, '08; F. R. Jordan, '08; J. McLaurin, '09; G. C. McEwen, '07; W. D. Whan, '06; G. Constable, Th.; N. Ware, '08.

Track Athletics.—The lately appointed executive of the Athletic Association proposes to introduce a much needed reform in track athletics. Heretofore the annual field day of track events has been about the end of the month of October. By that time the championship Rugby matches are in progress, and any of the boys who play the game are thus barred from training for the track athletics. Arrangements are being made to have field day for the next academic year early in October, thus giving opportunity for a keener and more interesting competition. It is hoped that all who can run, jump, throw the weights, or in any way assist in making the annual sports' day for 1906 a success, will try to get into good condition during the summer. It is up to somebody to break some of the records next fall.

The Next Scribe.—With this issue of The Monthly the editor of this column lays down his pen. Next year the deeds of battle on track and gridiron will be recorded by Mr. J. Dixon Craig, '07. May you have a long list of victories to report, Dick!

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: T. M. Dadson, '06.

FOLLOWING the practice of the past two years we print in this issue the names of those who during the past year have found it convenient to contribute one dollar to the Alumni Association. According to the constitution of the association, every graduate of the University, in either Arts or Theology, is expected to make this contribution, not annually, of course, but at least once after graduation. The following is the list of those who have done so during the last twelve months:

Arts.—Class of '98, Miss E. R. Whiteside; '00, Mrs. A. M. Overholt, W. S. Fox; '92, D. A. McKerricher, J. L. Mitchener; '03, Mrs. R. W. E. Burnaby, P. A. McDiarmid; '05, G. W. Young, D. A. McGregor, G. W. Gorman, J. B. McLaurin, E. Viens, O. C. Gray, A. G. Vining, E. C. Jordan, W. J. Grigg, C. S. Eaton; *ad eundem*, H. S. Robertson.

According to classes the number of contributors to date (April 1, 1906) among the graduates in Arts is as follows: '94, 9; '95, 10; '96, 10; '97, 12; '98, 10; '99, 8; '00, 14; '01, 8; '02, 16; '03, 12; '04, 6; '05, 10; *ad eundem,* 22. Total, 147. Of these, nineteen are also graduates in Theology.

Theology.—Class of '82, W. T. Tapscott; '88, D. Reddick, S. Sheldon; total, 3.

Hitherto it has been impossible for the treasurer to print a complete list of those in Theology who have paid the fee. This was due to the fact that he possessed no list of those who had paid it to the Alumni Association of Toronto Baptist College, the parent of the present association. He was therefore able to give only the names of those who informed him that they were of this number, twelve altogether. Lately the minute-book of that earlier organization has come to his attention, and from information contained therein he is able to enlarge the list in Theology. On an extra, undated page, evidently pasted in, there may be found the original constitution of the association with the names of the constituent members (thirty in all) signed with their own hands. It is not stated that any of these paid their fees, but the presumption is that they all did. In any case such a list is sufficently interesting to warrant THE MONTHLY in printing it. It is as follows: A. H. Newman, Thomas Trotter, J. W. A. Stewart, J. P. McEwen, W. H. Porter, M. P. Campbell, D. A. McGregor, A. R. McDonald, Robert G. Boville, A. E. de St. Dalmas, E. J. Grant, E. W. Dadson, S. S. Bates, David Dack, G. B. Davis, J. J. Baker, John E. Trotter, James H. Doolittle, D. M. Mihell, S. H. Cain, J. C. McDonald, James McEwen, W. T. Tapscott, George L. Oliver, W. H. Cline, H. G. Mellick, F. E. Rouleau, J. Dempsey, John Stuart, Thomas C. Sowter.

On page two of the minute-book there is a further list of thirty-four additional names, signed as in the preceding list. Over against twenty-nine of these there stands the abbreviation "pd"; presumably the remaining five did not pay. Of the twenty-nine marked as having paid, six informed the present treasurer that they had done so, and consequently their names have already been printed in the lists that have appeared in THE MONTHLY. Furthermore, four out of the twenty-nine have paid one dollar to the present treasurer in addition to their original payment. Similarly, two of the thirty constitutent members have made a second payment. It seems right to print the names of these six. They are: W. H. Porter, W. T. Tapscott, D. G. MacDonald, J. O'Neill, A. P. McDonald and W. E. Norton.

Out of the aforesaid twenty-nine there remain therefore

nineteen whose names have not yet appeared in THE MONTHLY. They are as follows: Class of '86, W. M. Walker, A. T. Sowerby (B.Th. '94); '87, J. M. Munro (ob), P. A. Tinkham; '89, W. T. Graham; '90, B. Davies, H. J. Haviland, G. H. Brock, J. Hamilton; '91, J. E. Chute, L. McKinnon; '92, L. H. Steinhoff, A. White, T. J. Bennett; '93, T. C. Robinson, J. B. Warnicker; *ad eundem*, H. C. Speller.

In the light of the information contained in the above, the following is a corrected statement regarding contributors in Theology: (1) Number of those hitherto recorded in print, as per statements of preceding years, 39; (2) number added by payment during past year, 3; (3) number assumed to have paid as constituent members, 30; (4) number of additional names added from old minute book, 19; total in Theology, 91.

Grand total in Arts and Theology, 238.

ALUMNI LIBRARY FUND.

During the summer of 1904 over one hundred graduates agreed to make a contribution to an Alumni Library Fund, to be paid in three instalments during the years 1904-05-06. Some of those who so pledged themselves preferred to make one payment and have done so. The list of these is as follows:

Six dollars—O. C. S. Wallace.

Five dollars—F. N. Goble, L. S. Hughson, G. W. Langdon, F. J. Scott.

Three dollars—W. H. Augustine, Miss M. E. Burnette, George H. Brock, R. V. Bellamy, J. H. Cameron, E. T. Fox, G. H. Grant, J. W. Gregory, D. B. Harkness, A. G. Iler, J. N. McLean, D. C. Macintosh, A. P. McDonald, W. H. Porter, A. B. Reekie, Alex. Turnbull, S. Sheldon, E. J. Stobo, Jr., Mrs. A. G. Thompson. Total amount paid in full, $83.

The third instalment is not yet due. The second, however, was due before the close of 1905. The following have paid it: Five dollars—Elmore Harris. One dollar—P. E. Baker, E. G. Blackadar, E. A. Brownlee, W. T. Bunt, C. J. Cameron, A. G. Campbell, G. H. Clarke, W. P. Cohoe, J. M. Cornwall, W. H. Cline, J. B. Grimshaw, J. H. Farmer, S. E. Grigg, G. W. Johnston, H. E. Jordan, R. C. Matthews, W. S. W. McLay, A. C. McKay, James McEwen, G. R. MacFaul, A. J. Madill, F. C. Mabee, G. N. Massé, A. Murdoch, B. W. Merrill, A. R. Park, W. V. Poapst, H. C. Priest, C. H. Schutt, Miss M. Smith, J. W. A. Stewart, Mrs. Harry L. Stark, S. R. Tarr, W. T. Tan-Scott, W. B. H. Teakles, L. A. Therrien, J. Ten Broeke, A. L. Therrien, A. J. Thompson, A. C. Watson, A. B. Willmott, Miss E. P. Wells, Mrs. E. J. Zavitz. Total amount of two instalments, $96.

The following have made only the first payment: Two dollars—George Cross, J. D. Freeman. One dollar—H. S. Arkell, A. H. Baker, T. J. Bennett, W. E. Bowyer, Dougald Brown, J. G. Brown, G. H. Campbell, P. S. Campbell, Walter Daniel, J. L. Gilmour, C. A. Grant, A. E. Haydon, C. W. King, C. E. MacLeod, Miss Edith McDiarmid, J. D. McLachlan, H. N. MacKechnie, Miss Isabel Munroe, W. E. Norton, H. A. Porter, D. Reddick, W. E. Robertson, F. Sanderson, G. N. Simmons, J. H. Sowerby, R. Wilson Smith, E. J. Tarr, J. F. Vichert, J. M. Warner, W. H. Wallace, G. R. Welch. Total, $35.

Grand total paid on first list of pledges, $214.

A short time ago the committee in charge of the fund made a second appeal for contributions during the three years 1906-07-08. The response to this appeal has so far not been as large as that to the first. The time, however, has been short. It is confidently expected that during the coming summer the number of those pledging a contribution will be considerably increased. The following forwarded their first instalment with their pledge card: C. S. Eaton, A. C. Newcombe, Dr. John Stuart (Monon, Indiana).

On the 7th of March a McMaster-Chicago banquet, at Hutchinson Commons, the University of Chicago, was the pleasant occasion of the renewing of ties of love and loyalty to their *alma mater* on the part of a goodly number of sons and daughters of McMaster. There were present: Mr. P. E. Baker, '00, and Mrs. Baker; Mr. S. T. Foster, '96; Dr. H. N. McKechnie, '97, and Mrs. McKechnie (née Cahoon), '00; Mr. J. McLauchlan, '03; Mr. D. C. Macintosh, '03; Mr. R. H. Mode, Theo., '02; Mr. R. Routledge, '96; Mr. B. R. Simpson, '99; Mr. J. F. Vichert, '97, and Mrs. Vichert; also Professor G. B. and Mrs. Foster, who were the guests of the evening. After dinner, Mr. Routledge, who acted as toastmaster, called upon Dr. McKechnie to propose the toast, "The Land we Left and the Land we Live in," which was responded to by Mr. Vichert. Mr. Simpson then proposed the toast, "The Two Universities —McMaster and Chicago." The response to this was given by Professor Foster, who was in reminiscent mood and said many good things of Toronto and of McMaster University. Finally, after Mr. Baker had delighted all with a selection from Drummond's "Habitant," the proceedings of what had been a most enjoyable evening, were brought to a close with the singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "Thy Praises, McMaster."

The *Baptist Argosy*, of Rangoon, Burma, brings us the account of the ordination of Prof. J. Frank Ingram, B.A., B.Th., '02. Professor Ingram is retiring from the staff of the college and is taking up mission work. He will spend a few months at Henzada, and then proceed to pioneer work at Nam Kham, on the northern frontier.

Mr. Henry Bury, B.A., '02, has received a call to the Astley Bridge Baptist Church, Bolton, England. Mr. Bury has graduated from the Manchester Theological College.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: BESSIE FINDLAY.

THE regular meeting of the Athletic Association was held on March 8th. Although the winter sports have not been all that were anticipated, on account of the summer-like weather which we have had, still with undaunted spirits basketball and tennis were discussed. When the fine weather comes there is no doubt that good use will be made of the tennis court by those who are looking forward to a spirited contest in the annual tennis tournament, which is held during the last weeks of the school year.

ON Tuesday evening, March 6th, a few of the girls attended the piano recital in the Conservatory of Music hall, given by Mr. Douglas Bertram, one of our instrumental teachers, and enjoyed his rendering of the works of the great masters.

ON the evening of March 9th the fourth year were entertained by Mrs. Freeland at her residence on Park Road.

ALTHOUGH the third Friday in the month is the day set for the "Heliconian Meeting," we were only too glad to postpone it in order that we might be able to attend the ladies' "open lit" at McMaster. The reading of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" was not only very enjoyable, but also instructive.

ON Wednesday evening, March 7th, the prayer meeting was addressed by Dr. Keirstead, of McMaster. We are always

pleased to have outsiders with us in our prayer meetings, and Dr. Keirstead's talk was especially inspiring and helpful.

The missionary prayer meeting on March 31st was addressed by Mrs. Wm. Davies, who told us something of the work of our missionaries in India, awakening in the girls a new interest in missions.

The Heliconian Society met this month on Friday evening, March 30th. The topic chosen for the meeting was Italy, and the programme proved to be one of special interest. A piano duet was given by Miss Doberer and Miss Burley from one of the modern Italian composers. Then Mrs. Barter, who has lately returned from a year's visit in Italy, told us about some of the different points of interest in the cities she visited. A reading was given from "The Merchant of Venice," by the Third Year, and Miss Christine Fletcher sang a solo, "Lascia ch'io pianza," from Handel. A piano solo by Scarlatte was beautifully rendered by Miss Frances Sutton, and the Heliconian paper was read by the editor, Miss Rowe.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editor: Norman McCausland.

If "slow and steady wins the race," the boys think that the contractor who is building the new gymnasium will stand a good chance for distinction. Still, things are moving along steadily, and we are hoping to see the new addition finished before very long. As the swimming-tank now approaches completion, a number of anxious youths may each day be seen standing along its edge waiting for the moving of the waters. There will be a big, happy splash ere long if all goes well.

On Thursday, March 29th, the college was favored with a visit from Chancellor McKay. This is his first visit to Woodstock College since his appointment to the chancellorship, and all were interested and pleased in seeing and hearing him. On being called upon for a speech after dinner the chancellor stated that his first official act was to write a letter to an archi-

tect regarding plans for a new gymnasium at Woodstock College, and although he had expected to see the building more nearly completed than at present, yet he was much pleased with the prospects. Much to the satisfaction of his audience he also stated that it was his intention to recommend to the university Senate at its next meeting the awarding of a medal annually to the student making the best progress in athletic and gymnasium work. The Chancellor spent some time as a visitor in the various classes, thus coming into touch with the students in the course of their regular work.

THROUGHOUT the year Dr. McCrimmon has been conducting a special class in Bible-study each Saturday morning from nine till ten o'clock. The subject under discussion has been, "Man's Relationship to God," and a large number of the students have availed themselves of the opportunity of attending. The last session of the class was held on Saturday, March 31st, and at the close a hearty vote of thanks and a rousing salute were tendered to Dr. McCrimmon.

A MEETING of the fourth year was held recently and the following officers elected: Honorary president, R. A. F. McDonald, B.A.; president, Norman Shaffer; vice-president, R. B. Kinnear; secretary-treasurer, W. H. Firstbrook; bard, J. V. Gleason; valedictorian, E. A. Brock. Class '06 has a membership of thirty-eight, and thus enjoys the distinction of being the largest graduating class in the history of Woodstock College.

AT the time of his recent visit here Chancellor McKay brought on a decided surprise. It was in the form of an announcement to the effect that our principal, Dr. McCrimmon, had been granted leave of absence for the balance of the year to pursue further study at the University of Chicago. Needless to say, we shall miss the principal's inspiring and commanding presence about the college, but our best wishes accompany him in the work which he is undertaking.

WOODSTOCK HOCKEY LEAGUE.—Considering the uncertainty of weather and scarcity of good ice throughout the winter, the college hockey team has had a very fair season. Last fall, after football was over, the City Hockey League was reorganized with a quartette of teams in the running: Globes, Collegiate, Aberdeens and College; and regular home-and-home games commenced shortly after New Year's. Of course, the weather was quite broken, and numerous postponements were found neces-

sary. By the middle of March the record showed that the Collegiate and Globes were even, each having scored a win and two losses. The College and Aberdeens were also even, with each two wins and a loss. Just at this juncture, however, the executive of the league decided to cancel the schedule entirely and have the teams play off the championship in three sudden-death games. The first in which the College participated was with the Collegiate on Saturday, March 17th. R. B. Kinnear was at that time laid up and unable to appear on the ice, but his place at point was ably filled by R. F. Clarke. The ice was fast and the pace exciting from start to finish. J. J. Gunn, of the city, officiated as referee and exercised commendable strictness in regard to rough play. On the whole the College had the better of the game, and at full time the score stood 5—3 in our favor. In the meantime the Aberdeens had defeated the Globes, thus bringing together in the finals the same teams as had contested so keenly in a similar way last year. Monday, March 19th, was the scheduled date. The ice was in prime shape and shortly after 8 p.m. the teams were ready for business. Every player was on his mettle. The Aberdeens proved to be fast skaters and they worked a number of splendid combinations. The College line exhibited some brilliant work individually, but the checking was so strong and close that their rushes were blocked time and again. The Aberdeens indulged in considerable roughness, and consequently had a representative at the boards most of the time. Excitement ran high, and it was anybody's game all through. When time was called, however, the score read 8—4 in favor of the Aberdeens, and we congratulate them on thus winning, in turn, the much-coveted championship. The following is the line-up of the teams:

College (4)—Goal, Fisher; point, Kinnear; cover-point, Brock (capt.); rover, Hollingshead; centre, Firstbrook; right, Sandercock; left, Gustin.

Aberdeens (8)—Goal, McHardy; point, Paltridge; cover-point, Thompson; rover, Sutherland; centre, Davis; right, Henry; left, Pascoe.

Mr. Miller, of the Woodstock Seniors, acted as referee and gave excellent satisfaction.

Inter-year Hockey.—The inter-year hockey matches this year have been exceedingly interesting. On Saturday morning, March 17th, the Third and First years met on the Canterbury street rink, when the Third year won a decided victory, with a score of 17 to 0. The next match was on Tuesday afternoon, March 20th, between the Fourth and Second years, when, to the great surprise of all, the Second year won by a score of

3 to 2. The final game between the Second and Third years took place on Thursday afternoon, March 22nd. The interest was keen. The Second year ran up a score of six goals while the Third year grappled with a goose egg. The line-up in the final game was as follows:

Second Year (6)—Goal, Biette; point, Russ; cover-point, Dunlop; rover, Gustin (capt.); centre, C. Rutherford; right, Whitehead; left, Milne.

Third Year (0)—Goal, Fisher; point, R. Wheler; cover-point, Marsh; rover, Puddicombe (capt.); centre, McCrimmon; right, G. Wheler; left, Quigley.

The Gymnasium Entertainment.—Instead of having an "At Home" this year, it was decided by the student-body to hold an entertainment, the proceeds of which should go into the fund for the new gymnasium. The date of the event was Friday evening, March 9th. A committee selected the two-act comedy, "Matrimonial Jars," for presentation, and some weeks were spent in preparing it. Mr. McDonald took charge of the management of the play and skilfully trained the boys in their parts. Through the energy of Mr. R. F. Clarke and his assistants a neat, substantial stage was constructed in the south end of the dining hall. A plan of the seats in the hall was drafted several days beforehand, and within less than twenty-four hours from the opening of the plan down town nearly all the reserved seats were sold and many rush seat tickets as well. They simply went "like hot cakes." The programme was to be furnished by all-college talent, and that evening long before the hour for commencing had arrived the large, closely-seated hall was filled to the doors. Shortly after eight o'clock the curtain rose and the programme opened. The first item was an instrumental solo by Mr. Edgar Wright, after which Messrs. Patten and Newton sang "Excelsior" in a very attractive manner. The Oracle was then read by Mr. Norman McCausland. It contained many spicy contributions and practical jokes, both local and general.

A tenor solo, "Queen of the Earth," was then rendered by Mr. E. T. Norton, followed by Mr. C. A. Serrano, of Columbia, in "Ave Verum," as a bass solo. Both of these were thoroughly enjoyed. Act I. of the comedy was then presented, and gradually little smiles and gentle titters developed into loud and prolonged laughter. The characters were in fine form, and each acted his part to perfection. Especially comical was "Crazy Bill," who found himself in Mr. Watson's house, not having had "anything to eat since day before yesterday in the afternoon," and for some reason or other he became hopelessly

mixed in his proposal to Miss Elvira Clarendon, a maiden lady of uncertain age. Lord Duttonhead was also an extremely interesting character.

At the close of Act I. Master Vernon Rudolf, of Jamaica, delighted the audience with an instrumental solo, which was heartily encored. The acrobatic performances of Messrs. Rubidge, Kinnear, Hollingshead and Quigley were highly appreciated and elicited great applause. Mr. L. A. Patten was in splendid voice and sang "The Veteran's Song" in a very pleasing manner. Then the curtain rose again and Act II. of the comedy was introduced. The humorous and ludicrous became once more irresistible. The staid and (usually) sober pater familias would periodically straighten up and try to look unconcerned, but, no, that was impossible; young, old, big and little roared and laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks. Solomon Steady, the American farmer, turned out to be the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Clarendon, while Lord Duttonhead met with dire disappointment in his efforts to "come to the point" with Miss Laura. The entertainment throughout was a magnificent success, and great credit is due to all those who participated in it. The national anthem brought the proceedings to a close, and everybody went home pleased and satisfied. The total proceeds of the evening amounted to $108.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Lord Duttonhead, just arrived from England.....Chas. Durden
Mr. Watson, the rich man.....F. T. Campbell
Mrs. Watson, his ambitious wife .....C. E. Evaes
Miss Laura Watson, their daughter.....E. A. Brock
Jimmie, Mr. Watson's little boy.....W. R. Anderson
Miss Elvira Clarendon, Mrs. W.'s sister .....Norman Shaffer
Mrs. Hannah Plunkett, Mr. W.'s sister..... C. C. Hawkins
Sarah Brown, the maid ..... .T. J. Hind
Wm. Hampton, an escaped lunatic ....J. A. Moe
Solomon Steady, an honest lover .....J. V. Gleason
Patrick O'Rafferty, the butcher ....W. H. Firstbrook
First Detective .... W. E. Hodgson
Second Detective ....W. R. Anderson

Here and There.

EDITOR: G. R. M. WELLS, '06.

MANKIND in general, and the black man in particular, is poorer because of the death of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the poet laureate of the negro race. There have been, and there are now, several members of this race who prove in their lives that the black man may possess as much or more of power to cope with disadvantageous circumstances as his white brother. But Paul Lawrence Dunbar added to this ability the God-given power of song, he was, in the words of William D. Howell, "the first negro who felt the negro life aesthetically and expressed it lyrically.

A pure black, born of parents who had both been slaves. the curse of his tribe fell on him with almost prohibitive force. Poverty, illiteracy, the intellectual contempt of the age for the negro's powers, he fought with and overcame. As Burns was the poet of the Scotch peasant, so in a manner, Dunbar became the poet of the more lowly black man, writing the black man's dialect, living his life, expressing his thoughts. Of course he knew the negro as no white man has ever known him. He did not use dialect altogether. He oversteps all narrow limits in the following verses and forces the sympathy of the world for his people in their patient struggle toward a higher life.

"Slow moves the pageant of a climbing race;
Their footsteps drag far, far below the height,
And unprevailing by their utmost might,
Seem faltering downward from each hard-won place.

No strange swift-sprung exception we; we trace
A devious way through dim, uncertain light,—
Our hope through the long vistaed years a sight—
Of that our Captain's soul sees face to face."

His last poem, his "Death Song," has been widely printed and will be still more widely printed. The note of true poetry rings through it. There is in it, humble though the vehicle of expression may be, a music and a philosophy which no mere rhymster can attain to.

"Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass,
Whah de branch 'll go a singin' as it pass,
An' we'n I's a layin' low,
I kin heah it as it go,
Singin' 'Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'.'

Lay me nigh to whah it meks a little pool,
And de watah stan's so quiet lak, and cool,
Whah de little birds in spring
Ust to come and drink and sing,
An' de children waded on de way to school.

Let me settle when my shouldahs draps dey load
Nigh enough to heah de noises in de road;
Fu I tink de las' long res'
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I's layin' 'mong de tings I's allus knowed."

We quote the following verses from the *Nassau Literary Magazine.* They are the best we have noticed in the college magazines this month:—

LIFE AND THE OTHER.

She said, "Stoop whilst I bind thy brow with roses
And kiss thy mouth;
Lay thy lips long against me, take thy pleasure,
And slake thy drouth.

Cleave to me through the windings of time's garden,
With glories rife;
Hold fast lest I should leave thee in the gloaming,
For I am Life."

He said "I neither offer, nay nor promise;
I need but all,
And thou shalt set aside the dross she gave thee,
Yea, leave it all.

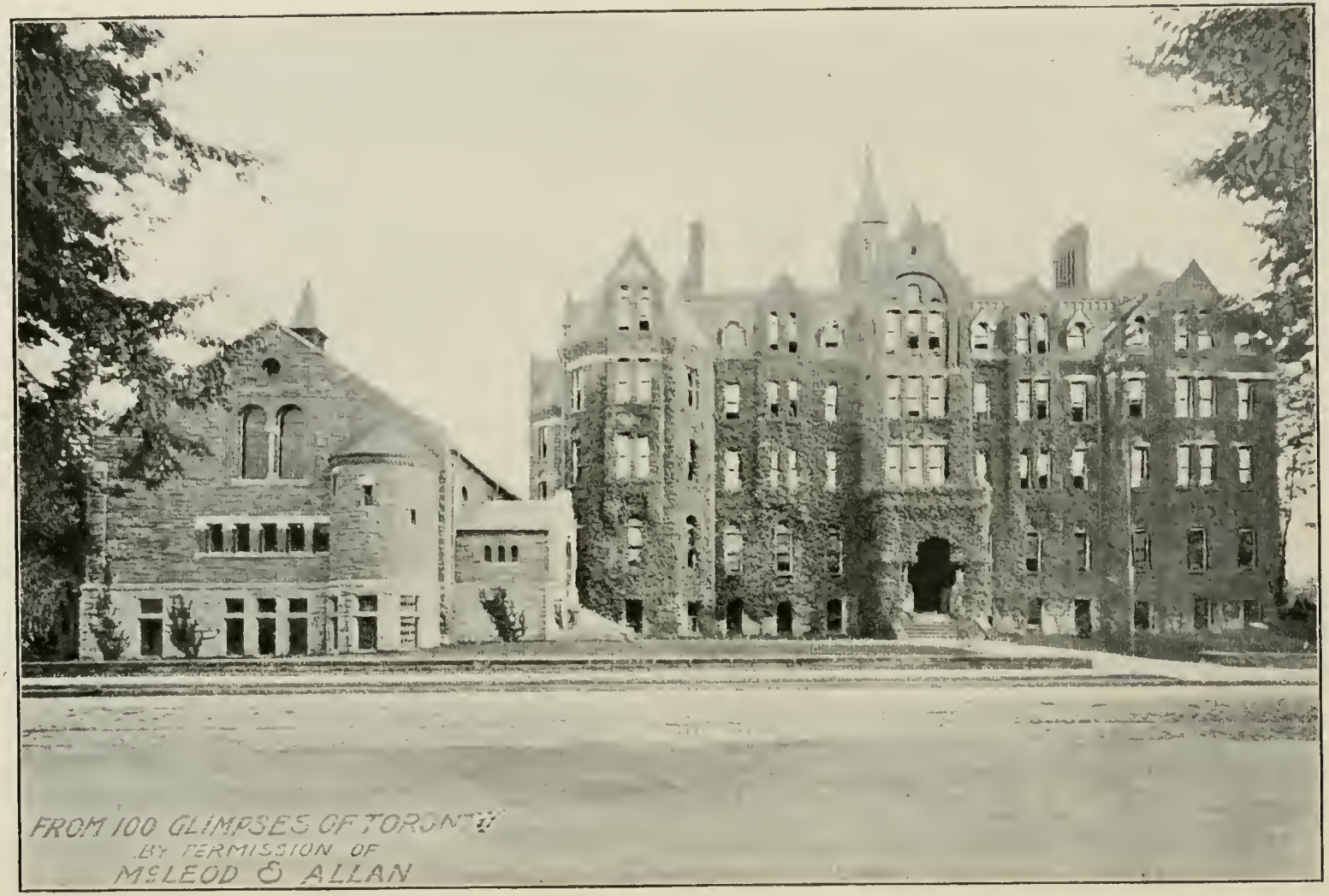
Behold thou art the harvest, I the reaper
That finisheth,
I am the Master and I make no promise,
For I am Death."

K. Sawyer Goodman, *in Nassau Literary Magazine.*

As our next number will be entirely devoted to the graduating classes the current number is the last in which we shall wield the editorial pen in this department. We drop it with something of regret; the labor has been pleasant, and its very faultiness of execution has proved a stimulus for each succeeding number. The editor-elect of this department is Mr. Morden Long, of class '08, whose past work in another department of The Monthly has been such as to justify the opinion that he is well qualified to assume the duties and responsibilities of the editorship of "Here and There."

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following exchanges: Ontario Normal College Monthly, Lux Columbiana, Queen's University Journal, McGill Outlook, O. H. C. Review, Acadia Athenaeum, Vox Wesleyana, Acta Victoriana, Trinity University Review, Notre Dame Scholastic, Oberlin Review, Collegian, Ottawa Campus, Athenaeum, Solanian, Advance, Bowdoin Quill, Mercerian, University of Virginia Magazine, Manhattan Quarterly, Nassau Literary Magazine, Wm. Jewell Student, Philomathean Monthly, Monroe College Monthly, College Review.

We welcome the Manhattan Quarterly to our editorial table for the first time.



McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

THE
McMaster University Monthly
MAY, 1906

CHRONICLES OF CLASS '06 (ARTS).

IN October, 1902, Class '06 began college life with thirty-seven freshmen. First to greet them and capture their affections was the present Chancellor, who then was burdened with the duties of the Registrar's office. One grasp of Professor McKay's hand, one beaming smile, one frank look from his eyes, and Alma Mater owned their allegiance heart and soul.

Those first days will never be forgotten by the members of '06. The principal duty seemed to consist in paying fees and obtaining membership in societies. It was a period of forming acquaintances and learning the rules, in which they had no time to get homesick. A daily programme of four or five lectures provided diversion against *ennui*. At night they found entertainment in certain publications called "Keys to the Classics," concerning which they had seen in a vision the inspiring words, "In hoc signo vinces." But as yet they were an unorganized body, quietly waiting the propitious moment to form themselves into a society.

That moment arrived on October 17th, when they met together to elect the officers of the year. For honorary president the unanimous choice was Professor A. C. McKay; and then, with a corresponding insight and sagacity, the class entrusted the presidency to Mr. T. M. Dadson. The other offices were filled with equally admirable selection, the names of those receiving the honors being: Miss E. Cutts, Miss G. Stone, and Messrs. Campbell, Pengelly, Cameron, Nobles, E. F. Cohoe, and Bensen.

The year were now ready to go forth and battle in any sort of fray, either individually or collectively. They had good opportunity to exhibit their prowess in both respects. They launched into the debating society with the enthusiasm of parliamentary

orators ; they took to the athletic field with similar fervor ; and on the annual field day they made a most plucky descent upon the athletic championships. Messrs. Murray, Fox, Gibson and MacKinnon were the principal members of the year who entered in the events. They made Naught-six happy in two respects. When the smoke had cleared away it was found that H. H. Murray had won the first association medal, and that Naught-six had the greatest number of points towards the Matthews cup. The year also plumed themselves on coming in second in the team race.

A feature of the day was the scrap with the sophomores, in which the valor of the green and yellow was so evenly matched that an impartial eyewitness declared the contest a case of Greek meeting Greek. From the field on which many a chrysanthemum lay crushed and soiled, the freshmen retired bearing an undisgraced green banner, and conscious that their honor was bright as the spear of Achilles.

Naught-six never abandoned herself to the mania of winning championships. Occasionally she arose in her might and genius and bore away the laurels—just to show the world what she could do ; but her rational equilibrium made her indifferent to victory. She entered the contest for its own sake, and often, out of sheer magnanimity or surfeit of successes, she yielded the palm to her rival. This spirit dominated her throughout her whole career.

Consequently, having triumphed over all the other years on field day, Naught-six very graciously subsided and gave them a chance. In association football she yielded to naught-three, in rugby to naught-five, and in hockey to naught-four, thus making an impartial division of the honors.

In the inter-year debates a similar generosity characterized Naught-six. First, Mr. W. A. Cameron and Mr. H. R. Nobles downed the doughty champions of naught-four ; next, Messrs. Pengelly and Dadson silenced the double battery put up by naught-five. But when the debaters of Naught-six took the platform against Theology, their desire for conquest was satiated and they gallantly accepted defeat, in reverent deference to the cloth.

In other ways, however, Naught-six displayed talents of marked excellence. She made important contributions to The Monthly. The Literary Society also made levies upon her. The

audiences were especially delighted with Mr. E. A. St. James's inimitable rendering of selections from *L'Habitant.*

All this expenditure of valor, virtue and talent received noble recognition. In the latter part of November an event occurred which made Naught-six feel that she was a positive quantity in McMaster University. That was the "at home" given the class by Professor and Mrs. McKay. Naught-six was devoted to mathematics forever after that. The Binomial Theorem assumed all the attractiveness of a sketch in *Punch.* Euclid iv-10 was classed as a memory gem on an equality with selections from Tennyson and Milton. And sines and cosines were illuminated with "the light that never was on sea or land."

Beguiled thus, the days passed quickly. Christmas came and the holidays, after which the mid-year examinations (inaugurated for the first time) gave Naught-six her first taste of bitterness. But she rejoiced in her chaplet of roses despite a few thorn-pricks.

Taught thus early in her career that "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety," Naught-six resolved, "to scorn delights and live laborious days." Consequently the winter months were spent in hard study. Spring brought the crows and robins to Queen's Park and examination fever to McMaster Hall. Naught-six again endured its nerve-racking strain. Results predicted a brilliant future for her.

She witnessed the graduation of naught-three in a tumult of longings and aspirations and mighty resolves. And then Naught-six scattered far and wide for the summer holidays. During the holidays a class-letter was circulated which purported to give information respecting the doing and being of the members of the year.

October, 1903, arrived. McMaster, gorgeous in mantle of russet and green and gold, welcomed back her sons and daughters. The halls resounded with song and yell. Back flocked Naught-six, their number reduced by nine members. The following are the names of those who did not return :—Miss B. Campbell, Miss E. Cutts, C. E. Lillie, J. B. Mann, H. H. Matthews, W. E. Pearson, J. W. Pierce, Jas. Robertson, and A. Stewart. Two new members, E. A. Miller and C. L. Timpany, were cordially added to the class.

Thirty strong, Naught-six faced the duties devolving upon sophomores with characteristic assiduity. They assisted the freshmen with enthusiastic fervor to a familiarity with the usages of the college. They reminded the juniors periodically of their promotion to sophomoric dignity. They counselled the seniors *ad nauseam* with respect to universal legislation.

Hitherto their studies had been general; now they could manifest their individualities and proclivities in the choice of specials. One-third of the class were of a speculative turn. They gathered around Dr. TenBroeke, and, pinning their faith to a *cogito ergo sum*, plunged into the plumetless abyss of speculation, dauntlessly resolved to determine the ego and the non-ego, and satisfy themselves whether or not human beings (including sophomores) are, in the final analysis, only "light-sparkles floating in the æther of deity." Five turned to classics; science claimed four others for her devotees; three chose mathematics; and the rest were content with English or moderns, or political science, or history.

Being particular about the choice of a president, the class elected W. A. Cameron to that dignity. Miss Winnifred Phillips became vice-president. The other honors went to various members.

Professor P. S. Campbell was enthusiastically elected honorary president. Only a professor of classics knows how to enjoy field day. When the day of the games arrived, Professor Campbell wore the chrysanthemum with conscious pride. The athletic representatives of Naught-six, viz., E. C. Fox, H. H. Murray, C. K. Gibson, and W. L. MacKinnon, were girt with more glory to his eyes than the heroes of the Iliad. The winning of the mile race in 5-14 by MacKinnon was comparable to the feat of the Spartan Ladas. But the triumph of a Roman Cæsar was utterly eclipsed when the sequel of the day's events informed the world that the McNaught cup and Chancellor's medal were won by E. C. Fox.

Grateful for these laurels, Naught-six with her characteristic generosity, refused further triumphs and took second place in the team race and also in the competition for the Matthews cup. A certain historian records that in the scrap with the freshmen the palm of victory went to the wearers of the green. It was always a strong point with Naught-six to encourage the freshmen.

For the glory of her Alma Mater Naught-six strove most valiantly on the athletic field during the fall term. Of those that assisted McMaster's gallant team to carry the eagles of victory to the semi-finals in rugby, the following are deserving of mention :— E. R. Gray, G. R. M. Wells, C. K. Gibson, R. C. Bensen, E. F. Cohoe, J. B. Pengelly. In association Naught-six contributed four stalwarts—McKinnon, Bensen, Campbell, and Miller.

The inter-year contests were again fruitless for Naught-six. First, she recognized naught-five's "divine right" to championships, and gave her the wreath in rugby and debating. As it was her intention to trim Naught-four in hockey, she granted the seniors the supremacy in association. But it was not in her heart to dispute the hockey championship with the freshmen. As before stated, Naught-six was strongly disposed to encourage the freshmen.

Naught-six, however, had many honors thrust upon her which she humbly accepted. At the Lit. banquet, the toast of the evening, to which the distinguished guest, Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, replied, was ably proposed by T. M. Dadson. The Literary Society was entertained at various times by Miss Stone, E. A. St. James, E. C. Fox, F. S. Beddow, H. R. Nobles, W. Whan, E. F. Cohoe, W. A. Cameron, and T. M. Dadson. The Fyfe Missionary Society heard excellent addresses from Messrs. Cameron and Pengelly. The Monthly was indebted to A. S. Woodburne, F. S. Beddow, C. S. Edwards, and W. A. Cameron for contributions. In the Ladies' Literary League Miss O. Harton won distinction by her oration. R. C. Bensen became corresponding secretary of the Fyfe Missionary Society ; H. B. Moyle was made secretary of the Debating Club ; W. L. MacKinnon was appointed to the advertising department of The Monthly, and J. B. Pengelly became vice-president of the Literary Society.

With all these blushing honors thick upon her, and happy in the consciousness of having won a high standing in examinations, Naught-six again dispersed for the holidays.

In the fall of 1904 Naught-six again sought the plumy shelter of Alma Mater's wings. Four of the flock were missing. Tempted by various pursuits, E. R. Gray ("Buzzer"), C. K. Gibson ("Chuck"), J. H. Cohoe, and E. F. Cohoe migrated too far afield and hibernated in alien climes. But this loss was parti-

ally repaired by the arrival of R. J. Currie, who was immediately recognized as a bird of like feather.

College life had an increased joy for Naught-six. Her members made many noble resolutions; to attend every "chapel," every "Fyfe," every "Lit," every meeting of the "Athletic"; to play rugby, and tennis, and hockey; never to skip lectures; to prepare for the exams. months ahead—in short, to steep themselves in college life.

Some changes had occurred during the summer. Naught-six greeted Dr. A. L. MacCrimmon as a new lecturer with enthusiastic delight. Professor Farmer's absence in Europe was compensated for by the return of Dr. TenBroeke from Oxford. Naught-six celebrated his return by electing him honorary president. Mr. F. S. Beddow was made president, and Miss G. L. Stone became vice-president.

Autumn passed with the usual varied activities. In Athletics the *summum bonum* of McMaster men is to win the intermediate intercollegiate championship in rugby. Naught-six made her contribution of brawn and nerve to the team in the persons of Messrs. Bensen, Campbell, and Pengelly, while the rest of the year participated by fulminating "osciwowwow." Twice McMaster saw Trinity bite the dust; then came the R.M.C.'s from Kingston and the stalwart cadets went home defeated. Naught-six was jubilant. But, alas! McMaster valor surrendered in the return match. The soldier boys rejoiced in a supremacy of two points. What a pity the team had not chosen another Naught-six man!

Naught-six enjoyed a share in the glories of field day. H. H. Murray won the first association medal, and Messrs. Wells, Pengelly, McKinnon, and Bensen distinguished themselves by winning the team race.

In the inter-year matches Naught-six repeated her exploits of preceding years. In debating, her former achievements were rehearsed. Naught-six possessed orators. In the Debating Society H. R. Nobles displayed such a command of fluent and witty speech that the Lit. executive eagerly engaged his services as auctioneer at the annual sale of magazines. At the Lit. banquet in January J. B. Pengelly was chosen "to toast the ladies." His tribute of gallantry laid at the feet of womanhood was described by an able editorial pen as "a flow of wit and elo-

quence never surpassed in an after-dinner speech in McMaster."

But the greatest oratorical triumph, one which all McMaster shared, came to Miss Olive Harton. In February the ladies' intercollege debating championship was decided, and the wreath of glory transferred to McMaster. "Ollie's" assistance in accomplishing this splendid achievement made Naught-six justly proud. Naught-six was always proud of her girls. Their buoyant, all-conquering march through examinations aroused admiration. In the Lit. their talents evoked enthusiastic recognition. Miss G. Stone, especially, gave universal pleasure as a pianist, and in chapel service she became indispensable. Miss Phillips, too, was popular. The L.L.L. and the Y.W.C.A. showed their confidence in her by making her vice-president of both societies.

This admiration of Naught-six for its feminine members became violently particularized and made its definite residence with the most energetic and capable man in the year. W. L. MacKinnon was the incarnation of achievement. Whether it was football, racing, special philosophy, soliciting advertisements, or selling views, Walter always "did" something. Consequently Naught-six smiled approval when he carried off Miss W. E. Phillips to Hymen's altar and shortly afterwards undertook the responsibilities of domestic life.

For a time Naught-six pursued an undisturbed career. Late in February she assisted her convalescence from the exam. scourge by a sleigh-ride, followed by a rally at the home of E. C. Fox. The spring elections ruffled her placidity a trifle, since they laid the burdens of various offices upon her. She maintained her serenity, however, even under the strain of the farewell dinner to the graduating class. But she experienced a sudden sorrow almost the last day: Chancellor Wallace had resigned.

For the fourth time Naught-six gathered about Alma Mater, and added Arthur Farmer to her number. Several changes greeted her. A brand-new Chancellor opened Convocation, and three new professors had seats on the platform. Naught-six felt especially warm towards Chancellor McKay. He had won her heart three years before. For the second time he became honorary president of the year.

Naught-six was now in her senior year. Her responsibilities were many, but she faced them with dignity and courage. H. R.

Nobles was elected president, and Miss L. Burke became vice-president. Other members of the year filled important offices. T. M. Dadson was high kakiak ; J. B. Pengelly was president of the Literary Society ; W. L. MacKinnon was business manager of The Monthly. "The rest were long to tell."

Despite her various duties and dignities, Naught-six did not shrink from participation in the contests. Field day found her buoyant as ever, with a new war-cry composed for the occasion. The credit for its creation goes to C. D. Jones, who plunged into the gulfs of chaos, waste and darkness to obtain his material, with this result :—

Hash—sha—ma—yim !
Hash—sha—ma—yim !
Hoshek—wa—bo—hoo !
Naughty-six ! Naughty-six !
Hooroo ! Hooroo ! Hooroo !

Rugged and uncouth, it cheered Naught-six men on to victory. H. H. Murray was the principal competitor. He shed lustre upon Naught-six by winning the McNaught cup and the Chancellor's medal.

In the inter-year rugby and association, Naught-six won a number of victories, but hearing that naught-eight had set her heart upon the championships, she graciously permitted her to have them. In a similar spirit she acceded to naughty-nine's request for the debating championship. The truth was Naught-six was after bigger game, and she got it. McMaster needed champions to wage war with Knox College debaters on the question of Chinese immigration. Naught-six supplied one, W. A. Cameron, her foremost orator and debater, who rendered noble assistance in bearing home to McMaster the laurels of victory. Equally distinguished was the service performed by Miss Olive Harton, who a second time aided in winning the women's inter-collegiate debating championship for McMaster.

Meanwhile every member of Naught-six toiled strenuously with graduation day in mind. Though loath to leave McMaster, they longed to wear the ermine hood. Last lectures produced mingled emotions of joy and sorrow. Final exams. were followed with feelings of suspense and hope. Reports of exams. made Naught-six's joy overflow. There were no "sups."—all would graduate.

The momentous occasion arrived. Goldwin Smith honored it with his presence. Naught-six beheld the great old man bow his head to receive her Alma Mater's degree. Then came her turn. How proud and happy she looked !—nobody saw the tear she dropped, nor dreamed that her heart was full.

Farewell ! Naught-six goes forth to do her part in "the sounding labor house vast" of the world.

C. S. Edwards, '06.

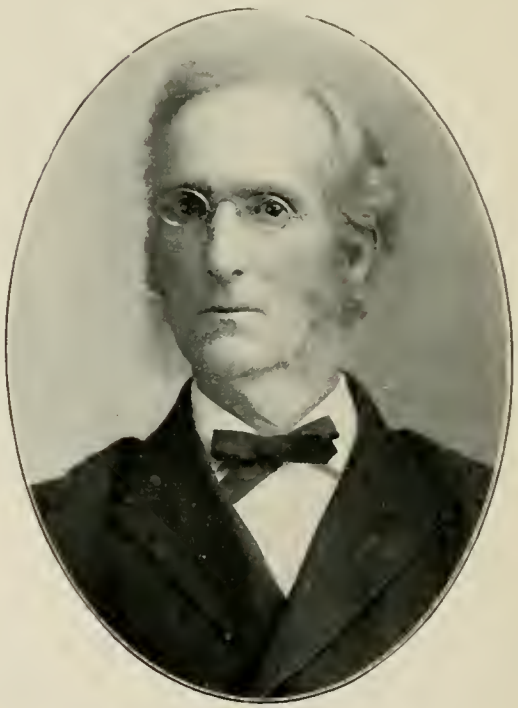
ALEXANDER C. MCKAY, B.A., LL.D.

Chancellor of McMaster University.
Professor of Physics.

JONES H. FARMER, B.A., LL.D.
Dean in Theology
Professor in New Testament and Patristic Greek

WALTER S. W. MCLAY, M.A.
Dean in Arts
Professor of English Language and Literature

O. C. S. WALLACE, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
Chancellor, and Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, 1895-1905



D. M. WELTON, M.A., PH.D., D.D.
(Ob. 1904)
Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages
1884-1904

CALVIN GOODSPEED, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
Professor of Systematic Theology, Christian Evidences and Church Polity, 1890-1905

PETER S. CAMPBELL, M.A.
Professor of Latin and Greek Languages

MALCOLM S. CLARK, B.A.
Professor of Modern Languages and Literatures

JAMES TENBROEKE, M.A.
Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics

R. Wilson Smith, B.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Biology and Geology

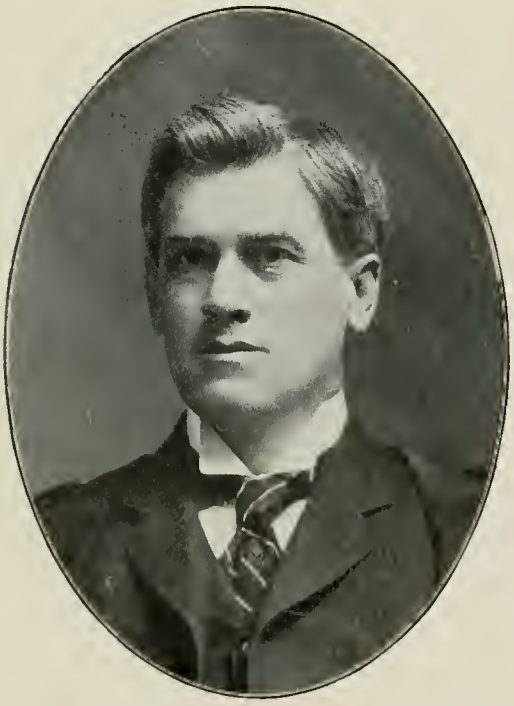
Wallace P. Cohoe, M.A.
Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy

George Cross, M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of History

Elias M. Keirstead, M.A., D.D.
Professor in Systematic Theology
and Apologetics

WILLIAM FINDLAY, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of Mathematics

GLENN H. CAMPBELL, M A.
Lecturer in Languages



A. LINCOLN MCCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D.
Lecturer in Political Economy

I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.
Lecturer in Hebrew and Aramaic, and Old Testament Exegesis

FREDERICK TRACY, B.A., PH.D.
Lecturer in Education

EDMUND H. OLIVER, B.A., PH.D.
Lecturer in History

WILLIAM DALE, M.A.
Special Lecturer in History and Classical Literature, 1899-1904

R. H. MODE, M.A., B.TH.
Lecturer in Hebrew and Old Testament, 1904-5

H. Francis Perry, B.A., D.D.
Special Lecturer in Pastoral Theology, 1905-6

William H. Cline, B.A., B.D.
Special Lecturer in Homiletics, 1905-6

Douglas C. MacIntosh, B.A.
Fellow in Philosophy, Psychology and Logic, 1903-4

Abram Cook Newcombe, B.A.
Registrar

COMMENCEMENT.

To-day we stand upon the ridge
That breaks us from the unforeseen.
Backward we glance, and then before,
To know what past and future mean.

What of the days that in these halls
Have made our past, the near, the far?
What have they brought of loss or gain?
How have they made us what we are?

Was it to make us discontent
With what we sought, and now is ours,
Dissatisfied with victories won,
And doubtful of the ungained powers.

Thus to unsettle us in mind,
And make us fainter in our praise,
And feebler in our feeble faith,
Is this our guerdon for these days?

Not this! or else the prize were dear
For we would have but wasted years,
And misspent powers, and battered hopes,
And mocking faith, and gnawing fears.

But we have seen o'er the dim ridge,
The borderland of faith's reward,
Commencement of a larger self,
A truer world, a kinder Lord.

A. S. Woodburne, '06

Frank Seaward Beddow.

" His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland."

Frank came smiling into the world in Melbourne, Australia. He could play cricket before he could talk, and was able to draw men's faces before his own had taken its permanent outlines. Frank has been almost everywhere, and can tell you all about his travels in just about as interesting a manner as the author of "Gulliver." However, he has a warm heart for Woodstock and Toronto, and that is just the reason he graduated from Woodstock College in 1901, and in the fall of the same year proceeded to take another plunge into the ocean of knowledge at McMaster. His freshman year was badly broken up for various reasons, and liking the appearance of '06 he joined their ranks in the fall of '02. In his third year he was the president of his class, which position he filled with his usual grace. He is a special philosopher, and a good one. In brief, Frank is one of Canada's greatest cricket players, an excellent cartoonist, an eloquent speaker, and a jolly good fellow. He will enter the Baptist ministry.

Roy Carlyle Bensen.

" Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

Chatham, the maple city of Ontario, claims the honor of being the birthplace of Roy. There he received his primary and collegiate education, matriculating with honors in Classics. With the higher service of his God and his fellows in view, he entered McMaster with class '06, where he has distinguished himself as a student, an athlete, and a man. In the first year he captured the prizes donated by Dr. Harris, in Greek and Latin. Philosophy has been his "special." As centre half-back in rugby, point in hockey, and full-back in socker, Roy has found places on all the first university athletic teams. He is captain-elect of the rugby team, and representative to the C.I.R.F.U. In his senior year the "Lit" honored him as its recording scribe. Roy expects to return for theology, after which he will devote his muscle, brains and heart to the evangelization of " the regions beyond."

Daniel Buchanan.

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

"Buck" was born in a quiet country village on the shore of Lake Erie. His education was begun in the little red Clearville schoolhouse. Ridgetown Collegiate next received him, and he bears the honor of being one of her most brilliant students. His deep thirst for knowledge resulted in his entering McMaster University with '06, in the fall of 1902. Here he has continued to shine. He has specialized in mathematics, and in his first year carried off the Frank Sanderson scholarship in that subject. The business of the Athletic Association has scarcely ever been handled with greater efficiency than the year he was the secretary-treasurer. "Buck" is favorably known throughout the province as a prominent member of the Evangelistic Band. His rich tenor voice and his speaking ability have made him famous in this work. He will follow the teaching profession, in which we predict for him a successful career.

Charlotte Burke.

"For she was jes the quiet kind,
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind—
Snow-hid in Jenooary."

The little village of Green River, about fifty miles east of Toronto, has the distinction of being the birthplace of "Lottie." Her primary education was received in the public school of Atha. Graduating from Markham high school, she returned to Atha as teacher. She came to McMaster in the spring of '03 to join class '06 in their midwinter exams. She has been honored by her class in receiving the vice-presidency of the senior year, and was also made president of the Y.W.C.A. in the same year. In this latter capacity she went as delegate to the Student Volunteer convention at Nashville. Lottie is rather of a retiring disposition, but when intimately known proves herself to be worthy of the confidence which the friends she has won have placed in her.

William A. Cameron.

"Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong."

"Bill's" home is Palmyra. Here he received his elementary education; hence he went to Woodstock College. Early in his course he distinguished himself as a capable speaker, and on graduating in '02 he won the medal for oratory. He entered McMaster with '06, and has been president and inter-year debater. This year he has reflected much credit on the University by helping to win one of the inter-college debates. He is best known throughout the province as leader of the evangelistic band, and has always been identified with evangelistic work. He has been home mission evangelist, has conducted the band in the east, and last summer in the west and northern parts of the province. He has always shown himself as a capable and tactful leader. Wherever he has gone he has left an impression of his earnestness and manly Christian character—qualities which bespeak a successful career in his life's work—the ministry. His special course has been political economy.

Donald Wallace Campbell.

"He settled *Hoti's* business—."

"Don," of Aberdour, Bruce County, must be numbered with the "classicals" at McMaster. His early learning was imbibed at Port Elgin high school. The sticky pipe clay county has evidently produced a big one in Don. Broad shouldered and lusty of limb, he has made himself felt on the athletic field, playing on the first rugby and first association teams. In 1903 Don was secretary-treasurer of '06. In 1904 he blossomed forth as orator. In 1906 he held the honorable office of representative to the literary society. As a student our hero has not by any means remained undistinguished. In the second year of his course he won the Campbell scholarship in special classics, and, in the following year, the Shenstone scholarship in the same department of study. And now Don is looking for a place to unload his Greek roots.

Ernest John Chave.

"A wicked and preverse generation seeketh after a sine."

Ernest John Chave was born in Woodstock, Ontario. He is the son of a schoolmaster and has a natural aptitude for study. He attended the public schools of Woodstock, and in 1902 graduated from Woodstock College with the Henry Moyle gold medal. He then came to McMaster and joined class '06. As a student he has made good in every way. He has combined ability with steady application and hard work. As a special mathematician he has learned to juggle with sines and cosines with wizard-like dexterity. He has filled his niche in the resident life and in all phases of college sports and literary life. He hopes to follow the engineering profession and we predict for him no small measure of success.

Robert John Currie.

"And what he greatly thought he nobly dared."

R. J. claims the modest four corners of Mulock, in Grey County, for his birth-place. Fate, however, soon removed him to Hanover, where he passed from the A B C to the solving of equations. At this stage the Walkerton High School took up his education. After graduating from here he taught for some time. The next influence in his development was Lima Seminary, New York, where he won the "Ocumpaugh" prize for oratory. Having spent a year and a-half at this seminary he entered Rochester University in the fall of 1900. When he had completed his sophomore term he took a hand at business for a year. He entered McMaster with '06 in its third year, specializing in philosophy. Here he has distinguished himself in inter-year rugby, association and debating. His broad experience of life enables him to take a prominent part in affairs, and also impresses his worth as he becomes known.

Thomas McCosh Dadson.

"As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious."

Thomas McCosh Dadson was born at Denfield, Ont. He is a worthy son of the late Dr. Dadson. He is a splendid combination of sound judgment and dry humor. These two characteristics have caused him to be loved and respected by every fellow in the school. In the first year he led the freshmen to victory over the sophs. on field day. In the second year he was president of the Debating Society. In the third year he was secretary of the Fyfe, and in that society was a great worker. This year, besides nobly upholding McMaster against Varsity in the intercollege debate, he has been president of the student body. His academic course was begun in Montreal Collegiate and completed at Woodstock College. During his four years in McMaster he has shown himself to be a brilliant student. Philosophy and political science have been his specials. "Tom" intends taking further post-graduate work.

Charles Sherwood Edwards.

"A minister, but still a man."

Charles Edwards was born at Clarence, on the south shore of the Ottawa River, and received his early education in the little log school house of that place. On leaving the public school he spent some years at Vankleek Hill high school, obtaining his second class certificate, and completing the work in the model school. After teaching for a time in Cumberland, he came to McMaster and joined class '06 in their freshmen year. He has held the office of secretary-treasurer of the year, class historian, and finally, in the graduating year, class president. Charlie is a poet of no mean order, and many poems of real merit have found the way, not only into the college journal, but into other periodicals as well. He is at home on the platform and is an active member of the Evangelistic band and one of their most efficient workers. He hopes to enter the Baptist ministry, and expects to return next October to pursue his studies in theology.

Arthur Black Farmer.

"How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mentor power
His eye shoots forth."

Arthur says he has been led to believe he was born at Woodstock, but has no certain knowledge of the fact. He commenced his schooling at once, putting in two years at Woodstock College. At the age of four he removed to Louisville, Kentucky. He returned to Toronto in 1890, and received his public and high school education in the Queen city. He entered McMaster with the class of '05. However, as his college course advanced he increased in wisdom, and at the end of his third year dropped out to wait for a year so as to have the honor of graduating with '06. During that year he was secretary of the Toronto single tax association. Arthur has specialized in history and economics. He has always taken a prominent place in the debating society, of which he is president for the ensuing year, as well as the political science club, as he intends returning to study for his M.A.

Edward Carey Fox.

"A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

Carey was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, a few years ago. He has never had a liking for ostentation, so at a very early age he decided that he would prefer to speak plain Canadian. As a result class '06 has been stronger, for he has been one of its most loyal and hard working members. While still a young boy he bothered his father's neighbors by drawing circles and triangles promiscuously on the fences. His mathematical tastes were developed still further in the Harbord Street Collegiate of this city; and in McMaster, as a specialist in that subject, he has lifted the Stark and Sanderson scholarships. He can do more than merely juggle x's and y's however. As an athlete he carried away the McNaught cup in his second year. He acted in the capacity of vice-president of the athletic association in his senior year. He is also a musician of no mean ability, and upon several occasions he has been heard to effect in the "Lit."

Olive Harton.

"Angels listen when she speaks."

Toronto claims Olive Harton as one of her daughters, and proud she is of her achievements. Moulton College was where her early years were spent, and here she laid the solid foundation in her classics. Not in Greek and Latin alone did she prove herself a student, but captured one of the general proficiency prizes at Moulton. The four years at McMaster University have added more laurels. As vice-president of the literary society she proved her capability. In oratory and debating "Ollie" has proved herself one of the foremost in the ranks. Twice she contested with other colleges and helped to win the championship for her Alma Mater. Ever ready to lend assistance in all phases of the university life, she is the friend and favorite of all.

Charles Durrant Jones.

"O white innocence"

When for the first time the pleasant "C. D." wandered in through the doorway of McMaster he brought with him all the charms of West Flamboro', the hamlet where he first began to delight the world—and, we gladly note, the charm has as yet by no means utterly departed, though that is four studious years ago. To-day who is there without a good word for the doughty "C. D."? And few there are about the Hall who have not had cause to thank the powers that did it, that *he* was placed a Cerberus at the gate. Day upon day, and night upon night, while our hero sat thus vigilantly, his mind frolicked and frisked in the fields of learning—especially those of philosophy; and prospects are that next year it will enjoy the same exercise in the ample expanses of the theological course, with a view to reaching at last a sober end in the Baptist ministry.

Winnifred Phillips McKinnon.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command.

Courtright claims to be the birthplace of Winnifred Phillips. She received her early education in the Brant and Cainsville public schools, and then Sarnia Collegiate was proud to receive her. Upon graduating from this institution she attended the Ottawa Normal School. After successful teaching in the Sarnia schools, she entered McMaster to join the class of '06. That she was popular among her classmates is evidenced by the fact that she always held a position on the year executive. She pursued two courses, English and science, always taking high honors. Winnifred's amiable disposition has endeared her to all who know her, but no one was more keenly observant of her good qualities than Mr. W. L. McKinnon, who, in February, '05, won her heart and hand, and took her to be his wedded wife. Mrs. McKinnon's present home is in Toronto.

Walter Laughlin McKinnon.

"There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold."

Walter was born in Toronto, but at the age of three he went to Perth, and there he attended public and high school. After matriculating he engaged in various lines of business for three years, one half of which time he was teaching school. In 1902 he came to McMaster to join class '06, During his course he has distinguished himself in many ways. In athletics he has always been prominent, figuring on the association football team all along. He also holds the mile record for the college. He has been business manager of The Monthly during the past year, and the present financial security of this magazine will remain a monument to his name. The crowning feat of his college life was consummated in February, 1905, when he married Miss Winnifred Phillips, also of '06. He expects to enter the ministry.

Donald Howard McIntosh.

" He was a scholar and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

This " Man from Glengarry " was born at Breadalbane, and from the beginning showed signs of the combination of philosophic and scientific ability, which was to be his. He would absorb his bread and milk with the calm demeanor of one who well knew that the aforesaid bread and milk was both " empirically real and transcendentally ideal." Having attended the public school at Breadalbane, he entered the high school at Vankleek Hill. After matriculation he taught for three years in Glengarry, shaping the destinies of the embryo statesmen and jurists of Canada. Howard has entered more heartily into the studious role of college life than into the social and athletic. But, nevertheless, he has represented his year on the rugby field, and as a senior has had a place on the executive of the student body. In his chosen profession, that of pedagogy, we predict for him success and distinction.

Everton Atcheson Miller.

" He has done the work of a true man ;
Crown him, honor him, love him."

This good-looking juggler of the classics was born in Smith's Falls, where he learned all that the pedagogues of his native burg could impart to him. He came to McMaster in the fall of '03, and joined '06 as a sophomore. During his course Everton has figured conspicuously in association football and hockey circles, always representing his year in sports, and upon several occasions the University as well. Last year he was the secretary of the student body and also secretary of committees in the Literary Society. He has an inborn tendency toward Latin and Greek, and has always been a good student, particularly in the classics. He is not gushing, neither is he too reticent, but a happy medium. A good sport, and interested in everything, he is looked upon as one of 06's best. He expects to teach, and we predict success as the outcome.

Harry B. Moyle.

"Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head."

Harry B. Moyle from his first day at McMaster has been one of the busy ones. A look at his bethumbed note books and at the long list of offices that follows will show how busy: 1904, secretary of the debating society; 1905, press reporter for the university, leader of the student volunteer band; 1906, representative of '06 on student executive; secretary of The Monthly board; secretary of chemical club; convener of Nashville student committee. "Harry" has nightly burned the plugger's oil. He started off in his freshman year by winning the A. C. Pratt scholarship, and though carrying a heavy course has made a fine showing throughout. His special has been science. His aim is the work of a medical missionary.

Henry Herbert Murray.

"I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the traitor's bow."

"Herbie" says he was born in Mitchell, Ontario, but he has spent the latter part of his life in Toronto. He never learned to walk, but at the tender age of nine months he began to run, and has been running ever since. At Parkdale Collegiate he was a strong man in track athletics, and during his course at McMaster he has won twenty badges, three medals and the McNaught cup, for track events. He is also a rugby player and a fast man on the ice during the hockey season, playing on the University hockey team this year. "Herbie" is a specialist in science, in which department he does good work. He is a good-natured, obliging fellow, who inclines to see the bright side of things. He has always taken an interest in the life of the school, particularly athletics, to which he has given much of his time and ability. He goes to the medical school next year to equip himself for the healing art.

Harry Roscoe Nobles.

"Describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man."

Harry says that he is "a blue nose." Sussex, N.B., was his birthplace, and there he received his primary education. Then he emigrated to "the capital," and after one year in public school he went to the Collegiate Institute, from which he matriculated in 1900, capturing special prizes in Classics and English. After two years of commercial life Harry came to McMaster, and entered as a freshman with class '06. During his academic career his ability and worth have received recognition, as he has served three years on the McMaster Monthly staff, has been secretary-treasurer of the athletic association, and president of the year. On Oct. 30, 1905, our hero joined the ranks of the benedicts, being united in marriage with Miss S. Caroline Knight of Knightington. A little too late for a wedding gift, the athletic association presented him with the presidential office for next year. Harry has the Baptist ministry in view for his life work, and will return next year to quench his theological thirst.

John Bradford Pengelly.

"Bid me discourse. I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green."

"Pen" first saw the light in Brantford, and early evinced the ability, which was later to make him famous as composer of the '06 yell. At the age of four he insisted on removing to Leamington, where he went to public and high school. He then spent some three years at a trade before entering Woodstock College. He graduated from Woodstock with the Hiram Calvin Scholarship, and delivered the valedictory. He entered McMaster in '02, and has pursued the special philosophical course. He has been a prominent factor in university life throughout, and has held the offices of vice-president and president of the "Lit," has been captain of the rugby team, and president of the inter-collegiate debating union of Toronto. In preparing himself for the ministry he looks forward to some post-graduate studies. We predict for him no small measure of success in his chosen work.

Ephraim Arlington St. James.

"The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
Is always happy."

"Eph." was born in St. Michelarchange, Quebec. At the age of three months he raised a vigorous protest against the name of his birthplace, and in order to save trouble he was removed to Grande Ligne. Here he began to read Drummond's poems, and to-day it would not be wide of the mark to say that there is not a more capable interpreter of the "habitant" selections in Toronto than "votre ami." He drank all he could from the knowledge brooks of Grande Ligne, and came to McMaster in the fall of '02. He has been with his class throughout. The Literary Society has heard him, both in song and reading, on many occasions. For two summers he travelled with the western section of the McMaster Evangelistic Band, holding down the second bass in the quartette. "Eph." is a good entertainer, good-natured and ready for a laugh at almost any time. He asserts that he is not going to be "a little curé." Next year will see him studying medicine.

Grace Lorena Stone.

"And music too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much."

Grace Lorena Stone first viewed the beauties of this world among the peach and apple blossoms of the Niagara district, at Fonthill. She received her early training at Welland and Parkdale Collegiate Institutes, and after matriculating with honors at Brantford, taught for a short time at Fonthill. Entering McMaster University with class '06, Grace was unanimously chosen to be musician, and filled this position so admirably that during the four years of her course she was constantly in demand. For who for playing accompaniments and hymns for the chapel service could be compared with our "Gracious"? In her junior year Grace became vice-president of her class, and in her fourth year, as president of the Ladies' Literary League, led that society to the pinnacle of excellence. Being partial to the modern languages, Grace specialized in that course.

Clark Llewellyn Timpany.

" Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise."

"Tim" first breathed the gentle zephyrs in the little town of Aylmer. After learning the ancient art of making letters he quickly passed through the public and high schools. Having mastered all that the schools of Aylmer could boast, he came to McMaster in the fall of 1903, entering in the second year. Here he has specialized in history, and political science. The principles of "Money," "Theory of Banking," and "Trade Unionism" have been digested along with histories of constitutions and revolutions. A learned Theban says, "History is necessary to divines." Ibid says, so is Economy. He has taken an active part in all departments of the school. This last year he was vice-president of the political science club, and he has been elected as second vice-kakiak for the ensuing year. Clark intends entering the ministry, and will hold forth at Dresden this summer.

George Ross Maurice Wells.

" Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

The subject of this sketch was the first white man born in Moose Jaw. "It happened," he says, "when he was quite young." For some time he imbibed the great free spirit of the west, and then his parents moved to Toronto, where he attended the public school. His last year at public school was spent in London. Here also he gave one year to high school work. Then after being in business for two years he came to McMaster in the fall of 1902. For three years he has played senior rugby, and was captain of '06 third year team. Twice he competed for the story prizes and each time was successful. He had the honor of being a member of the journalistic association of Toronto colleges, president of our political science club, and one of the writers of this magazine. We hope for great things from his versatile pen.

William Drummond Whan.

"A noted clergyman,
And the sermon is never long."

"Bill" was born in December, 1881, in Belle Ewart. He absorbed his rudimentary knowledge of the three R's in the home section school house, with the readiness which bespeaks the scholarly mind. The educational facilities of Belle Ewart exhausted, he hied to Barrie high school, whence he came to McMaster in 1902. He has been with class '06 throughout his course, specializing in philosophy. He has won the regard of both year and college, as evidenced by his representing the year on the "Lit" executive as a junior, and as a senior holding the office of treasurer of the same society. "Bill's" stalwart frame has well fitted him for the rugby field. During the last two years the familiar slouch hat and nose guard have come to be regarded as omens of victory as they shone in the forefront of the battle. He intends to enter the Baptist ministry.

Angus Stewart Woodburne.

"In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always without aiming to be good."

Stewart says that his career began in "London in the Woods." There he received his primary and collegiate education, matriculating from the London Collegiate Institute with honors in '99. After attending the Forest City model school for one term he spent three years in commercial life. With a strong yearning for higher education he came to McMaster, wisely awaiting the incoming of Naught-six. He has specialized in two courses—history and political economy. Stewart has been honored during his academic career with offices in his year, in the political science club, and in the Fyfe missionary society. During the past year he has been the editing scribe for the athletic column of The Monthly, and upon him has been bestowed the honor of being the first student managing-editor of the university magazine—a fitting tribute to his literary ability. "Wood" thinks he doesn't know much yet, and consequently will return next year for theology.

Ebenezer Cameron.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

It was near the town of Tiverton, in the county of Bruce, Ontario, that dame nature first cast one of her shy glances on the new arrival in the Cameron home. Near his own home at the little school house in section eleven of his home county "Eb." learned "to do his sums." That little school has the distinction of giving their primary education to five who have already completed a university course. In the high school at Kincardine "Eb" was first taught the conjugation of "amo," and from there he matriculated. After taking a course in the county model school in Kincardine he spent two years in the teaching profession. Impelled by a desire for higher things, "Eb" came to McMaster, where he has taken a full course in both the arts and theological departments, graduating with class '03 in arts, and class '06 in theology. The ministering to men in spiritual things is the chosen purpose of his life.

Chester William New.

"He's an absent minded beggar."

Chester William New first saw the light in Montreal. After blessing the metropolis by his presence for eight years he took pity on the quiet hamlet of Hamilton-under-the-Hill. He received his preliminary training at Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and his arts course in the University of Toronto, graduating in 1903, with honors in history and political science. During his theological course at McMaster he has taken an active interest in the life of the University, having been president of the debating society, vice-president of the student body, as we'l as serving on the athletic executive and The Monthly board. This year he was president of the theological society, and under his leadership the society has had one of the most successful years in its history. He graduated with the degree of B.Th. and part I of B.D. in church history. We predict for "Ches" the highest success in his future work.

W. C. Pearce.

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine incorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner."

W. C. Pearce hails from the hub of the empire. When but a youth he came to Canada, arriving in Toronto in 1890. After five years in business, Woodstock College took him in to polish him. So well was the work done that he took the scholarships for general proficiency for four successive years. Coveting greater things he entered McMaster, graduating in 1904. In his junior year he was secretary of his class, and in his senior year he carried off the Crawford scholarship. He has served The Monthly twice, first as editor of the "Here and There" department, then as assistant editor. Mr. Pearce is the first member of '04 to complete the full course, graduating this year with the degree of B.Th. He has taken an exceptionally brilliant course, and with the same energies applied to the work of the ministry he will prove a strong factor in the extension of the Kingdom.

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Commencement Exercises.

ANOTHER chapter is completed in the history of McMaster University, and another addition is made to the ranks of the Alumni. Twenty-eight men and women in arts, and three men in theology have ended the period of their undergraduate days, and attained their ideal of the past. Yet none has attained his or her ideal. For the University life has been the largest influence upon the lives of most of those who enjoy it to broaden the mind, and elevate the ideal. And now Alma Mater has placed the seal of approval upon those who have been under her kindly eye, and sends them out to do battle for themselves and for truth, and win new laurel leaves to place upon the brow of the mother who has so tenderly nourished them.

The examinations lasted from April 27th to May 11th, and the first three days of the succeeding week were occupied with the Commencement exercises.

The Junior Collation.

The Juniors are to be commended for the excellent banquet which they provided for their guests on Monday evening, 14th May. Castle Memorial Hall in which the collation was held was very artistically decorated for the occasion. Especial mention is made of the beautiful menu cards, the covers of which were so handsomely painted by Mr. J. Dixon Craig, '07. About one hundred and seventy sat down to the sumptuous repast, including a large number of the Alumni, and the Professoriate, besides the Undergraduates. A large number of ladies also graced the occasion by their presence. In every regard the affair was a pronounced success, and congratulations are due to the committee of arrangements and the speakers of the evening for their contributions to the successful event.

President Charles E. Burke, of the Juniors in Arts, was the very graceful toast-master of the evening. After the guests had supped of the good things, the health of His Majesty the King was proposed by the toast-master in a few well chosen and eloquent words. The banqueters responded heartily by the singing of the National Anthem.

A. E. White, '07 was the sponsor for the toast to the "Graduates in Arts." After some congratulatory remarks to the graduating year, the speaker rather astonished his audience by telling them that the Juniors were glad to see their fellows go. Yet his explanation amply atoned for the apparent ambiguity. "Loathe are we to part with them as our friends," he said, "yet we rejoice that they go into the world to help in the battle for right." Mr. White referred to many callings into which the men and women graduating would go, and expressed his confidence that each would, in his or her sphere, act the part of one worthy of the Alma Mater who sent them forth. The Seniors were happy to receive such kindly words as came from the one who proposed their health. After the singing of "They are Jolly Good Fellows" by the junior years, H. R. Nobles, '06, rose to reply for the graduates. After thanking the Juniors for the excellent banquet provided for them, and the kind words spoken of them, Mr. Nobles spoke of some of the influences which had been exerted upon the men and women of '06, and had made them better for their

academic days. Very fittingly did he speak of the help which the Chancellor and many of those who have instructed them have given to them. He said that '06 had done nothing startling in their undergraduate career, yet each member wishes to be a faithful brick in the McMaster structure. Mr. Nobles' address was one of spirited eloquence.

The "Graduates in Theology" were toasted next, and the toast was proposed by O. C. Gray, B.A. He congratulated the three men who attained thus much toward their ideal. Referring to the influences which had been co-operating, he mentioned those which had helped to mould the men, and also those which these men had been exerting on their fellow students. The reply was made in a brilliant speech by C. W. New, B.A. He rejoiced in the calling which it was their privilege to enter, and in a humorous vein referred to the fact that they did not expect to be suddenly overburdened with an overplus of salary. He, with his fellow graduates, had received inspirations and would continue to be inspired by the ideals of their Alma Mater, and hoped to ever be true to them.

At this juncture in the programme a very interesting departure was made from the regular toast list. As has been already mentioned in the columns of THE MONTHLY, Prof. McLay, who has been managing-editor for the past eleven years, has found it necessary to retire. The student body wished to make some public recognition of their thanks to him, and chose this as a suitable occasion. Miss M. Blanche Edy, '08, presented the Professor with the gift of the students, an oil painting of the Grand Canyon of the Fraser River, by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith. An illuminated address was read by A. S. Woodburne, '06, in expression of the general regret with which his withdrawal was viewed. The address was as follows :—

TO PROFESSOR WALTER S. W. MCLAY, M.A.,
McMaster University, Toronto.

The student body of the University, and especially those who have had more immediate connection with the academic magazine, THE MONTHLY, have felt that it would be inappreciative on their part to allow your withdrawal from the Editor's chair to pass without giving it some public reference. We do not hope to express to you either in a verbal or material way our gratitude. For eleven years you have denied yourself of time and strength

for the betterment of the magazine until all its readers feel that you are a part, a most intrinsic part of it. The business managers have found in you a constant friend and counsellor. The students who throughout the years have found places on the editorial and reportorial staffs have received much valuable advice and many helpful suggestions. And the literary flavor which THE MONTHLY has attained is due eminently to your supervision. So that we feel assured that you will understand that we speak from sincere hearts when we say that to you more, yes much more than to any other, is the credit of the present high status of our University magazine. As one man the student body voices regret that pressure of other duties has necessitated your withdrawal from the editorship. And we desire to take this public opportunity of giving expression to our warm appreciation of your unselfish toil and your kindly counsel and criticism. We are glad to know that you are still one of the staunchest friends and supporters of THE MONTHLY, and, as Professor in the department of English, will continue to occupy a seat upon the Publication Board, and thus help to steady the literary bark as the rudder passes into more inexperienced hands. The slight gift that we pray you to accept from us is by no means any attempt to remunerate you for your service, nor does it even adequately express our gratitude. Yet we trust that you will accept it as from hearts of true confidence and honest esteem.

On behalf of the Students,

WILLIAM J. GRIGG,
A. STEWART WOODBURNE.

Toronto,
14th May, 1906.

The next toast in order was that to the Alumni, the health of whom was proposed by A. W. Ross, '07. Mr. Ross expressed his pleasure at the splendid achievements of the graduates of other years. They had ever been a credit to the name of their Alma Mater, and she would always be glad to be represented by such men and women. The reply was given in a most happy vein by Rev. J. C. Sycamore, M.A., of Hamilton, the President of the Alumni Association. His remarks were of a congratulatory character to the University on account of the splendid history, especially about to close. "We will all be loyal to our new and worthy Chancellor," was the vow in which one and all accorded with the speaker.

J. M. Telford, '07, proposed the health of the Alma Mater in a spirited and clever address. He referred to the tender and wholesome influences which she had exerted, and continued to exert, in ever increasing power upon all of her sons and daughters. Chancellor McKay replied with a splendid address upon the growth

of our University. He referred to her growth in the past in influence and in numbers, and then he referred to the present indications of immediate expansion. The new building for the Science department would soon be under way, he said. He expected two or three additions to the permanent faculty to be made at the meeting of the Senate the next day; and he closed with an expression of hope that the University would continue to expand her powers and increase her sphere of influence in the building of strong and vigorous character.

The last toast, "because the sweetest," as one speaker remarked, was that to "The Ladies." J. Dixon Craig, '07, proposed the toast in a most humorous address, and a delightful response was made by Miss C. A. Burke, '06, the Vice-President of the Senior year.

> "Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,
> Her noblest work she classes, O;
> Her prentice hand she tried on man
> And then she made the lasses, O!"

During the evening Mrs. J. W. Atkinson favored the audience with splendidly rendered vocal solos. The athletic cups and medals were also presented—the Matthews Cup by Dr. TenBroeke to N. S. McKechnie, as president of '08 Arts; the McNaught Cup by Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., and the Chancellor's Cup by the Chancellor to H. H. Murray, '06. Dr. TenBroeke also presented the first and second Association Medals to their respective winners, A. E. White, '07, and G. E. Tomkinson, B.A. The singing of "Thy Praises," and the yelling of the slogan, concluded the successful event.

The Election of Officers.

The final meeting of class '06 in Arts was held in class room one on the morning of May 15th, immediately after the results of the examinations had been announced. The following officers were elected to hold office until the class reunion which will be planned for 1911: President, Mr. E. J. Chave, B.A., Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. E. C. Fox, B.A.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

The students and friends of the University attended in large numbers the baccalaureate sermon on Tuesday evening, May 15th, The meeting opened with an invocation offered by Rev. A. A. Cameron, Ottawa, after which the hymn, "Call Jehovah Thy Salvation," was sung. Rev. Dr. Waffle, Woodstock, read the Scripture Lesson, and Rev. J. C. Sycamore, M.A., offered prayer, and again a hymn was sung, "Oh, Where are Kings and Empires Now?" Then Chancellor McKay called upon the preacher of the occasion, Rev. Clarence A. Barbour, D.D., of Lake Avenue Baptist Church, Rochester, one of the most eminent and widely sought preachers of the Baptist denomination in the United States. Dr. Barbour proved that his reputation was justly enjoyed, and preached a powerful, pointed and practical exposition on the theme, "The Life which is worth the living." The preacher founded his remarks on two Scriptures, Ecclesiastes ii. : 17, "So I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me ; for all is vanity and a striving after wind," and John xii.: 24, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone ; but if it die it beareth much fruit." The preacher believed it to be a felicitous use of language that this should be called the commencement day, for this was life's beginning. It is of the utmost moment at this commencement season that one's conceptions of life should square with truth. We ask ourselves, "Is life worth living?" The writer of these words in Ecclesiastes evidently thought not. Christ said it was. He then proceeded to dilate on three characteristics of life which is worth while.

The first characteristic of the life worth while is that it is one of definite and worthy purpose. The home of every soul he said, had been building for years, some in a haphazard way, and others with one definite purpose. The true life ought to be like a river. There are eddies here and there that look as though the river had changed its course and was flowing back, but the great stream flows on and on towards the sea. What a shame it would be if years of preparation were spent without a great overmastering purpose. The second characteristic he described as one of steady devotion to the commonplace. Life as a general thing is

very ordinary. There are few and scattered red letter days for any of us. Unless one finds happiness in doing the commonplace he is living so as to miss the most of happiness. The French have a phrase which depicts a moral disease, "malade de faire rien." Some who are afflicted with it are not French. It will not take the hard work out of life but it will take out of it some of the bitterness if I remember that I am paying a part of my debt to the past by such devotion to the commonplace. A third characteristic of the life that is worth while is one of loving service. There is no life like that. There is no life that pays such dividends. The monastic ideal is one of starving of the body. The Christian ideal is one of a life among men in loving service. "Let me live where the crowds do jostle that I may serve."

Throughout the address, Dr. Barbour maintained the rapt attention of his audience. After the singing of the hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war," and the benediction by Dr. Barbour, the assembly dispersed.

Conferring of Degrees.

All the available seating capacity of Castle Memorial Hall was filled long before the time for the beginning of the exercises of Wednesday evening, 16th May. The graduating class just ere they marched in gave vent once more to their feelings by the yelling of their "Hash-sha-ma-yim."

The platform was filled with the members of the Professoriate Board of Governors, and Senate, besides other distinguished men. Among the guests were Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria College, Dr. Reeve, Dean of the Medical Faculty of Toronto University, Rev. Dr. Barbour, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.D.

The exercises commenced by prayer by the Rev. V. H. Cowsert, B.A., after which the honorary degrees were conferred. Dr. Farmer, the Dean in Theology, in a few well chosen words, presented Rev. A. A. Cameron, of the First Baptist Church, Ottawa, for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa*. Prof. M. S. Clark then presented Principal L. E. Embree, M.A., of Toronto, for the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and made fitting reference to him as a man of character and attainment. The name of Prof. Goldwin Smith was then proposed by Prof. W. S. W. McLay, the Dean in Arts, for the degree of Doctor

of Laws, *honoris causa*. Never was a more brilliant scholar presented for an honorary degree in McMaster than Goldwin Smith, and McMaster honored herself in conferring the degree upon this gentleman of culture. And the writer ventures the opinion that seldom was this man, upon whom so many honors have been showered, more brilliantly honored than in the address of presentation by the Dean in Arts. In reply, Dr. Smith thanked the University for their action, and then spoke of his interest in the work of McMaster and of higher education in general.

Dr. Elmore Harris then presented those upon whom *ad eundem* degrees were conferred. They were as follows :—For the bachelor's degree in arts, John Craig and Henry Francis Perry, and for the master's degree, Edmund Henry Oliver and Elias Miles Keirstead.

Class naught-six bore the honor of being the first class to receive their degrees from Chancellor McKay. Prof. W. P. Cohoe presented the graduates in Arts for their degrees. Those upon whom the B.A. degree was conferred were :—Frank Seaward Beddow, Roy Carlyle Bensen, Daniel Buchanan, Charlotte Annabel Burke, William A. Cameron, Donald Wallace Campbell, Ernest John Chave, Robert John Currie, Thos. McCosh Dadson, Charles Sherwood Edwards, Arthur Black Farmer, Edward Carey Fox, Olive Harton, Charles Durrant Jones, Donald Howard McIntosh, Walter Laughlin McKinnon, Winnifred Emily McKinnon, Everton Acheson Miller, Henry Brown Moyle, Henry Herbert Murray, Harry Roscoe Nobles, John Bradford Pengelly, Ephraim Arlington St. James, Grace Lorena Stone, Clarke Llewellyn Timpany, George Ross Maurice Wells, William Drummond Whan, and Angus Stewart Woodburne.

Dr. TenBroeke presented the name of William Sherwood Fox for the M.A. degree. Rev. B. W. Merrill, B.A.,B.Th., presented for the degree of Bachelor of Theology, Ebenezer Cameron, Chester William New, and William Charles Pearce. Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., B.D., presented the name of Albert Eustace Haydon for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

The Chancellor then called upon the Reverend Professor Cross, who delivered the address on behalf of the faculty to the new bachelors. The address was one of timely and loving counsel, and was heard with close attention. After extending the

usual congratulations he spoke of the significance of the commencement. "You have gotten possession of rapid and sure-footed thinking," he said, "yet the moral attainment is more. Professors and students say, 'we believe in you; we trust our good name to you.'" So he counselled that there should be a guarding against any numbing, God dishonoring fear His advice was not to seek for high places. The world owed them nothing, but the debt was rather on the other side. They were to be servants of men, and not strive to make men their servants.

Dr. Cross summed up his advice under four headings. In the first place, he said that they must ever be learning. May the time never come when any of them has completed his creed in science, in philosophy, or in theology. They should not, then, draw their conclusions hastily. In the second place, he advised them to always work hard. In that they should find some definite service to mankind. They should let their choice of work be such as is beyond reward, unless the reward be in the work itself. Thirdly, he admonished them to always cling to their highest ideals. Their ideals were realizable to them, else they would never have them. Ideals are God-given. And lastly, he said, "Always be yourself. . . . Let no man measure you in his half-bushel. . . . God made you to be yourself, and no other." The address was eminently practical, and will not soon pass out of memory of the graduates.

Prof. McLay, Dean of the Arts Department, then announced the names of the winners of the scholarships and prizes. At this juncture the other two new doctors, viz: Dr. A. A. Cameron and Dr. L. E. Embree, were called upon, and made short addresses of appreciation.

The Convocation Address.

Chancellor McKay introduced Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.A., B.D. pastor of Oliver Baptist Church, Montreal, who delivered the Convocation address. Mr. Gilmour is a general favorite with the friends of the University, and his address only served to deepen the esteem for him as a man of worth and scholarship. The theme upon which he spoke was "Some phases of our present responsibility."

Rev. Mr. Gilmour commenced by referring to the emergence into modern history of the half-continent which has given many of us birth and all of us a home. This fact is of exceeding significance to modern history. This half-continent seems to occupy a parallel position to ancient Greece, as a meeting place for the practical west and the dreamy east. Many Europeans are looking to this continent to adjust the balance of the old world. For better or for worse we are in the main stream of the world's progress. It is ours to see that it is for the better. Not by vain boasting shall we do our work, but by a very careful weighing of our responsibility. Efficiency is our only hope of maintaining our place in the world's history.

The speaker then described the age as being marked by certain characteristic tendencies, four of which he dealt with at length. Firstly, this is an age of research. Interrogation rightly represents a most prominent feature of the day. And so it becomes us of the age to relate the discoveries of the past to problems of thought. Secondly, this age is characterized by the spirit of democracy. We must learn to trust the people or we shall suffer. If we do not get back to the people with our culture and learning, the people will soon trample us under their feet. This spirit has been illustrated in the current history of Great Britain, France and Russia. God bless the common people. Thirdly, this is an age characterized by a tendency to trust to material prosperity, and to think that, after all, man can live by bread alone. It has never been true in the history of the world that things have been greater than men. The only thing that gives things any value is their relation to personality. This age is being subjected to the severe trial of splendid prosperity. It is an awful thing for an age when it cannot stand such a trial. Lastly, this is an age of widened horizons. The world is discovering itself. For better or for worse there is a world-consciousness existent to-day that never was before, and, unless we take care, it will be for worse.

Have we anything as a college to say to this age in this country? If we have not, we have no right to exist. When McMaster ceases to have a message to this heart-weary age she may as well tear her charter in shreds. But, the speaker contended, we have, and we have a four-fold responsibility that corresponds to these four tendencies. In the first place we are entering upon

a new period of development, determined more by the pressure from without than the evolution within. And our answer to the yearnings of this age of research is found in the words of Jesus, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Again, we are pledged to be true to the people, the common people. The spirit of democracy is that of co-operation. We must, therefore, work together. Thirdly, we need to tell the people who think that they can satisfy their souls with gold that they can never do that. What makes people great is communion with God. And finally, what have we to say to this age with the spirit of expansiveness? Prof. James said that we need the moral equivalent of war. That is found in the present call to world-wide missions. For this we shall need faith, insight, perseverance, patience and courage.

After brief congratulatory addresses by Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria College, and Dr. Reeve, the Dean of the Medical Department of the University of Toronto, the convocation was concluded by the singing of the National Anthem.

A. Stewart Woodburne, '06.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

"Farewell! A word that must be, and hath been:
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"

FAREWELL.—It comes in every life, yet, somehow to the college men or women the word "farewell" seems to be heavier with meaning than to others. It is the minor which colors all the glad music of the last days of the college year. It is the cloud that veils the sun, the ripple that disturbs the calm, the something which we wish was not, but has to be. These are days of farewell, and along with all of the good-byes, the editor of this column is called upon to utter the "word that must be" to a three years' connection with THE MONTHLY. He wishes to thank all those who, during his year of editorship of this column, have kindly performed all of the tasks of reportorial work. To the reportorial staff, Messrs. New, Moyle, Craig, White, McGibbon and Long, are due many thanks. We have tried to do our best—if we have failed, heave a sigh for us; if we have been successful in making the column interesting, don't say anything about it, forget the fact and help the next man. He is D. A. McGibbon, '08, who has had considerable experience in journalistic work. Without a doubt, he will wield the quill and scatter ink in an interesting manner.

ANNUAL FYFE SERMON.—The annual sermon before the Fyfe Missionary Society was preached in Castle Memorial Hall, on Sunday afternoon, April 8th. The preacher was Rev. S. E. Grigg, B.A., of Brockville, a former McMaster graduate. J. M. Warner, B.A., introduced the speaker, and Dr. Cross led in the devotional exercises. Mr. Grigg preached an eloquent and inspiring sermon taking as his subject, "Through Death to Life by the Power of Love." His text was Galatians, 2:20—"I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me." There were three prominent thoughts to which the speaker gave expression: that the Christian is dead with Christ,

that Christ lives in the Christian, and that the Christian must live out the Christ. The sermon was one intended perhaps primarily to reach the hearts of the listeners, and in this respect it fulfilled its mission. Mr. Grigg is an interesting speaker, and bases many of his remarks upon the actual life of men as lived in the world. The Fyfe Missionary Society are to be congratulated upon their choice for the preacher of the Annual Sermon for 1906.

Some Appointments.—At the meeting of the Senate on Tuesday, May 15th, several appointments were made. Among them are the following which will interest all alumni and students of McMaster: E. A. Hardy, B. A., Principal of Moulton Ladies' College, with Miss Charlotte Thrall as vice-principal. A. L. McCrimmon, B.A., LL.D., was appointed professor of Economics, Education and Sociology in McMaster University; J. L. Hogg, Ph.D., lecturer in Physics; Dr. H. Francis Perry, lecturer on Pastoral Theology for the year '06-'07, and F. H. Kirkpatrick, instructor in public reading and speaking. Dr. Elmore Harris was made permanent honorary lecturer in English Bible. Homiletics and Church Polity will be under the care of the permanent members of the theological faculty.

A Thoughtful Gift.—Dr. Elmore Harris has presented each student taking a summer field with a copy of Robertson Nicoll's "The Church's One Foundation." This kindness on the part of the popular honorary lecturer in English Bible is deeply felt by all those who have been the recipients of the gift. This is a highly recommended work, and, bound as it is in neat red cloth, will form a valuable addition to the beginnings of a library which each of the young men possesses.

A Popular Professor.—The high esteem in which Professor TenBroeke is held, especially by his class in special Philosophy of year '06, was manifested on Wednesday, May 16th. Members of his class went to his home and presented him with a large copy of Da Vinci's "The Last Supper," suitably framed. A short address of deep appreciation of the Professor's work and influence was read J. B. Pengelly. Dr. TenBroeke replied, much moved by the expression of affection which his class had shown.

Alumni Association.—The meetings of the Alumni Association this year have been of a very interesting character. On Tuesday, May 15th, at 3 p.m., Dr. Farmer gave a very interesting address on "Glimpses of the East." Wednesday morning a paper prepared by B. W. N. Grigg, B.A., on Browning's

"Paracelsus" was read by Professor McLay. A dramatic reading which was highly entertaining was kindly contributed by Miss Christine Cameron, of Ottawa, and a scholarly and eloquent paper, given by Dr. Keirstead, on "The Study of Literature as an Aid to the Minister.

THE LAST OF WILLIAM.

Toronto, May 14th, 1906.

To William Green, Sr.,
Greenton, Ont.

We are shipping William Green, Jr., to-day. Experimenting in science, he blew himself by explosion up to the flag-staff. One leg missing. He made a hit.

Signed, Year Naught-Nine.

THOSE WHO WIN.—Those who have won prizes and scholarships for the year are as follows: Fourth year: Crawford Scholarship, A. S. Woodburne. Third year: Frank Sanderson Scholarship in Mathematics, S. J. Bates; Wm. Craig Prize in Bible, L. H. Werden. Second year: Governor-General's Medal, M. H. Long; Harry L. Stark Scholarship in Mathematics, F. R. Jordan; Campbell Scholarship in Classics, Miss B. M. Pugsley. First year: A. C. Pratt Scholarship, A. F. Smith; Elmore Harris Prize in Latin, E. P. Lewis; John Firstbrook Prize in French, Miss Hope Gray; James Ryrie Prize in German, E. C. Davis; J. W. Knott Prize in Bible, A. L. Brown.

ALUMNI ELECTIONS.—At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association the following officers were elected: President, W. E. Robertson, BA.; first vice-president, Rev. A. T. Sowerby, D.D.; second vice-president, Mrs. H. L. Stark, B.A.; third vice-president, Rev. G. R. McFaul, M.A.; fourth vice-president, Mr. H. S. Arkell, M.A.; secretary-treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, M.A.; recording secretary, C. J. Cameron, B.A.

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